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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

AN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

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1899

JANUARY, 1899, TO JUNE, 1899.

VOLUME XLI.

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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MEMORIES OF OTHER YEARS.

"Another year is opening, and another year is gone."

A NEW YEAR SONG.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

WE PRIDE OURSELVES HERE IN BOSTON of having a more "liberal culture," and a greater freedom from "the trammels of orthodoxy," etc., etc. And yet everybody knows that every crack-brained idiot, who gets a "revelation" having to do with anything from a corn-slave up to the destiny of man, comes to Boston—and gets a hearing, and (not to be overlooked), the gate receipts! "The truth shall make you free," says St. Paul; but it does not follow that freedom (from principles) will make for truth, quite the reverse.

HALL CAINE told a play-house-full of parsons the other day, that "The Christian" was a play calculated to help young persons through the craftily laid snares of society. And the reverend ones believed him! All of which goes to show how far many of us must have departed from the infantile willingness to believe all things. Some of us go so far as to believe that the long-haired Manx wizard used those twelve score white cravated and grave side-whiskered ones for advertising only. Oh! we of little faith!

CITIES SUFFER FOR THEIR SINS. The Rev. Minot Savage has gone to New York,———as though that wicked town had not already its visitations of wrath and its due measure of punishment in the ministerial monstrosities of which it boasts.

The new prophet has begun to tell the men of Gotham that one creed is as good as the next, and that he, M. Savage, has the real thing in creeds. Really, New York is now second only to Boston in the number and picturesqueness of its roads to heaven. Dr. Savage's last effusion on "every man his own pope with no devil to take the hindmost," tempts me to print a fable on the blessed Reformation which I have written.

THE REFORMATION OF THE FLIES AND THE SOLAR SPECTRUM.

You must know that there were once upon a time seven specimens of the genus Musca Domestica who were wont to disport themselves upon a certain white wall in a certain room of a certain house.

Now immediately opposite this wall was a window, and this window had blinds, and it is necessary that you should be shown how that in the middle of the room there hung a crystal chandelier, which seemed always to be weeping great crystal tears. Such was the fashion of it, that from every point thereof was suspended a crystal lens.

The morning sun fell athwart the wall, which fact it must be said, was the cause why the flies resorted thither. It was warm. It was light. Flies are desirous of warmth as also of

light. Now it came to pass that one fine morning the maid slept late, and when the sun looked in at that window, the blinds were still closed, and the sun was perforce obliged to peek through a tiny crevice. The seven flies were sleeping on the patch of the wall that the sun's eye rested on. They awoke simultaneously. When, behold! Each fly saw that the soft, warm light was gone—every fly stood on a strip of color. Now, strange to say, each one supposed that all of the others still could see only the colorless light. And thus spake they: "The light that is given to me is warm, deep red." "Nay," replied another, "but it is green." "It is certainly purple," added a third. "More like orange than purple," continued a fourth. Then fell they all to cursing and swearing, some even accusing the rest of a malicious desire to deceive, or at best, of a grossly obtuse and stupidly conservative mind.

Now three there were who insisted that light was blue. True, these three agreed not among themselves as to the intensity of the blueness; however, "light," said they, "has not the remotest suggestion of red in it." Two declared in no measured terms that light was red. These, moreover, could not quite agree as to the shade of red; however, "light," said they, "has not the remotest suggestion of blue in it."

One fly said, that there was neither red nor blue, for light was yellow. Another maintained that light certainly was neither blue nor red, but that it was equally ridiculous to say that it was yellow; for, that light was green was clear to any fair-minded fly. Then the extreme flies fell to laughing at these two flies, calling them old fogies and Pharisees, and in this they were the more severe, for that the name of the one was Ecclesia, and of the other the name was Historia. Now Historia and Ecclesia were next, the one to the other, the former declaring for yellow, the latter for green.

These two, not relishing the taunts of the extremists, flew away in the direction whence the light originally came. Far across the darkness of the intervening room, guided only by a quivering line of dust, on past the chandelier, and its pendant lenses. Behold! no sooner had they passed the prism that intercepted the ray, than they found themselves in a pure, warm, white light. Overcome with joy, Ecclesia and Historia hurried back to tell the rest. But they were still intent upon their quarrel, and only laughed at the two. So Ecclesia and Historia came close together, and, growing more intimate, they discovered that sometimes their ideas blended, and the result was beautiful as the blue of heaven. Sometimes Historia deepened into orange—sometimes even glowing into red. Likewise Ecclesia would pierce the blue of heaven, and once she insisted that her light was purple—royal purple; but Historia whispered in her ear, and told her, that, although purple was so far from red, blood could make purple red, and revolution could make purple red.

Ecclesia hated red. Thus did Historia caution Ecclesia, and she was content; for is not green the most natural color in the world? Is it not universal? Is it not the symbol of growth? Is it not the sign of life? Historia remained yellow—she was the oldest fly of the seven.

Now, it came to pass, that about this time the parlor maid that had been sleeping, came in to open the blinds. But the lady of the house, whose name was Philosophia, forbade the light; "for," said she, "light will destroy this beautiful spectrum." Now the maid's name was plain Sophia Gumption.

WASHINGTON'S IDEALS CONTRASTED WITH THE CONDITIONS OF TODAY.

BY HENRY MORTON PARKER.

The approaching centenary of Washington's death is likely, no doubt, to furnish many an occasion for eloquent harangue and profound philosophic disquisition. Our orators and authors will, however, be singularly fortunate if they succeed in adding much to our store of knowledge concerning the founder of the Republic. When the most eminent writers of our own and every other civilized country have devoted their genius and their enthusiasm to the task of portraying his character, delving into the minutest corners of his correspondence, elucidating the obscurest details of his history and deducing the lessons and immutable truths it teaches, the most painstaking gleaner must almost despair of gathering even a few ears in fields reaped and harvested with such scrupulous solicitude and toil. However transcendent the greatness of a man may be, the hour arrives when all that could be told of him seems to have been told.

Still, in the grandeur of his character, Washington may be said to resemble one of those lofty mountains whose proportions are hidden from view by the lesser ranges that spring up at its feet. To gain an adequate idea of its height the spectator must withdraw to a distance, and the farther he retires the more perfectly does it unfold its impressive majesty and unity. It may be, then, that the statesman or the philosopher, looking at the imposing figure of the Father of his Country from the vantage ground of the closing century, will get glimpses of his many-sided and harmonious personality that escaped the attention of earlier investigators, though such a result is rather to be desired than expected.

But, though Lord Brougham has said, with as much justice as eloquence: "Until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue, be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington," what concerns the American people most at the present hour is not so much his personal characteristics as the influence of his principles, precepts and example on our political, social and economic condition in the past and the present, and their possible effects on the future. They are still regarded, even by those inclined to deviate from them, as the most precious heritage he has left us; for even the Constitution, "the most wonderful work," according to Gladstone, "ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," might not have been able to tide the nation over the rocks and shoals that threatened its destruction more than once, had not our public men, when brought face to face with a dangerous crisis, recalled, after a temporary forgetfulness, the principles, and inspired themselves with the ideals of Washington. Should we ever discard them wholly, though our harbors be at that momentous hour studded with sails bearing the flag of every foreign land, though our ships fret the waters of every ocean, though our granaries be bursting with grain and our riches be multiplied a hundredfold, we have the seal of the beast on our forehead, and,

like all things bestial, are predestined to sure destruction. We have had rare and priceless advantages in our progressive and rapid advance to the splendid elevation from which we look down upon the rest of the world, advantages calculated to excite humility rather than pride, for they are certainly not of our own creating; namely, an unparalleled geographical situation, a soil to which no kind of wealth is a stranger, a succession of pure and patriotic statesmen to guide our halting steps during the perilous epoch of our infant nationhood, and the boon of a continuous emigration that has brought with it the accumulated discoveries and experience of the old world. All these have, assuredly, been potent factors in the development of the nation, but all would have been unavailing had it not, at least partially, given heed at critical moments to the warnings and counsels which Washington. bequeathed for its guidance.

But that we have often been false to his teachings, especially during the last quarter of a century, no one who has paid any very close attention to the evolution of certain forces in our national, state and civic life can well deny. We have sometimes wandered very far indeed from the path he traced our for us, and swerved into pleasanter byways where our lower cravings were gratified, though at the expense of honor and justice and all that makes life of real value to men and nations. We have been perfectly willing to shape our conduct in accordance with his maxims when it was manifest, our active concurrence with them was developing our power and resources to a degree of which he himself had never dared even to dream. But where they would stay us from the commission of some shameful but profitable violation of faith and justice, they have too often proven but frail and ineffective barriers.

In no respect, perhaps, has the United States diverged farther from the elevated morality which Washington hoped should ever remain the vital and controlling principle of the Republic than in its treatment of the Indians. Throughout his two administrations all his acts in their regard bore the stamp of the most impartial justice, the profoundest sentiment of humanity. In many of the documents he has left us he reiterates the national obligation of dealing justice to the Indians, sometimes with an emphasis that is almost impassioned, considering his serene and well-poised nature. But he would be even more than just to these ancient possessors of the land. "He considered them," says Sparks, "as children, who should be treated with tenderness and forbearance. He aimed to conciliate them by good usage, to obtain their lands by fair purchase and punctual payments, to make treaties with them on terms of equity and reciprocal advantage, and strictly to redeem every pledge." In one of his letters to Archbishop Carroll, also a warm friend and benefactor of the Indians, he says: "Impressed as I am with the opinion, that the most effectual means of securing the attachment of our savage neighbors, is to convince them that we are just, and to show them that a proper and friendly intercourse with us would be for our mutual advantage, I cannot conclude without giving you my thanks for your pious and benevolent wishes to effect this desirable end, upon the mild principles of religion and philanthropy."

Washington's policy was attended with its natural consequences, not only during his life, but for a considerable number of years after his death. Even during the greater part of the first quarter of the present cen-

tury the Indian trader was the Indian's friend. The testimony of many factors and fur-traders of the period has come down to us; they are all unanimous in stating that their merchandise was more secure at some trading-post, surrounded by tribes of Indian savages, than it would have been in the civilized villages of New England. But then there was no Indian bureau, that miserable asylum for worn-out politicians, who have made its administration a byword of reproach, have robbed, oppressed and defrauded the Red-men so successfully that among most of the tribes the word "liar" has ousted that of "pale-face," to designate the white man. "I hope," said an old chief, some years ago, when taking leave of the officers at an army post, "that we may meet in heaven, for perhaps there the white man will forget to lie."

The record of all our transactions with the Indians for the last three-quarters of a century is a record of shame, though it has grown so familiar that we have ceased to blush for it. We prefer to dwell on the cruel deeds of Cortez and Pizarro over three hundred years ago. It is true that Cortez and Pizarro were sometimes cruel, and it is true also that the native Indian population in Mexico and South America has increased tenfold since the advent of its conquistadores, that four-fifths of the inhabitants of these countries, except, perhaps, of Chili, are still pure Indians, that they probably reached as high a plane of civilization under their Spanish rulers as they are capable of attaining, and that such Indian statesmen as Juarez and Diaz do not contrast so very unfavorably with our own Clevelands and McKinleys.

But there has never been a cause so hopelessly bad as to lack apologists. In the December number of the North American Review for 1898, Dr. Lyman Abbott has an article: "Our Indian Problem," in which he palliates our crimes against the Indian, if he does not excuse them. He adopts the method of comparison: "Bad," he says, "as has been our treatment of the Indians, it is luminous by the side of Russia's treatment of the Jews, Turkey's treatment of the Armenians, Spain's treatment of the Moors, and, if we include the war of Cromwell against the Irish, the English legislation against Irish industry, Irish education, and the church of Ireland's choice, it compares favorably with England's treatment of Ireland."

As to Spain's treatment of the Moors, that happened nearly three hundred years ago. We are credited, wrongfully or rightfully we do not say, with having made some slight progress to a higher plane of political and social morality during the last three hundred years. Mrs. Jellaby, with her far-away eyes ever riveted on Borioboola-Gha! And so we must congratulate ourselves on not having plunged to quite such depths of brutality as has the Unspeakable Moslem? Shade of George Washington!

Dr. Abbott shows less hesitation in his presentation of the white man's right to rob the Indian of his hunting grounds. "Barbarism," he tells us, "has no rights which civilization is bound to respect. . . . As little have a tribe of a few hundred Indians a right to keep in unproductive idleness a territory which if cultivated would provide homes for as many thousands of industrious workers. No treaty can give them that right." First make a treaty with your objectionable savages, then shoot them down until their numbers are so reduced that whatever treaty rights they had once lapse entirely, and you may with a quiet conscience enter into possession of their property. Admirable logic!

The warnings of Washington against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue and the impostures of pretended patriotism have an unusual significance at the present moment, when so many of our influential citizens have grown hysterical over the disinterested affection of our ancient enemy for Columbia, and when the world has been startled by that portentous birth of the expiring century, the Yellow Press. The maxims scattered through his writings on these two questions are as numerous as they are impressive: "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens)," he exclaims, "the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake; since history and experience prove, that Foreign Influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government." "Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor or caprice?" These are general precepts, not applying to any particular foreign power specially. But there is one nation against which he exhorts us to be always on our guard, our eternal enemy, now discovered by some ardent patriots among us to have always been our own familiar friend, it is England. Washington becomes as vindictive as his tranquil temperament allows him when he refers to it: "The injuries we have received from the British nation were so unprovoked, and have been so great and so many, that they can never be forgotten."

Washington's distrust of England, which subsequent events showed to be so well-grounded, has inspired the foreign policy of our statesmen almost down to the present day. But England, which has never omitted any opportunity of injuring us when it could do so with safety, has suddenly perceived that the two nations have always been in the closest sympathy, and that our interests and hers harmonize in every quarter of the globe. There is something really marvelous in this abrupt revelation. There is nothing in which our government bears so strong a resemblance to that of Great Britain as in its positive, practical character. That neither government should have discovered, until a few months ago, the cordial understanding that existed between them, is one of the surprises of international politics. England is already tendering us her assistance in "civilizing" the savage or partially civilized races which we are apparently about to subject to an autocratic system of military government, the mere mention of which would have made Washington gasp with amazement. Except that his power is to some slight extent limited by a local oligarchy, President McKinley is as much of a despotic ruler in Hawaii as the czar is in Russia or the sultan in Turkey. The system already proposed for the government of Porto Rico and the Philippines will relieve him from this slight check on his authority. Senator Morgan tells us: "We must govern Porto Rico and the Philippines as we have governed the American Indians," and we are assured by Dr. Powers, a professor of economics in one of our leading universities that "it needs no prophet to foretell the end of the man or nation whose susceptibilities are not the servants of his interests," while our Peace Commissioner, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, whose counsels will play a prominent part in shaping our future policy in dealing with our new "subjects," has declared in the September Century that "no public duty is more urgent than to resist from the outset" any idea of admitting Hawaii, Porto

Rico, Cuba, or the Philippines to the Union.

We live in a new world, as remote from that of Washington as is this brutal and cynical disregard of national morality from the ennobling sentiments that once exercised a commanding authority over the policy of our statesmen. Yet, perhaps, this insolent defiance of right and justice, this atheistic conception of the relation of man to himself and to his fellowman, is less prejudicial to the national character and less loathsome in itself than the pharasaical utterances we are constantly hearing from other quarters about "our providential mission." We are being told that we fight solely in the interests of peace, civilization and liberty, and that, if we annex, we do so to promote the happiness and insure the spiritual elevation of the objects of our solicitude. Like England, we shall soon be robbing and murdering in obedience to the noblest motives, and shall grow unconscious of the moral turpitude of our acts by giving them fine names.

That we have fallen very far below the standards to which our legislative and municipal life was adjusted during the lifetime of Washington, and for nearly two generations after his death is a fact of universal notoriety. At several periods since the Civil War there have been times when the cry of Isaiah to the people of Juda: "Thy princes are the companions of thieves: everyone loveth gifts and followeth after rewards," might be urged with equal cogency against many of our own prominent statesmen. A large number of them have been convicted at various times of receiving bribes in different shapes, while, in a lower political sphere the "bosses" and office-holders of our great cities have outstripped, in the magnitude and audacity of their peculations, the delinquents of any other country since the day when the empire of Rome was offered for sale by her pretorian guards. That this astounding perversion of the moral sense, this frightful demoralization of the official classes in the nation, the state and the city, still continues without exciting any particular feelings is demonstrated by the trial now going on in the second state of the Union where the man who is its actual ruler, who practically elects its congressmen and its senators, stands charged with malversation of funds.

Dr. Powers' statement of the melancholy fate awaiting the men and the nations that allow their susceptibilities to stand in the way of their interests may not contain an ethical principle of universal application, as he seems to believe. But it is undoubtedly the principle upon which many of our public men have been acting for a considerable period, and the number of those who prefer their interests to such "susceptibilities" as justice, loyalty, honor, conscience, is unfortunately increasing every day.

To propose a recurrence to the normal standard of human conduct set up by Washington would seem like preaching in the wilderness, in view of the general deterioration of our ideals and the ever increasing tide of pure materialism. Still, there are so many elements of public virtue and genuine citizenship in our midst that the prevalent corruption and the exaggerated, morbid patriotism of the large masses of our people may be but a passing phase in the evolution of our destiny. Even though we abandon for a time the path which Washington has appointed for our progress, we can never entirely lose sight of it, for he has marched along that road himself, and the luminous traces his footsteps have left behind will always point the way to the true goal of national grandeur and honor.

TISSOT'S FAMOUS PAINTINGS.

BY JAMES W. CLARKSON.

It is not always agreeable to have to change, or even modify one's life-long prepossessions in connection with either art or life, and we must confess that at first our visit to the exhibition of Tissot's pictures in the Art Galleries of the American Art Association, Madison Square, was productive of a certain feeling of regret, or at least, uneasiness. We had to acknowledge that what we imagined to be deep-seated convictions were simply illusions, that the traditional Christ of the masters of the Renaissance and their successors, as well as the scenes in which they placed the incidents recorded in the Gospels, were inaccurate if not false, historically and topographically, and, sublime and inspiring as have been the ideal conceptions of a Raphael or a Leonardo da Vinci, we are forced to the conclusion that only now have we been brought face to face with the true, natural and convincing presentation of the Saviour, His Apostles, Our Blessed Lady, and their environment. The artist conducts us from Bethlehem to the day of Pentecost, and the scenes he shows us on the journey have an overpowering veracity that compels assent and quickens perception.

M. Tissot had before given proofs of rare and delicate talent, but none of sufficient promise to lead to the expectation that he would undertake one day a work demanding as much strength and elevation of soul as original genius. To translate all the scenes of the Gospel into more than five hundred pictures seemed somewhat above the capacity of the painter of charming portraits, who was idolized by the great ladies of Paris and London, and had apparently but little of the moral vigor that might enable him to rise above the frivolities of fashionable life.

But, in 1886, an extraordinary transformation occurred in his life, produced by an incident which he himself justly regards as providential. He was then fifty years old and at the height of his fame as a painter of the modern woman. He was busy at the time with a series of fifteen works intended to typify the "femme a Paris," and, to get materials for the details of one of them, the "Choir Singer," he visited the Church of St. Sulpice for the purpose of studying the choir loft. It happened, however, that, contrary to his anticipation, a Mass was being said at the high altar. Although careless and light-hearted, he has never wandered very far from the teachings of his pious Breton parents, and he knelt down with as much devotion as he could command. Then, during the Elevation, he beheld the vision that changed the course of his life.

He saw a ruined castle, a "modern castle," he takes care to tell us, and a man and woman crouching among the broken stones. They were miserable creatures, old, infirm and ragged, bending under the weight of all human sorrows, desperate, with nothing to hope for in this world or in the next. There they sat, among the ruins of that modern civilization which had vainly entrusted to science and liberty the task of guiding man to justice and happiness, and which knows that it is perishing, a victim to

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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

JESUS AND HIS MOTHER AT THE FOUNTAIN.

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A Voice Crying in the Wilderness.

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St John the Baptist sees Jesus from afar.

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JESUS GOES UP TO JERUSALEM.

THE HEALING OF THE LEPER AT CAPERNAUM.

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THE PHARISEES AND HERODIANS TAKE COUNSEL AGAINST JESUS.

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JESUS ON HIS WAY TO GALILEE.

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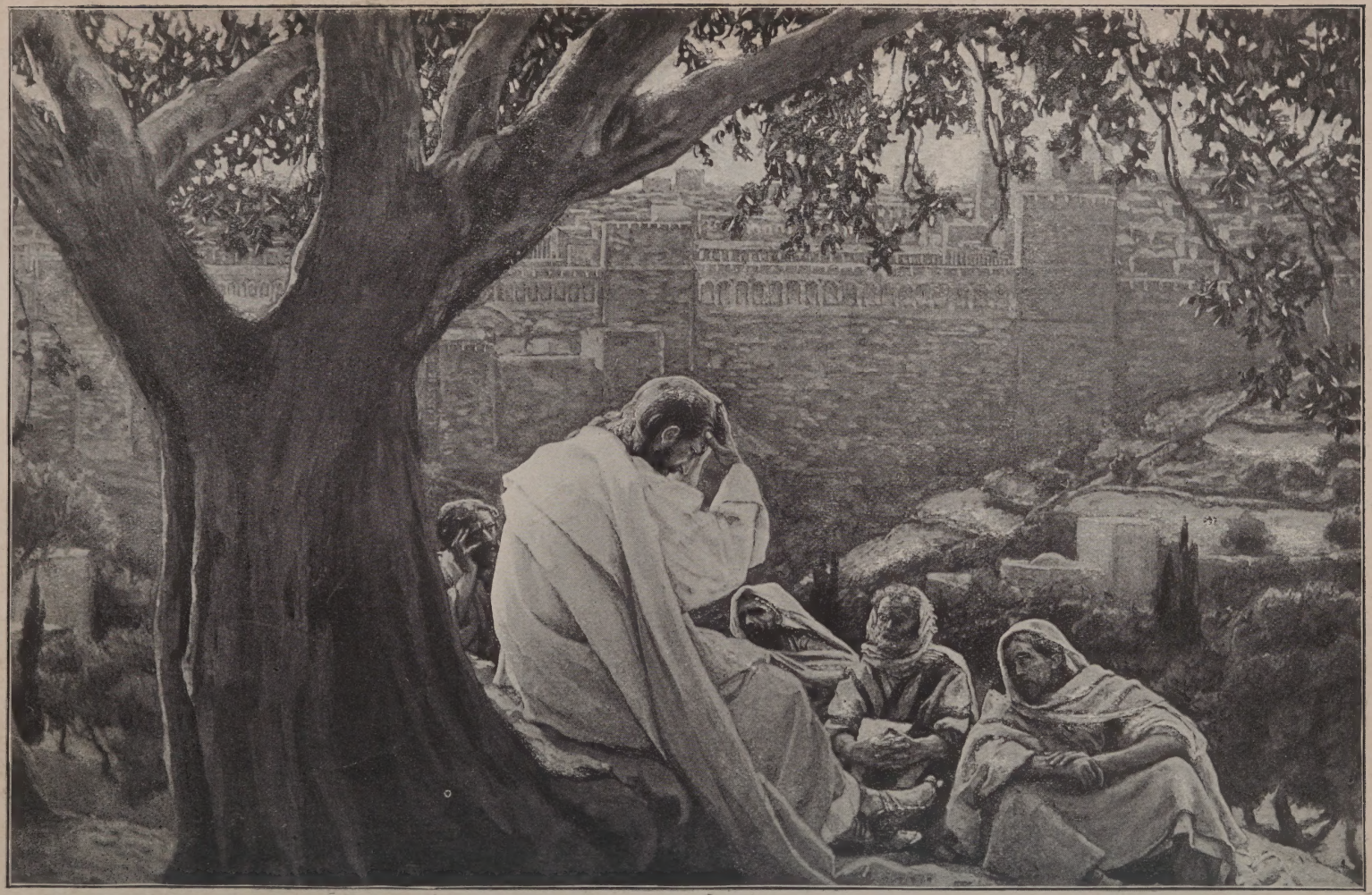
MARY MAGDALENE AT THE FEET OF JESUS.



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CHRIST FORETELLS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE.

ST. PETER.

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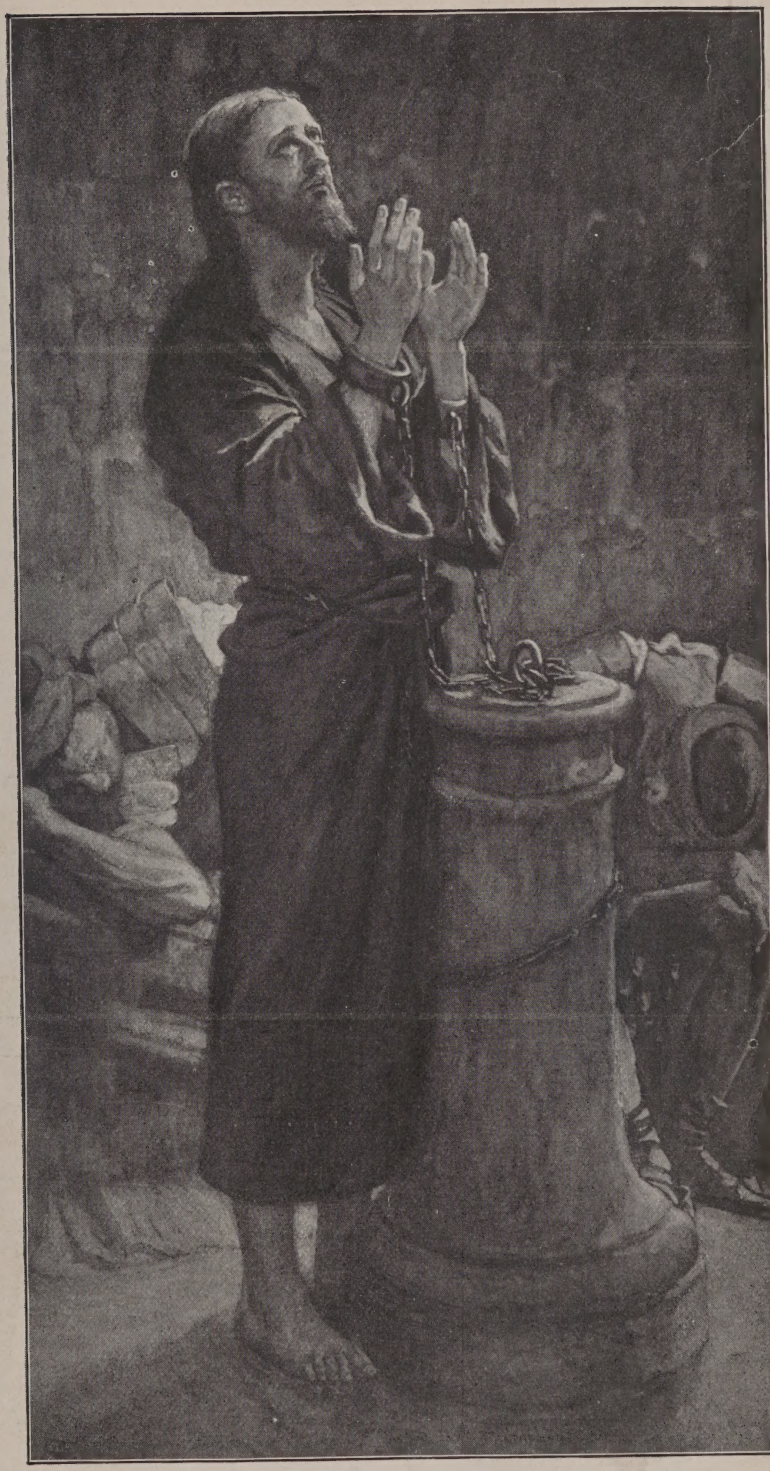
"Could ye not watch with Me one hour?"



JESUS IN PRISON.

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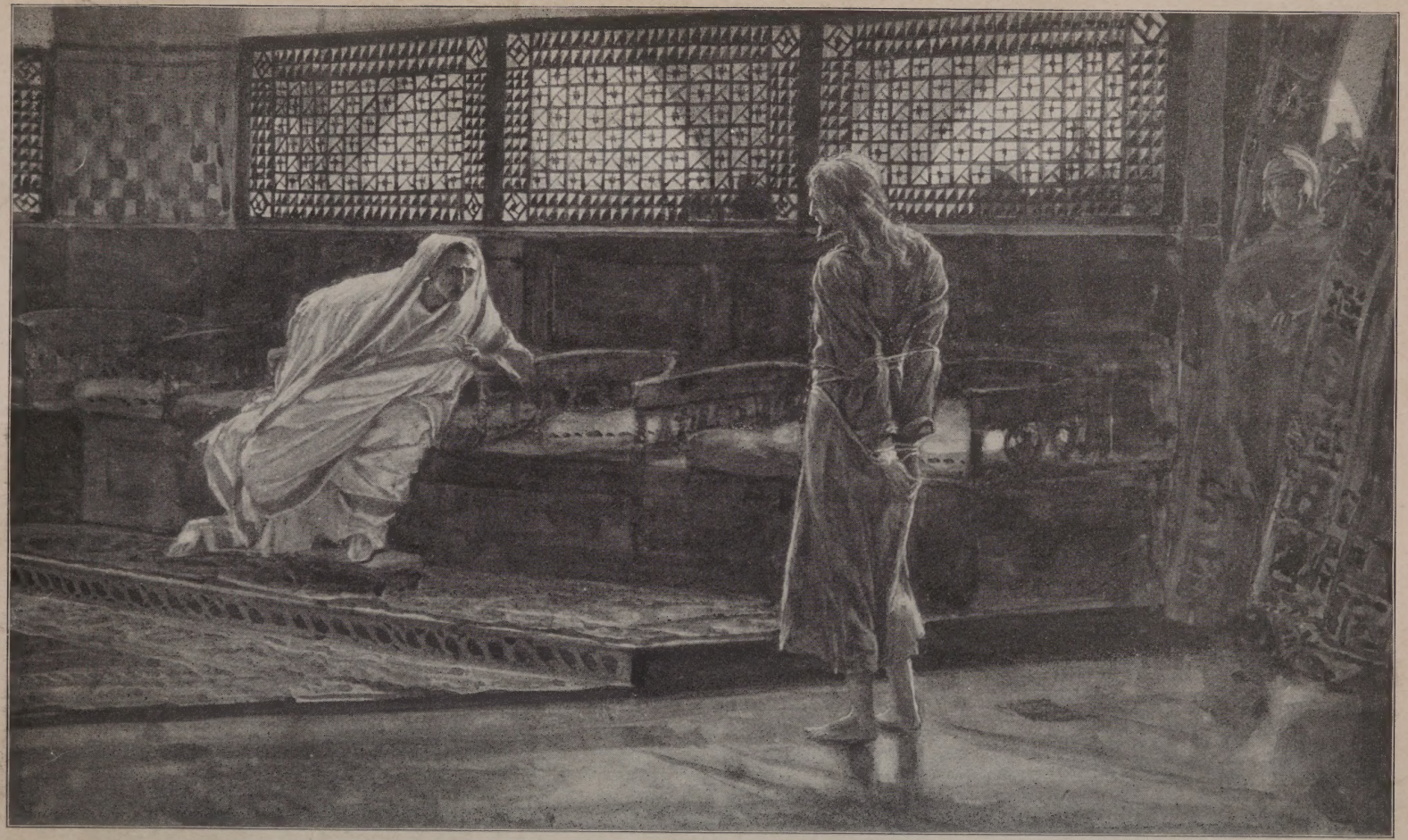

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CHRIST FOR THE FIRST TIME BEFORE PILATE.

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THE RAISING OF THE CROSS.

"My God, My God, Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

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the hatred and envy it is powerless to appease, because it has neither faith nor hope. "O God! O God!" the two poor wretches groaned in their despair. And lo! a form appeared in the dark sky above them, and, floating downward, gently, silently sat beside them, a comforter, a brother, the God to whom they had unconsciously appealed. The blood streams from His thorn-crowned brow and from His pierced hands. Their sorrows are great, but what are they to His? They recognize the Christ, they feel Him near, and this nearness consoles them and inspires them with new courage for the battle of life.

The vision haunted him, followed him to his home, was his companion in every scene, grave or gay. He thought by painting it he might get rid of this uncomfortable visitant. The result was "The Inward Voices," the first picture that meets the eyes of the visitor on entering Gallery A. It is the only one in oils in the series, and in which the figures are life-size. It is, in fact, the frontispiece of the work, and gives the clue by which it is to be interpreted. All the details are symbolical as well as the characters. The mantle that covers Christ is intended to represent the hierarchy of His Church. Other features are typical of the sin of Adam and Eve, the Passion, etc.

Having now painted his vision he thought he would be at liberty to resume his old position in the world of art and fashion. But he found this to be impossible. He felt that he had a mission, and that there were "inward voices" urging him also, whose prompting he must obey. The Christ he had painted did not realize entirely his conception of Him. Still less satisfying were the conventional works of the artists of the last four hundred years. He determined to go to Palestine and there, along its stony byways and under its pale olives, among those Syrians whose manners and customs and types are so persistent that the passing of centuries leaves them untouched, to follow step by step the traces of the Saviour and of those who came within the circle of His life.

He tells us what was the controlling motive that hurried him on his pilgrimage. His ideal was truth, truth in the life and death of Jesus Christ. "To represent faithfully," he says, "to bring to life again beneath the eyes of the spectator the divine personality of Jesus, in His spirit, in His actions, in all the sublime beauty of His teachings—what could be so attractive—or what so difficult? I had to try and identify myself as much as possible with the Gospel stories, to read them over a hundred times—and it is indeed there, on the very spot where those sublime scenes were enacted, that one feels most apt to seize and receive the varied impressions of them."

His stay in the Holy Land, which he expected would end in three months, lasted ten years. His artistic probity would be contented only with thoroughness. We have the result of this painstaking honesty and scrupulous sincerity in the pictures now on exhibition, pictures steeped in an unmistakable Oriental atmosphere and true to Syrian life in every detail of color and environment. He has thrust aside all prior traditions in order to restore to the evangelical narrative its realistic setting by his exact reproduction of places and his minute care in managing all details of costume, race, architecture, etc. One quality M. Tissot has in common with the old masters is religious faith, and this is a fortunate thing for his art. The convincing seriousness and sincerity of his belief breathe from every picture, doubling its value and

touching a responsive chord of sympathy even in the hearts of the indifferent.

When we enter the first gallery and examine its thirty-two pictures, dealing with the birth and childhood of Christ, the feature that strikes us most is the smallness of the paintings and the wonderful effects that have been produced in such circumscribed spaces. Many of the pictures are not much larger than a page of Donahoe's Magazine; but whatever he has seen, he has seen with such clearness of vision that all the minute figures stand out with marvelous distinctness, and seem almost to move about among the hills and valleys of the landscape. All the pictures of Christ's childhood are simply ravishing, not only from the novelty of the scenery and the arrangement of the composition, but from the expressive probabilities of the figures in their attitudes and in their physiognomies. Every time the scene passes in the open air, in the midst of a real landscape, and of the realistic veracity of every landscape we have convincing vouchers in the number of sketches of scenery supplied by the artist,—the persons of the drama, far from being dwarfed by their small dimensions, are strengthened and ennobled by the speaking vivacity of their attitudes.

The painting of "The Wise Men on the Road to Bethlehem," with the impressive background of the volcanic hills that rise along the Dead Sea, at once demonstrates to the spectator the artist's poetic vision, his firmness of touch, and true eye for color. The purple shadows that lie on the hills, the three figures standing out against them, one robed in yellow, the other two in orange, form a symphony of old-world beauty and weirdness. The determined purpose, and noble, spontaneous individuality of each of the Magi could not have been more convincingly reproduced on one of Dore's immense canvasses.

There is a fine manifestation of truth, power and pathos in the artist's conception of "The Flight into Egypt." It is expressive of determination to give a natural delineation of Jewish life and character. Joseph is a Jew, one of the highest type indeed, but distinctively a Jew, not an Aryan, as he is almost universally represented to be in the works of the great masters and in those of their successors. Every detail of costume is worked out with fidelity and correctness. Tissot's careful and conscientious study of the effects of light on the bleak landscape gives delightful results and have some very subtle suggestions of light transmutations and color blending. The rose tints that are gradually dying away in the wake of the setting sun bring out, with fine effect, the distant camels and the rising ground upon which they are moving.

Persuasive and forceful as are all the paintings, those that touch on the familiar and purely human side of the Saviour will appeal to many with especial power. "Jesus and His Mother at the Fountain" will furnish evidence of M. Tissot's singular felicity in treating women and children. The simple yet exquisitely graceful attitude of Jesus, and the absorbing expression of devotion on the face of the mother, are wonderfully rendered. The details of the scenery around the Virgin's Fountain at Ain Karim are reproduced with as much careful study as the figures. "The Youth of Jesus" equals the former for its consummate grace and vitality. He is carrying a piece of lumber out of the carpenter's shop, while Joseph gazes after Him. There is intense realism everywhere, realism rising even to the perfection with which the little curled shavings are represented on the di-

minutive canvas, but it is a realism that is the servant of the highest idealism. Christ is a boy of the finest Hebrew type, and while there is something boylike in His manner and expression, there is also an intense thoughtfulness, as if He had a premonition of the future agony.

Gallery D introduces us to the Ministry of Christ, which is recorded in one hundred and forty-eight pictures, and all reveal the same profound familiarity with types along the Syrian coast, the same wonderful science of form and firmness of execution. Not only strength, solidity, breadth of conception are here, but vivacity, freshness, the play of light, now soft and tender, now fierce and glaring. The attitude, expression and slightest fold in the white robe of the Saviour are rendered with a severe and simple emotion that is full of grandeur.

Gallery E contains one hundred and sixty water colors devoted to the last scenes in the life of Our Lord and the manifestations after His death; Holy Week, the Passion, Good Friday, the Resurrection, Easter Monday, and the following days—all striking and most reverent conceptions. It would be impossible to convey, within the limits of a brief article, an idea of the fertility of thought, the skilful and dramatic grouping of figures, the comprehensive and convincing arrangement of accessories in these pictures. The truth, vigor and sincerity of M. Tissot's work can only be realized by a personal inspection. The scene of the Crucifixion alone, so original, so different from the conception of other artists, and yet so cogent in its irresistible surety, will repay many visits,—some fresh element of beauty will reveal itself at each.

The gracious and tender circumspection which M. Tissot exhibits in dealing with the women and children of the New Testament becomes at once deeper and loftier when he applies it to men. His studies in black and white, taken from life, to be seen in galleries B and C, are particularly remarkable. They are indicative of his minute and scrupulous determination to leave nothing to chance or to the promptings of imagination, though his work has fine imaginative quality also. Every picture evinces a careful and conscientious study of nature. In some of the last scenes of the Passion it may perhaps be noticed that he unconsciously allows himself to be influenced by the great masters. There are here and there suggestions of Mategna, Michael Angelo and others who had already realized the type of the Man God, in the gestures and expression of the sublime Victim, but the paucity of the instances in which he departs from perfect originality well may excite our astonishment and admiration.

We leave the exhibition with the feeling that this great French artist must surely rank at the head of modern Christian painters. He makes the Gospel narrative as fresh and living to us as when it was first acted. He has let in the sunshine on French art, and, as all the Paris salons, since his first exhibition in 1894, show, he is a potent factor in its regeneration. A Breton of the Bretons, he has brought into French art some of that "Celtic magic" which Matthew Arnold tells us has been the vivifying influence in English literature. It was this Celtic magic that enabled Chateaubriand, Tissot's great countryman, to give, at the close of the eighteenth century, a life and soul to French literature, almost submerged in the materialism and insipid classicalism of the age of Louis XV. It is to be hoped that the successful example of Tissot may work a similar renovation for French art at the close of the nineteenth.

MARKET PLACES OF THE WORLD.

BY GILSON WILLETS.

The market places of the world are grouped principally in Europe along the Mediterranean, the northern coast of Africa and the Orient. The United States, with the growth of the department-store, is ceasing to be a country of market places.

At the Travelers' Club a number of globe-trotters were entertaining one another with market-place stories—personal experiences in the markets of trade the earth over. Among the globe-trotters, however, was one stay-at-home, that is to say one who has traveled in the United States rather than abroad. He explained why the big retail markets in this country are places of the past. Five or six years ago, for instance, Washington Market, in New York, was known to every housewife within twenty miles, and every stall had as many customers as it could accommodate. Look around now. Every third stall is without a tenant and there are not enough customers in the market to keep the dealers awake. Hardly a week passes that some dealer does not close up shop and open a place of business on some of the uptown avenues. The dealers are making an effort to save the market from complete collapse, and have applied for cheaper rents. But Washington market is certainly doomed.

Every butcher and grocer, who has a store in any of the American cities, delivers goods to customers and charges nothing for the service. Market customers, however, are scattered over a large area and it would be impossible to deliver goods. This is one of the reasons for poor business in American markets. Another reason is that our people are filled with a pride that revolts against carrying a basket. Women used to go to the markets with big baskets and buy enough food to last a week. Now they order daily from the nearest dealer.

Numerous schemes have been tried to revive interest in city markets, but they all failed. They thought advertising would help and started an association, every member of which was taxed two dollars a week, the money to be used to advertise the market in the daily papers. After repeated trials the scheme was given up as unsuccessful.

There are still many markets in New York, however, some of them held in regular inclosures like Jefferson and Fulton markets; others simply on the sidewalk, with the result that there is a perfect babel. Their situation is usually in a poor and therefore in a populous quarter, and they are in their glory of a Saturday night. For picturesqueness, these sidewalk markets of the lower east side probably take first place. The assemblage is larger and more varied in character and more untrammeled in expression, than elsewhere. For example, take any of the markets south of Perry street, Saturday night at about eight o'clock, spring and fall, which is the time when these omnium gatherums are at their best. The Jew predominates and above all the Polish Jew, perhaps the most picturesque of all our types. No matter what the weather, he wears at all times the same fur cap and long gray coat. There is but little romance in his character or occupation. He is engaged in trying to persuade yon miserable mother of a famished horde,

that mouldy, worm-eaten cabbages are the best product of a Long Island farm. By the head of his grandfather he swears and lies most monstrously; yet withal there is a certain dignity about the sordid old villain. His long gray beard sweeping to his girdle, his strong aquiline features, his keen, bright eyes, suggest the great patriarchs of the Hebrew race. With his rags and misery and petty dishonesty, he feels that he is chosen above the proud, hog-eating Christian. One might imagine him using the words of Shylock: "I will buy with you, sell with you, but I will not eat with you."

An Englishman in the travelers' party described the ordinary markets of London and Liverpool, just by way of telling us about the most extraordinary market in England. It is in London and is called Petticoat Lane. This lane beats any place of the kind for size and swarming humanity, and for the demonstration of extreme poverty of a multitudinous population. It is not a slum so much as it is a rendezvous and market of all the slums of London. It is an outdoor, second-hand shop of bewildering immensity, and covers a square mile of London just off Bishopsgate street. It exists only on Sunday. Many cities in Europe have Sunday second-hand markets of this sort. That at Central Halls in Paris is well known, and there is a big one in St. Petersburg, well housed in a sort of double arcade in which the Jews do business, all the week lightly, and heavily on Sunday. The best, biggest, dirtiest and most peculiar fair of the sort is the Louse Market of Moscow. Not a pretty name but one that must be written because it is the truth and because it is eminently descriptive. This market is also perennial, but is at its best on Sundays in the summer. It is held beside the walls on their inner side and one may buy there anything from costly jewelry to worn out boots, from rare old wines to the sifted emptyings of ash-barrels.

Along the principal street of the Petticoat Lane district, in London, the goods our traveler offered for sale were mainly old clothes, in single pieces or in suits. Some were in fairly good condition and others were patched and worn and shiny. They were the cast-off clothes of people who themselves were far from well off. These clothes were displayed on boards, on wooden horses, on flat push-carts. Some few were covered with awnings or canopies. The salesmen were nearly all Jews. Some of the merchants were mounted on ladders as if to command the crowd around them. Others seemed content with chairs. Their manner of selling goods was peculiar. They began by offering them at high prices and then ran the figures down themselves without waiting for a word from the crowd. Indeed, none of the people before the stalls or carts said anything to the venders. They listened with interest to descriptions of the goods, with amusement at prices, or curiosity at some harangue. Now and again some merchant would cry: "Here's a suit as fine as Lord Rothschild would want to wear before the Prince of Wales, ain't it? Well, I offer it for twenty bob. At eighteen, then. I'll let it go for sixteen an' a tanner. At ten—at eight—at six—at five—at four bob and a tanner. That's my bottom price, four bob and a tanner. Oo'l have it at that?"

Again across the ocean to Germany, up the Rhine, through the Altmarkets and Hue-markets of Freiburg and the yearly crockery market of Mayence, past the markets of Frankfort on the Main, up the Black Forest past Baden Baden to Cologne —we were carried by the traveler who assured us that there are more mar-

ket places packed away in Germany than in any other country of the same size in the world. The most interesting event of his stay in Cologne was the trip to the market which was held in the open square about the cathedral. Here at an early hour are gathered the market women from the plains, valleys and villages of the Black Forest. There are rows of benches upon which are seated women from Elzthal, Glottersthal, Simonwald, and other villages. Most of them are in striking peasant costumes and Alsatian head-dresses, with baskets of lettuce, yellow carrots, red beets, purple egg-plant, scarlet tomatoes and glorious unsurpassed German cherries at their feet. All about are stalls for the sale of meat, fish, brooms and brushes and trifles from hats to needles, from birds to paper flowers. This festive scene grows exciting as the morning advances; soldiers, officers and ladies and white-aproned servants galore, are all talking and laughing and bickering in their trading, with the eagerness of people who love to make a noise. The brilliant colors of the fruits and vegetables, the blue and white sun umbrellas over the rows of benches, the gay greens and reds and purples of the costumes, and the many curious head-dresses of the peasants, the bright uniforms of the soldiers, the clanking of swords, the noise and chatting of the people and, arising above it all the facade of the beautiful cathedral,—all these in sharp outline against a cloudless sky,—leave an indelible picture on the mind's eye.

The traveler from France did not think the market places of the French republic differed much from those in Germany, though he did think the flower-market and the toy-market exceeded in beauty and extent any one market place in Germany. The most picturesque markets in France are in Picardy, where the peasant women in their native gowns and caps attend the stalls. In the market centre, in all towns in the rural part of France, every booth is a panorama. Green vegetables and glowing fruit, jealously guarded by the keen faces which peeped out of the white bordered caps, tempt bargains and sociability. There is no great beauty in these faces but the pleasant voices and the activity are proof enough that "handsome is as handsome does."

We next turned to the traveler from the sunniest of lands—Italy, truly a land of oil and wines. Olive oils and figs abound in real patriarchal fashion, and all over the country one may see the great, patient oxen filing in with the products of the vineyards which stretch along the whole coast, by the Riviera, through the French territory and down the Spanish border to Gibraltar. Down to Sicily this traveler took us, telling of the wonderful and beautiful market fairs held there on certain days, in honor and love of religious dictates. The most important of these market days in Sicily is the famous Easter fair. It lasts for three days. It is held near the harbor, in booths especially erected for the occasion. Hither flock families in every social grade, with their little ones, to buy balloons, trumpets and every imaginable kind of plaything. The ladies of Palermo, the island capital, rarely undertake a shopping expedition on foot. They drive to the shop door, from which a clerk emerges, laden down with all sorts of articles which the fair customers wish to examine before purchasing. It is said that years ago when the custom was absolute—at present one occasionally sees a gentlewoman enter an establishment on foot and make her selections from the counter—the wise and beautiful Queen Margaret, wish-

ing to give the proud dames of the Sicilian capital a salutary lesson, drove from shop to shop and despite the obsequiousness of the merchants, insisted upon leaving her carriage and making her choice of articles she desired, away from the eyes of the curious who were always gathered on the sidewalks. Her good example was not followed, so deeply rooted were the prejudices of the people. At evening one often sees well dressed men returning from the city, carrying a good sized hand-bag, as if just back from a railway journey. On remarking that there seemed to be a large number of commercial travelers in Sicily, our friend was informed that these bags were filled with food, as the head of the house, who generally makes special purchases on the market-place, would never allow himself to be seen with bundles of any kind. A source of trial in Italian cities, generally, is what appears to us an outlandish method of having things that apparently belong together sold in different shops. Silks are found in one establishment, woolens in another, and ribbons in a third. At none of these can one buy needles and thread. If a woman wishes to hang a pair of curtains, she buys the materials in one shop, the rod and rings in a different place, the iron fixtures at a third and has to go to a fourth to find an upholsterer to put them up. She must visit a tobacco shop for salt, and cannot find, as with us, vegetables, fruit or bread at a grocer's.

Our next bearer of market news had made the tour of all the principal market places on the Mediterranean —Morocco, Tangiers, Algiers, Cairo, Athens and elsewhere, from where the black rock of Gibraltar crouches at the entrance to the Mediterranean, to where the Suez canal opens a gate into India. Here is the path of the world's great commerce. Ships of all sorts and from all nations go to and fro, bringing and bearing away supplies of food and objects of every possible description. Fruits, wines, silks, carpets, jewels, are carried as from time immemorial. Even in the days of King Solomon, his navies sailed these waters seeking gold, spices, and precious woods. Even to far distant Spain they came, for peacocks for the royal palaces.

In Gibraltar, fans old and new, silks and laces, are the principal staples of the native trade. Streets are thronged with Spanish, English, East Indians and Moors. Follow these last across the narrow strait to their homes, and you are in a different world. From Gibraltar to Tangiers takes you back centuries. But these centuries do meet in Tangiers, where Europeans jostle Orientals, and the scarlet uniform of Tommy Atkins appears amidst a group of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, whose profession flourishes as of yore. The first sound that smote the ear of our traveler from this part of the world, was the strain of a hand organ grinding "Sweet Marie," and only a step beyond, a performance by native musicians carried one into the very heart of Africa. The fish in the markets of Algiers make one think of the fish which the princess fried in Arabian Nights. Such gorgeous colors were never seen, nor such a queer assortment of remarkable creatures. Their gold and silver scales and their rainbow hues light up the dark old arches of the market-places; and literally all's fish that comes to the net of the Algerian fisherman. Limpets, snails, mussels, horse-shoe crabs, toad-fish, sea-anemones—in fact all things that come from salt water—are bought and eaten, principally by the French population.

In Arden, in Arabia, the people do

not care for fish and have their own market in the Kasbah, a picturesque native quarter, which is unfortunately fast disappearing as modern houses more and more crowd out the old town. But still caravans come in bringing wares from all parts of Arabia and from across the desert.

The first visit of every stranger in Cairo, Egypt, is to the bazar, which is the most beautiful on the Mediterranean. Each trade is confined to a particular quarter, so that in one place you have silver, in another silken stuffs, in another drugs, in another part meats are to be found and in yet another green foods of many kinds. The merchants are perfectly shameless in regard to trade; never was beheld such wild disproportion between the price first demanded and that eventually accepted.

In Athens, the principal articles of commerce appear to be sponges, with which travelers are besieged, and they are well worth buying. For a shilling I got one which was a foot in diameter, perfectly round, and as fine as flannel and almost white. Other wares mostly in evidence are boxes of honey from Hymettus and bottles of wine strongly impregnated with resin, grapes and dates.

These Travelers' Club members did not mean to forget Spain. In Spanish towns the market-place is usually a place of danger to health—for no precautions are taken against the spread of fever that enters the market in fruit. Yet all over Alphonso's realm the market place is the centre of trade life. In Madrid, there are four large markets; in Barcelona also four, with a fifth to be added.

After Spain it was natural to speak of the markets in the ex-Spanish possessions—Porto Rico and Cuba. As I had just come from both these places myself, I mentioned first the market life in Porto Rico. All burdens are carried on their heads by the native women. Saturday being the great market day throughout the island, the roads leading to all the villages on Friday evenings and Saturday mornings are thronged with men, women and children, leading donkeys loaded with fruit and vegetables, on their way to market. The women, old and young, march along straight and erect, upon their heads loads varying in weight from fifty or more pounds, downward. They travel without shoes, many coming from long distances. On arrival they seem as fresh as when sighted miles away. The same distance has to be traversed at the close of the market day. All have a pleasant word for the traveler and generally a courtesy thrown in. The market is a large frame structure open on all sides and on payment of a small fee a place can be obtained wherein to display wares. Bananas, oranges, yams, bread-fruit, coca, plantain and other kinds of tropical fruits and vegetables abound. The greatest regularity and good behavior prevail among these native women, and nine-tenths of their customers are of their own complexion.

I finished my own description of market places, with the story of the market in Havana, one of the finest in the world. It owes its name to its founder, one Marti, a famous brigand and smuggler. Years ago a governor, named Tacon, was sent to Cuba for the sole purpose of putting a stop to the smuggling carried on by Marti and his famous band. When several months passed and no one had taken advantage of the governor's offer of reward the incident occurred which led to the founding of the city's market. A stranger entered the governor's room and closed the door behind him. The official was alone, seated at a table writing, and the stranger

STREET LEADING TO THE MARKET PLACE, QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND.

stood quietly before him. With a glance of anger and surprise the governor asked:

"Who enters here, unannounced, at this hour?"

"One who has important information to impart to the government," was the answer.

"Very well, then, what is your business here? Speak quickly."

A COUNTRY STORE, THE ONLY MARKET ON THE CUBAN COAST, NEAR SANTIAGO.—SPANISH SOLDIERS ON PORCH.

Swiss Market-Woman.

"Excellency, you have publicly offered a handsome reward for any information concerning Marti, is it not so?"

Cairo. Dealers in Sugar-Cane in the Market Place.

Arabs. Grocery Counter in the Market Place.

"Ha!" said the governor, "is that your errand here? Speak."

"Excellency, I must do so with caution, otherwise I may condemn myself. A free pardon is offered to him who shall turn state's evidence, but there may be circumstances—"

"The offer is unconditional."

"True, but—"

"I say you have naught to fear," continued Tacon. "The offer is unconditional pardon to the informant."

"It is a full revelation I have come hither to make. First, though, will you give me your knightly word that you will grant a free pardon to me, a personal pardon, if I reveal all that you require?"

"I pledge my word of honor."

"No matter how heinous in the eyes of the law my offences may have been, still you will pardon me under the King's seal?"

"Why all this reiteration," asked the governor, impatiently. "I have given you my word."

"Suppose I was a leader among these men?"

The governor hesitated and then said: "Even then, if you are able and willing to pilot our ships and reveal the rendezvous of Marti and his followers you shall be rewarded and pardoned."

"I think, Excellency, I know your character well enough to trust your words. I will speak without further parley. The man for whom you offered the largest reward—aye, dead or alive—is before you."

"And you are—"

THE MARKET PLACE, WITH FOUNTAIN OF THE OGRE, BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

GIBRALTAR. MOORISH BEAD MERCHANTS' STALL IN THE MARKET PLACE

Oyster Stalls in Fulton Market, New York.

East Side Market, Elizabeth Street, New York.

"Captain Marti."

The governor started. Such was the outlaw's reputation that Tacon instinctively glanced at a brace of pistols that lay before him on the table. The outlaw saw the glance and handed his own pistols to the governor. "I have no further use for them; in future, diplomacy, not fighting."

"That is well," said the governor. "I shall keep my promise, providing you faithfully perform your part. For good reasons, as well as to secure your faithfulness, you must remain under guard."

"I anticipated that," replied Marti. And upon the arrival of the guard he was placed in close confinement, but made as comfortable as possible.

Next day Marti was transferred to a government boat and began his task of piloting it through shoals to the various haunts of the smugglers. One after another was visited, but the smugglers had in every case disappeared. The result was just as satisfactory for with their places of rendezvous known their trade was broken up. Marti returned with the ship and was summoned to Tacon's presence.

"As you have faithfully performed your part of the agreement," said the governor, "I will fulfill mine. In this package you will find a free pardon for past offences. But any new disloyalty on your part shall be promptly treated, and as rigorously as though these late services had never been performed. Here is an order on the Treasury for the sum of money—"

"The pardon, Excellency, I will gladly receive. As to the money you propose to give me, let me make a proposal. The Treasury is poor, I am rich. Retain the money, and in place of it guarantee me alone the right to fish on the coast of Cuba, and declare the business of supplying fish contraband, except to me and my agents. This will amply compensate me. I will erect a public market at my own expense, which shall be an ornament to the city and which, at the expiration of twenty-five years, shall become the property of the government."

The governor granted Marti the privileges asked and the result is that Havana today possesses one of the best and handsomest market places in the world.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN. ONE OF THE SILK DEPARTMENTS (STALLS) IN THE MARKET PLACE.

SIR GALAHAD'S EPIPHANY PRAYER.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

THREE kings they went on high intent,
And in hot haste hied down,
Led by a star, from realms afar,
To Bethlehem's little town.
They came to seek a King so meek,
That in the straw lay He —
A little child so fair, so mild;
They wept right sore to see
The Majesty of God most high
Enthroned on Mary's knee.

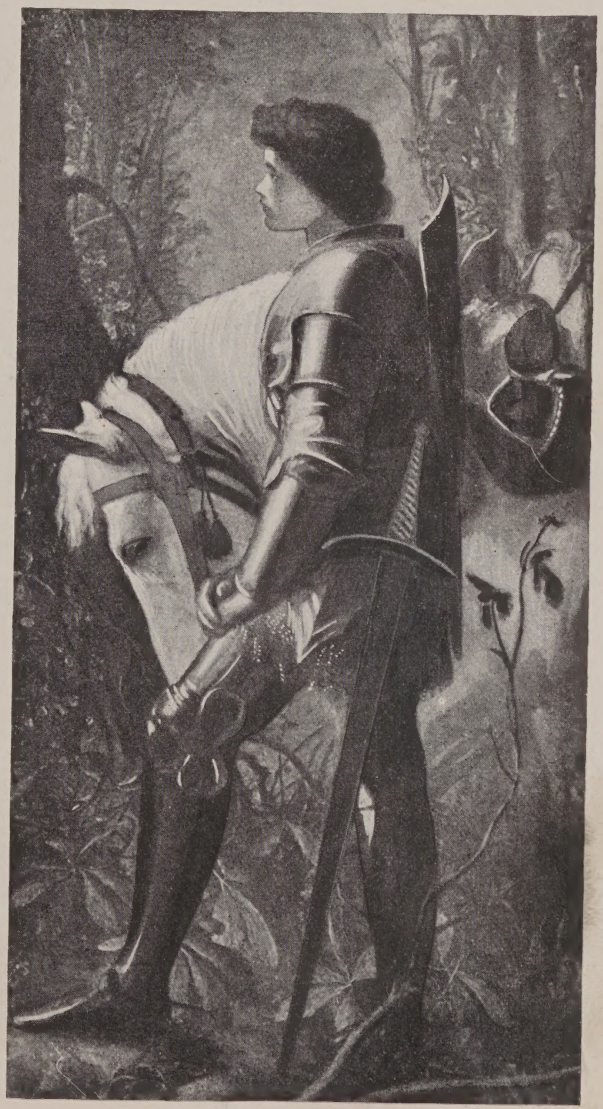
Ye Kings most brave to whom God gave
Such faith, ye left your realm,
To follow far that guiding star
To little Bethlehem!
Good Gaspar and bold Balthazar,
And Melchior leal and true!
I seek like part, — with loyal heart
To follow after you,
And with you bring, to Christ my King,
The gifts that are His due.

So I unfold the burnished gold,—
All that I have, my King!
Yet naught is mine. All that is Thine
At Thy fair feet I fling.
And myrrh I bring,—of suffering
The sign for Thee and me;
(That grace of pain
Grant me again,
That I may be like Thee!)
And incense sweet,
O gift most meet,
Thou great High Priest! for Thee.

And when, at last,
All perils past,
My life on earth is done,
Three gifts give me,
Who cry to Thee,
Thou Blessed Little One!
Let incense-cloud
Above my shroud
Remind Thee of the day,
When all I had,
With love most glad,
I gave to Thee for aye;
And call me far,
Beyond the star
That called those kings away.

Let myrrh be mine,
With love to pine,
And longing for Thy face,
Till, cleansed most white,
From faith to sight,
I pass to Thy embrace.

I hide my face! In Thy embrace,
Nor crown nor gold seek I!
All mine is Thine, and I am Thine,
While endless years roll by.
With Gaspar, and with Balthazar,
And Melchior, am I!



A SNOW REVEL.

DEEP SNOWS.

BY HERBERT M. SYLVESTER.

THE winds blow; down-falling snows choke the country roads. Winter shows his teeth with deepening growls when the sun is far in the south and his reign fully assured. Ah, the crusty fellow! What a noisy companionship! But he carries a warm heart under all his smiting and bluster. The deeper the winter snow, the more luxuriant the June grasses, the deeper their color, and the more abundant the return of the soil; the more savor in the salts of earth; the more perfect Nature's chemical processes; the more complete her storage of resources for summer needs; the larger certainty of the year's fulfillment after the thirsty days of mid-summer.

At brief intervals through these bleak days the dull-colored clouds have sped northward to again return over-burdened with the largess of the sky. The snow-flakes have sped downward, a silent host, while the open lands have been scoured by tempestuous buffetings, that with impish artifice and cunning touch have heaped up great domes and ridges that overtop the tallest stakes

in the pasture fence, and have clambered with adventurous reach to the lower branches of the orchard trees, with many a queer freak and fantastic shape. About the unsheltered bowlders and stumps are circular gullies where the wind-sprites have chased each other round and round, their concave surfaces deftly turned by Nature's windy lathes into the perfection of symmetry of the inner sides of a bowl, each a mimic amphitheatre. Since November came with leaden skies the northern gales have stormed relentlessly against the edges of the gray, leafless woodlands, and have pounded the pastures and fields with their icy flails, and smothered the walls and fences with their white mystery, filling the roads with deeps of slumpy drifts.

"The gray, leafless woodlands."

The days of change, the snow-eating days, the blowy days, with dripping eaves along a southern exposure, every morning heavy with pendants of glittering icicles, and yet like December, keen-edged with nipping frosts, when the air is thick with storm, and snow-flakes come sail-

"Just outside the narrow sleigh-paths, leafless twigs from the wayside bushes are stuck here and there to indicate the snow-smothered tracks to the wayfarer."

ing down "big as feathers," are yet far off.

The winds blow across the rough-set pastures and smother mowing-lands, piling the drifts higher athwart the ways that men go up and down, while the sun seems to hang at mid-day in the same place. Yet the days lengthen with hardly perceptible span. Along the faintly-marked lines of the highways and just outside the narrow sleigh-paths, leafless twigs from the wayside bushes are stuck here and there to indicate the snow-smothered tracks to the way-farer. The people best acquainted with these winter trails are not always sure of their footing. Not a rail of fence or a reach of wall is in sight in this desert of whiteness. A step away from these birch twigs founders horse and sleigh in a sea of loose snow,—an aggravating enough predicament to the best-tempered of travelers. It is slow traveling over these pathless drifts. One hardly knows when the upset is at hand.

Every storm brings out the road-breaking teams, only to have all traces of the road-maker's work obliterated by night-time with an added accumulation of drift. The winter work on the highways is fairly inaugurated by mid-January, and the long line of patient oxen, with the clumsy wood-sled loaded down with a bevy of roistering, shouting boyhood astride the slippery cross-bars, or clinging to the tall sled-stakes surmounted with broad-bladed shovel or stiffly-frozen mitten, is a picture of sturdy strength. It is slow work to urge the half-buried oxen through the drifts, the steamy breath blowing away from their wide nostrils. How intelligent their slow, plodding patience! How sweet their oft-chewed cuds that they should shift the chewing from one side to the other with every step amid the almost insurmountable drifts! They are never disconcerted,—they never hurry. They resent nothing but the goad-stick; as if it were not hard enough to

"The crystals glitter in the moon's cold light."

wallow over the hills and through the valleys the whole day with the old wood-sled encumbered with its load of humanity. I am not sure they did not enjoy the outing after so much of barn-life, with the company of the oxen at the next farm and a renewal of an acquaintance made over the pasture fence before the early snows came. It is a long time since they have rubbed noses and exchanged pastoral confidences. Any one who has seen the cattle rub noses over the line fence cannot doubt their possession of this human quality, this liking for acquaintanceship beyond their own herd. These bucolic adventures were attended with abundant zest that impregnated this out-door entertainment with a peculiar delightsomeness. The boys who went along with the teams were not less boisterous than the sprites of Eurus in their sport, the fickle-hearted winds, dancing attendance on the cold but brilliant sun that shone over this most brilliant setting of mid-winter.

The oxen have stood knee-deep in the snow before the farmhouse door, well-sheltered from the icy winds, a good half-hour since the team from the neighboring farm has come in sight, a picture of placid content. Bars of snow dislodged from the limbs of the dooryard elms drop silently, and one by one, the bent branches unburdened, swing back into their old symmetry, regaining their graceful poise and action in the wind. Along the tops of the woods that stretch the length of the valley below, the black plumes of the pines and spruces throw off their burdens, filling the air with the aftermath of the storm, to make one think of storm scuds no larger than one's hand, the unerring prophecy of dull weather. Diamonds of water-drops trickle from the south slope of the low roofs under the caresses of the morning sun, and down the long spindles of glittering ice, each one as splendorous as the famed Excalibar of King Arthur, flashing all the colors of the rainbow with every fleeting drop. What a snail-paced progress hung about the steps of the approaching oxen before the,—

> "straggling train
> Drew up, an added team to gain."

But let our beloved New England poet, the dead chronicler of the dearer episodes along the highways and by-ways of years that have waned, tell the story,—

"The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
  Passed with the cider-mug, their jokes
  From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
  O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
  And woodland path that wound between
Low-drooping pine boughs winter-weighed.
  From every barn a team afoot,
  At every house a new recruit
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law
Haply the watchful young men saw
  Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
  And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
  And reading in each missive tost
  The charm which Eden never lost."

But the road-breakers are away. It has been a lonesome day for the women-folk at the farmhouse with none of the men about, and only the whirring music of the spinning-wheel to lend its praise to their industry, and to keep them company; and hardly a dinner to get with the most important factor in the household away until mid-afternoon, and not a single team passing along the white blur of the highway. Not even the mail-carrier has coaxed his courage to the pitch of floundering through

these winter wastes, these undulating seas of restless drift; and the tin-peddler, safely housed somewhere in the neighborhood, makes the day's dearth of circumstance the more noticeable.

Day after day the resumption of travel is awaited. A week passes before the blockade is broken. The wind blows a steady gale from sunrise to sunset, and the lower stratum of the atmosphere has been a rushing tide of sifting, drifting snow, as impenetrable to the vision at times as a genuine dog-day fog.

The red sun at its setting reminds one of blood-shot eyes, as if the Day-god had strained his; but the winds get tired at last, and the road-breakers are out again. A slender trail is sketched over the hills and through the hollows between, while, one by one, the solitary teams creep over it and it is more plainly discernible from the farmhouse windows. What a close time of human intercourse these laggard days have made, with only the sun, the noisy winds and the blinking stars for company! The only outdoor diversion is to watch the lone traveler beating northward against the bleak, snow-laden air, or blown along with hastened footsteps before the north wind. The buntings and nuthatches gather about the porch entrance chattering in the liveliest manner to themselves, as if here were a land of plenty, and their journey to the woods through the hurtling snow were a mere pastime. They are regular visitors, and may be depended upon to make a cheerful call of an afternoon when your neighbors are more likely to stick to their fires.

These winter birds make cheerful company. They are faith-bearers and conscience-bearers, for that matter, for I doubt if a man could grow utterly callous who found a charm in the softly appealing note of the chickadee in these bleak scourging days.

"Che-week, cheweek-a-dee-dee—dee,"

sings the little fellow, leaving the prints of his bare feet with our own on the doorstep, cocking his little head to one side or the other, looking at one with a sort of grimace as much as to say, "You think this terrible weather,—it is an everyday occurrence in the land I come from,—nobody calls it cold up there."

"Up there" means anywhere to the northward where there is abundance of cold, bracing weather and wind and storm. The black-cap titmouse is a storm-lover. Men should be thankful even for birds.

It is a blustering time the winds make in the openings; but how hushed and quiet and sleepy-like is everything as one goes within the line of the woodland! One is sure of fairly good traveling over the highways in the woods. The tree-tops sway with a noiseless rhythm as the wind sprites leap with many a sound of muffled laughter from branch to branch to the open lands beyond; while below, the snow-crystals lie silent and inactive about the gray trunks of the gnarled old beeches, or the black, rough-barked pilasters of the tall, scanty-topped pines, with here and there a stain of reddish dust, the debris of some four-legged poacher among the pine cones, most likely the chickaree or red squirrel, though he rarely gets out, or leaves his hibernacle this sort of weather. Only a few yellow, fluttering, beechen leaves the fall rains have failed to dislodge from their deserted-looking twigs make sibilant song as the eddying breezes twist between the bare limbs and bodies of the trees, gaunt and lean, and through the whispering pine tops in their search for a way out of this labyrinth of gray forest. The

sleigh-bells have a smothered sound, but the road is excellent. Discomfort betides the man or beast whose business or duty is out of doors and along the treacherous highways these gusty days. No great-coat or pile of furry robe is impervious to the keen, searching air in the latter days of this month and especially that wind that blows up with the setting sun, so intensely cold that once experienced, is never forgotten.

January is essentially a home-staying month. Roaring fires light the evenings through at the old homestead when the family reads and rereads the half-score of old-fashioned books, antiquated histories, a slender biography, and a novel or two. For the hundredth time the worn files of the weekly newspapers that have been accumulating for years on the closet-shelves are searched for some well-remembered story.

What multiplied suggestions of constant enlivenment and heart-stirring pleasure lived within the leaping light! and what a ravenous maw was that of the black flue, up which great sheets of detached flame went scurrying as if bewitched, with a swift sound of flapping wings and deep smothered growl! It was like a play to watch the varying Drama of the Fire to listen to its snapping and crackling for orchestral accompaniment, with Imagination for stage manager, creating one character and another to help along the plot. The back-log is a good-natured, easy-going fellow. The beechen forestick takes its part alike with quiet dignity; but what an uneasy chap is this bandy-legged scapegrace of a crooked stick atop the others, always the source of alarm, making everybody's heart quake with nervous apprehension! Put it never so securely in place with the cumbersome tongs, down it comes at the slightest movement of its fellows, scattering its blazing coals upon the floor among the rugs of woolen stuff braided at odd moments of leisure, or woven in the big, wooden loom in the corn chamber, threatening each time an incipient conflagration. Another solid, glowing log plays the matron charmingly. Here were lover and maid, two shapely, cleanly-riven poplar sticks that burned so briskly and with such a noisy snapping and passionate fire-music that they must needs have given the rest of the company a deal of concern lest they should burn themselves out too soon in their love-making. A frolicsome Puck looked from out every bright-eyed coal, and pictures came and went as the embers glowed and paled. Dream faces and tender voicings lived in the flashing light, while the firesticks told homely stories of their own, appealing ones that made one almost conscience-stricken. Each held all the woodland secrets in common, and all of Nature's mystery.

Here is the panorama of the year. Here are glowing sketches of snow-patched fields haunted by wandering crows, the winged Bedouins of the farm, hungry, noisy and predaceous, with April mists slow-rising and filled with prophecy; overhead is the far-off sound of honking wild-geese; there are blushing, maple tops, and fluffy swaying catkins, and leaping waters, swollen brooks and pindling blades of green along the runs where the skunk cabbage shows its purple; south winds blow; there are shimmering wings of blue-birds and flashings of orioles, and shadows of fresh-leaved woods; jocund, clover-checked Summer and scents of wilting new-mown grasses come, and ripening August with its skies athrill with the tremolo of the upland plover; mellow-streaked Autumn with her requiem of drifting leaves and feathery snow-flakes hastens after; and the end is

of woodchoppers' songs and touches of Winter frost. Ah, what was there that did not live in this Fire Worship! The ancients adored what to them seemed most beneficent and sacred, —and the Fire, did it not hold all their secrets of living?

One is never lonesome with a brisk fire for company.

My fire is a book of sketches of the round year, and firmly drawn is each ving brush-mark. What exquisite touch! What masterful technique! What symphonies in color and rare compositions, as well! The Sun and the Wind are the Erkmans-Chartrains of Nature's out-door novel-writing, serial stories most charming, with only a restful night of sleep between each chapter; the volume ending with the death of the author, the Old Year, only to be begun again with the dawn of the New. Rare scribblings are they that fill these white pages of daytime with Spring and Summer "learning how to write," blotted with gray rainy days, drifting mists and smothering snowdrifts.

These were story-telling nights that came with the deep snows. Many an episode of quaint and curious interest, mostly of the earlier days, were retold, especially when some of the neighbors dropped in to enjoy the homely courtesy of a dish of red-cheeked apples, a sip from the milk-white earthen cider-mug simmering on the hot coals. Sometimes the hot coals were dropped into the cider-mug one by one, until its contents sparkled like the dryest of champagne. Improbable tales of ghosts and witches tinged the hours until bed-time with a lively dread; nor then did one doff the chill sensation of uncanny things like some portion of their garb. Century-old headstones stark and still in the cold light of the round moon stared at the chamber window from the adjacent burying-ground, and old hags astride their broomsticks, misshapen dwarfs, black, huge and terrifying, and tall, sheeted figures, danced before the excited vision, while each nail-hole and crevice in the ancient roof with its ray of filtered light seemed a demon eye of fiery glow as I ascended the narrow stairs from the kitchen, its treads creaking with supernatural sound at every step.

These evenings had their pastorals as well, especially when the broad kitchen table was cleared and a bag of beans from the granary was emptied upon its top. Young and old gathered about its edge to pick one by one the bits of vine and gritty refuse from them, the vagrant debris of the threshing-floor that had escaped the clumsy sieves of the rickety winnowing machine. It was slow work but a part of the farm husbandry. And yet, this fruit of the fields clear white or bearing a single blotch of yellow and beautifully enamelled by Nature's subtle processes was rich in suggestion of mellow cornlands and opening days in June when the oaks burst their buds of downy purple and reddish yellow. Long lines of furrows reach out into vistas of orchard trees. The farm hands work amid them while showers of pink and white bloom drift like snow-flakes about them.

Up and down the slopes that pitch to the south the children go with their seed-pails glistening in the gracious sunshine, dropping the golden corn and beans, precious argosies of the future and every seed a germ of faith as well. There are prints of bare feet in the moist, soft loam. After these came the smallest urchin of the family with a dipper of pumpkin seeds, and what country lad has forgotten his liking for the brief enjoyments of its eating! It was walnut, filbert and pecan. Its flavor was as distinct as delicious.

Then Nature begins her processes. The enamel dulls. The snug-fitting coat bursts apart, and the germ is through the soft mould, playing hide and seek with sun and shadow. Its companions are the softly-rustling corn-leaves. These dusky-green spikes of the Indian corn and the lighter-foliaged vines of the bean make a notable contrast of shade or grading of color, and diverse growth-shape. The hours did not lag with the enchantments of one's surroundings,—fields of clover ruddy-hued and throbbing with insect life, and overhead the bobolinks and the robbins and the newly-arrived plover. Rare notes of melody lull one's ambitions, and tangled threads of incomparable harmonies clog one's feet.

But the bean blossoms are beautiful with their nodding petals of yellowish white, their faint perfume and their pollen-dust of old gold that sticks to one's flesh like a smooch of bronze powder. Our bean has grown stout and full of promise by mid-summer. Its top is bushy; its stalk is rank and coarsely fibrous; below the mimic dome of its luxuriant leafage are pendant pods that hang straight down, growing longer and more yellow with every August morning.

By mid-September the sea of yellowing corn is invaded and the amber-podded beans are "pulled." The warm moist dirt shaken from their roots, the heavy vines are carried across rows into the stubble of the clover-field and laid roots to the sun. The tall, stacking-poles, a pair of which are laid beside each wide-spread pile, are brought from the barns. Then the beans are stacked to blacken against the sky as they tower above the shocks of corn. A rare seasoning of sun and wind, and autumn storm, and hazy, drying days came to them until these stacks went to the barn, where on some rainy day they were to be pounded out with the swinging flail, and afterward purified in the old-fashioned box of a winnowing machine,—which was singularly enough painted yellow. Everything is yellow that has been long in contact with Nature.

But how different this threshing with the flail, whether the weather be wet or dry! A little moisture in the atmosphere toughens the vines and the rhythmic music of this humble implement is smothered and dull-sounding. On clear days the flailbeat owns to a crispness and a hint of aggressiveness that lends a harshness to its song, and steals half its poetry. But the story of the flail is not to be told upon a single page.

If the flail is the emblem of the primitive, the bean is the symbol of the hospitality of the rustic. It is one of the God-given things of earth, one of its felicitous economies. Its dainty white wax petal belongs to New England's fairest flower kind, humble as it is, for within it, as within no other, the sweetest of pastorals hides within the shimmer of its gloss. What rhyme of swift-winged birds, of winds and suns of summer, of juicy saps and music of golden-banded bees are written upon its perfect oval.

A pastoral of the summer!

And outside the winds blow; deep snows choke the country roads; the crystals glitter in the moon's cold light; and Winter shows his teeth with deepening growls; his reign is fully assured.

Ah, the crusty fellow!

THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

(Concluded.)

Mr. Irving made no effort to enjoy the performance of the great musician. Admitting early in the evening it was quite beyond him, he leaned back in his chair and for the greater part of the time contented himself with his own thoughts. Lucy was utterly oblivious of everything but the rapid succession of sounds, tender, sad or passionately fierce surging over that vast building, and which unintelligible to him, were to her the language of her soul. She turned to him sometimes and the light in her blue eyes was like two lines of fire, while her face quivered with feeling. He knew she was too wrapped in bliss to feel inclined for conversation, especially with one who could not share her emotions, and with a sigh for the youth that was dead, he would return to his musings. He went over the old ground of her conditions of life, her wasted gifts because of devotion to duty, and if there was regret there was also admiration that she could be so strong. But was it only admiration? He knew she was unconsciously influencing his life, lifting up his thoughts from selfishness and convincing him he only works reasonably who puts a lofty purpose into his efforts. He always left her presence filled with higher aspirations, purer thoughts; and gradually these were beginning to influence the current of his existence. Out of all those musings, came the thought, "If I could only love her and she loved me"—a crash that seemed like the great confused mingling of a thousand resurrection trumpets, followed by a shout of applause that seemed to shake the great building to its foundation broke the dream that had followed; and Jasper Irving unclosed his eyes to see Lucy's face before him, radiant with pleasure, while her trembling voice asked, "Was there ever anything so magnificent? How can I thank you for the happiness you gave me tonight?"

From his thought of her, he looked at her for an instant in silence, when, becoming aware of the rising audience, he folded her cloak over her shoulders and said, quietly,

"That I gave it to you is more than thanks for me."

A feeling he was not able to define made him pass slowly over the walk, on either side of which the flowers were nodding in the moonlight; and Lucy measured her steps by his. Their drive from Music Hall had almost been a silent one and when he assisted her to alight, unknowing it, he continued to clasp her white-gloved hand.

"Do you feel sad tonight, Mr. Irving?" she asked him, as they passed the gate, and the convent, as peaceful as its sleeping inmates' dreams, lifted its brown walls up from the edge of the long, level green yard.

"I do," he replied, pausing and looking down into her face; but noting its sudden changing under his words, he added, "but tell me again you enjoyed this evening."

"I have never known one more perfectly happy," she said; "so happy was it, my heart is aching now with its loneliness."

"Poor little girl!" he said, and he drew her hand under his arm, and

continued their walk. "It's life," he added, afterwards. "You'll get accustomed to it as you grow older."

Then as the door opened in answer to his touch on the bell, he clasped her hand tenderly and spoke softly his good night; but she made no answer for the unaccustomed tears choked their utterance. He stood on the steps until the portals closed on her, and little dreaming what lay between this parting and their next meeting, he turned slowly away, stopping once on his walk back to the cab to pluck a sprig of larkspur that thrust its tall spike across the border.

When Miss Maraytt appeared the following afternoon, it chanced Mr. Irving was engaged with the business manager and she quietly took her assignments and left. It was hours later when she returned, and as her voice, talking to one of the reporters, reached Jasper Irving's ears, he felt a rush of warmth come into his face. He heard her drawing back her chair from the desk and felt himself impatient for a glimpse of her face at the doorway; but the minutes slipped by and she did not come. One by one the reporters laid their copy before him and then went out for supper. When all had departed he heard her rise. His pencil fell from his fingers and instinctively he turned his head that the bright light would not fall directly on his face; but instead of coming to his office, she crossed the room and her step on the stairway announced that she, too, had left. An hour later when Mr. Irving returned from his own supper, Miss Maraytt's copy was on his desk and her place in the reporters' room was vacant. He could not say she had purposely avoided him as she often came and went without holding any communication with him; yet it now took on another significance. As he walked home in the deep of the night, he revolved the whole occurrence in his mind and knew that by his silence he was only adding insult to injury; and yet he thought he had rather meet his death than own his offense to that mocking, scornful woman. The next day when he reached the office a telephone message from Miss Maraytt awaited him, informing him her sister was sick, and it would be impossible for her to be down that afternoon. A few minutes later the editor-in-chief appeared and on hearing that Miss Maraytt, whom he sought to look up a special matter, would not be in, his annoyance and discomfiture were apparent; and recalling it afterward, Jasper Irving realized what an important factor that bright, mocking woman was in the concern, and felt a sudden sensation of chilliness as he thought what if, because of his action, she would conclude to resign from the Sun's staff and throw in her fortunes with one of the rival papers. That consideration, however, did not determine his intention to make amends if she would permit him. He owed it to her and that was an all-sufficing reason with Jasper Irving. When next Miss Maraytt stood before her desk a note from him requested her to wait until he was at leisure as he desired to speak a few words to her. When the last reporter had been started and the exchange editor had gone to the post-office for his papers, Mr. Irving opened his office door and though the sight of Miss Maraytt's black head bent over her writing made his heart quicken its pulsations, his voice was steady enough as he said:

"Good afternoon, Miss Maraytt."

She met his dark eyes for an instant as she returned his greeting in her light, careless tones, adding, "You wished to see me?"

"I wished to beg your pardon," he said.

"Indeed? For what?" she asked, with the slightest raising of her eyebrows.

"She might be more generous," he thought; but he did not flinch.

"For what I did and said Tuesday afternoon. I have been doing penance on my knees to you ever since," he finished, looking on her face that never changed under his eyes or words.

"Why should you?" she asked, with the flicker of her mocking smile in her dark eyes, and on her red lips. "You were but acting quite within your province."

"You might have spared me that!" he cried, passionately. "You think I did not spare you," he continued, as he caught the curling of her red lips. "And yet," his voice growing lower, "it had never happened if you had allowed your first thought to guide you."

She moved a little uneasily and her evident, and suddenly developed, desire to bring the interview to a close did not escape him; but he determined she should hear him out, let the after consequences be what they would.

"You know now, you knew then, when I made the suggestion to relieve you of some of your work, I was thinking of you. It seemed to me you looked tired that afternoon. This work, at its best, is hard on a woman. I would spare you all I could, if you would only let me!"

The reproach he felt voiced itself in his words. Then he saw what almost took his breath away, a tear on Miss Marayttt's eyelash, and it had decided his whole future if at that instant the telephone had not begun to ring madly. He hurried to it and as the message fell on his ear the watching woman saw the color fade instantly from his face.

"What's the name?" he shouted back to his informant at the end of the line.

"The Dixie! My God!" The receiver fell from his powerless hand. He bounded forward in the direction of the stairs, then, recollecting Miss Marayttt, he returned to her side, and said in a voice trembling with excitement:

"A boat on fire is trying to make the landing. There are friends of mine on it."

Miss Marayttt reached out her hand to him in silence. He clasped it, looked into her eyes, saw her forgiveness there, and in the next instant was gone.

To their dying day the crowd that thronged the banks of the river will never forget the spectacle the Dixie, with her rich cargo and precious freight of human lives, presented as the fierce red flames leaped up her white sides. In vain the power of all the city's fire engines was directed against that wall of flame, which spluttered and hissed under the downfall of water, to instantly leap up the stronger; in vain shriek after shriek went up from the Dixie's black pipes, it was but the last outburst of despair, for human aid was unavailing with that barricade of fire opposing; in vain were the Pilot's efforts to run her into shore; the relentless enemy had fastened her fangs close on the intricate workings, and the wheel that had never before failed his hand stood motionless now. How had it happened? No one ever exactly knew, but it was afterwards told by those who escaped, that the fire had been discovered down the river, and the Pilot, knowing his only salvation was to reach port, made the Dixie's last magnificent race with Death. The passengers, of whom happily

there were not many, were taken to the safest place and, then, while the man at the engine released every valve and piled in the fuel, making the Dixie tear through the water like a thing of mad life, the captain and his crew fought the fierce foe. Some one on land saw the burning boat and gave the alarm and in the next minute almost, the engines lined the shore ready to turn on their great streams of water when she was within range; but as she was turned to make her dash for shore, with a leap that seemed to touch the sky, the flames rose from the place where the cotton bales were stored, driving the passengers from their place of security. The boats were lowered, others pushed out from the shore to the rescue, and not a life had been lost had not a panic seized the passengers and, unheeding the commands of the captain, they plunged forward, trampling each other down in their wild fear of the dreadful death surging in behind.

When Jasper Irving arrived he fought his way through the dense crowd to the river's edge in time to see the seemingly lifeless body of Mrs. Dugan carried by on a litter, while over the din of voices the shout went up, "The Pilot! The Pilot!" and looking, he saw the strong, sturdy figure of his friend by the motionless wheel. Unheeding, if he were aware of the excitement that followed when the captain saw his boat was lost, the Pilot clung to his post striving to run in the boat. At length the wheel stopped under his hand and he knew the Dixie had made her last race and lost. It was then a darting tongue of flame warned him his own fate was near. The helpless watchers on shore saw him disappear from his place, but in another instant he was back pursued by a burst of fire. He crashed through the window, and it was then Jasper Irving flung himself into a boat and shot toward the burning ship, unheeding the warning cries that followed him. The word had been passed through the crowd there were barrels of kerosene on board.

"Dugan! Dugan! I'm coming!" he shouted, and the words reached the old Pilot over that mad hissing of flames and madder fall of water. The Pilot sprang to the roof and the watchers saw it go in with a crash; but he had caught one of the spikes of the railing and dragged himself back from the fire raging below. Up it leaped, in its tigerish pursuit of the man that now stood before the horror-stricken thousands outlined against the forward leaping sheet of red flames.

"Jump!" shouted Jasper Irving, and he shot his boat to the side of the ship, directly under where Dugan stood. The blue eyes met the dark ones below and the young man saw the face above was convulsed in fearful agony; but the Pilot dropped himself over the Dixie's side. Jasper Irving caught the ship's hot railing to steady his own boat against Larry's sudden fall. The skiff rocked dangerously for a moment, but the next, under Jasper's strong hands, it darted out like a bird from under the fire-wreathed steamboat, and a shout of wild joy went up from the people as they caught sight of the Pilot's white head. Tenderly, strong hands lifted poor Larry Dugan from the boat, but as they were about to carry him to the ambulance, he ordered them to let him down.

"I'm dying," he said to Irving. "I swallowed the fire. A priest!"

Irving raised himself from his position over the dying Pilot and turned toward the crowd whose faces were illumined by the red light thrown by the burning ship. Lifting his hand

as if to command silence, he shouted over that terrified multitude:

"Is there a priest here?"

"There is!" an answering voice came back, and at the outer edge the crowd began to break, while the policeman, waving his warning club, shouted:

"Make way for the priest, there!"

The Pilot's eyes were fixed intensely on the separating throng and when he caught sight of the clergyman a gleam of joy lighted up his blackened, disfigured face. The priest waved back the officers and knelt beside the litter, while the men around bared their heads. The engines had ceased their useless work on the Dixie, and the crackling of the flames and fall of burning timbers alone broke the stillness of that awful scene, over which the lurid light was pouring. Irving stood apart from the rest, his arms folded over his breast, his face set in that stern grief that sometimes stamps a man's face into a mask of iron. Once his glance wandered over the silent, reverent crowd, whose every eye was fixed on the dying man and the priest kneeling by his side, his ear bent to catch the fast-failing words. After a few minutes, that seemed an eternity to those watchers, the priest lifted his head and turning his face toward the far-off summer sky breathed a short prayer; then, lowering his eyes and raising his right hand he made over the dying man, the sign of his redemption. As the priest rose the Pilot turned his eyes toward where he knew Jasper was standing.

"Lift my head, lad," he whispered, as the young man knelt by the litter. Then, with his eyes full on the handsome, grief-whitened face bending over him, he asked, huskily:

"Was she hurt?"

"I believe so," said the young man, and his tones trembled.

"Then, friend, take care of my little girl!"

"I will," he answered, and seeing the tears standing in the dark eyes meeting his, the old Pilot smiled and died.

Six weeks later the priest and Jasper Irving sat in the parlor of the low brick house adjoining one of the city churches, engaged in earnest conversation. The injuries Mrs. Dugan had received, aggravated by the intelligence of her husband's death, proved fatal, and the last shovelful of earth was scarcely placed on her father's grave, when Lucy stood beside her mother's. As Jasper Irving looked down on the frail girl leaning heavily on his arm, he wondered that human hearts can endure so much and not break. After the first terrible grief had passed, he saw her stand up strong under her sorrow and set her face steadily toward the way she must henceforth travel, and it was this sudden regaining of herself that sent Jasper Irving to the old house where Father Dannon lived, unknown almost outside his small parish, but followed on his daily walk by the benediction of his people.

"I fear she would not accept assistance from me," the young man was saying. "It would be painful for her to do so and might withhold her from confiding in me if she ever needed the assistance of a friend. Her musical talent is unquestionable, and I believe, since of necessity she must in a short time begin to work, it would be better to live by her gift as she easily can, when it has been properly cultivated."

"And so you want me to act the part of the Prince Bountiful?" asked the old priest. "But how do you know she will accept help from me?"

"I do not know," returned Jasper. "I can only trust to your wise counsel and her good sense."

"And she is never to know the money comes from you?"

"It does not come from me. I propose to make you an unconditional gift of the amount. Fortunately Cincinnati affords excellent facilities for the gaining of musical proficiency, and the sum required is within my limit. Of course," concluded he, "the sincerity of my motive you may question, as I have told you I am comparatively speaking a stranger to her."

The priest lifted his head, and with his old eyes full on the handsome, troubled face before him, said, as he struck the floor with his cane:

"I question the motive of no one, young man, without reason! The motive of your father's son could never be but an honorable one!"

"You knew my father?" exclaimed the young man, incredulously.

"I knew your father," the priest repeated, clasping his hands over the handle of his cane. "We were college chums and friends in early manhood; but when my convictions led me from our common belief, we drifted apart. Yet," striking his cane again on the floor, "it was Jasper's fault!"

"I can believe that," said Mr. Irving. "With all his virtues he was too intolerant of another's faith. But I am glad to meet you!" he cried, his dark eyes kindling. "I never expected this far north to meet a friend of my father's."

"You say that well!" remarked the priest with grim humor, "for in Abolition States, stern, unbending Jasper Irving's name was not one to conjure with." And for the time his mind went back to the troublous past. "Well," he said, returning from his musings, "I'll accept your gift, and as you say the girl has good sense, I think I will be able to use it according to your wish." He held the young man's hand in a long, fond clasp, the while his eyes rested affectionately on the dark, strong face. "So like him!" the old lips murmured; then, "Come to see me soon, my boy, won't you?"

CHAPTER VI.

Scarcely had the city recovered from the shock caused by the burning of the Dixie, when it was announced that the Morning Sun had consolidated with one of the other papers and the two would henceforth be issued as one. The news fell like a thunder-clap on the entire working force, and with grim determination they awaited the announcement of the names of those selected to go over with the new combine, with the one exception of the Young Reporter, who handed in his resignation and the next day appeared as representative of one of the afternoon journals.

"For the proper spirit, commend me to the Young Reporter," said the sporting editor to Miss Maraytt, as he lighted his cigar preparatory to taking a farewell stroll through the silent press-rooms. In his office Jasper sat, staring hard at the wall. The desk for once was cleared of all copy and proofs, the assignment book was closed and piled on the floor with the dictionary, and the only noise heard, where seldom silence was known, was the rustle of the papers the exchange editor was reading. He had seen from the first this event would occur, yet he was scarcely prepared for its coming. Three months ago he had welcomed it for the slight chance there appeared of his receiving the recognition a carrying over to the new force implied; now with almost certainty of an important office being ahead for him, he experienced no elation. In the light of the many experiences through which he had been hurled during the past weeks, self-

interest did not appear so majestic as to shut out the entire view of life. Larry Dugan's heroic sacrifice of life in his effort to discharge the trust reposed in him seemed to consecrate all labor; while the old priest, toiling like a slave from morn till night, and ofttimes till morn again, for those bound to him by no natural tie, made all existence purposeful. Those changes which were painful, as are the tearing away of all parts of our character, whether of natural or foreign growth, had worked themselves out chiefly during the hours he had sat before his desk, with his day's work over or previous to its beginning, his eyes fixed then, as now, on the papered wall, every form of whose pattern was as familiar to him as the letters of the alphabet, every tint and twist having for him a special significance for having focused his gaze at some crucial moment.

"Man is such a creature of environment" he thought as he rose and turned from his reading companion. Instinctively as he crossed the office door his eyes sought Miss Marayt's desk, deserted now and shorn of those many dainty articles so essential to a woman's comfort and which she can never bring herself to do without, thus proclaiming the eternally feminine in her. It was almost an assured fact that Miss Marayt would be one of the selected few to represent the Sun's policy in the new combination, still their positions would be necessarily changed. As his eyes wandered from her place he started to see her sitting in the chair that had been the Young Reporter's, a dissatisfied expression on her dark face. He went toward her and took the place that once was his own. The situation brought back the memory of the Easter afternoon.

"Quite a bore, isn't it?" she remarked.

"Quite," he responded, and then a silence fell.

"After all we are at our best creatures of habit," he said.

"Growing as accustomed to carrying our burdens as a tortoise his shell," she commented.

"Still," he continued, "change is essential. It is the order of the universe."

He wondered why conversation was so difficult with her that afternoon. In the change in himself, had he looked deep enough, lay the reason. Miss Marayt might still fascinate by her mind, her beauty might still enthrall, but he felt none of her influence touching that larger life into which he had entered. Her mockery, once so powerful in its effects on him, that when it fell on what he regarded as highest and truest it made it crumble away before his eyes, touched now no vital spot. She could irritate him, but he had passed the point when thoughts of her determined his opinions or influenced their expression; and ever when he felt hardest toward her, he remembered the tear he had seen quivering on her eyelash and it made him forgive her her bitterness. How far the old relations would bear them out in the new conditions, he could not judge, as important factors must necessarily be other characters against which they would be thrown. There they might not be so considerate of her as the men here had been; there she might not be able to rule as she had here in her own regal fashion; and the old desire was alive to shield her, to let his manhood come between her and the harshness of the world. The bright, daring creature was quite able to hold her own he well knew, but though the red lips would give no sign, the pain was felt still as keenly.

"Do you think that you will like

it over there?" he asked out of such a thought.

"I do not know that I shall be there," she replied without looking up.

"But if you should?" he pressed.

"Why should I not like it?" she questioned, letting her eyes rest on him. "Newspaper work is the same whether done in the office of the Morning Sun or of the Sun and Ledger."

"But the newspaper people may not be," he put in.

The old light flashed back into her dark eyes.

"Had we a monopoly of all that was best in the profession?" she asked. He felt the scorn of himself in the words. He had met it once before and, if it stung like a wasp, he knew it was justifiable.

"When we failed from it, it was only because we would be misunderstood by those whom we sought to serve," he said, looking her full in the face and showing her he comprehended her meaning to its entirety.

"Might it not be too well understood by those who could not, and would not if they could, accept such, or any, service?" she questioned.

His face paled under her gaze. It was ungenerous to thus hurl back, as a despised gift, his admiration, or what was, perhaps, at one time, his love; but she had amply revenged herself on him that he had one day seen a tear on her eyelash. The old light never came into Miss Marayt's fine eyes after that hour.

The appointments for the new paper were not many, but Jasper Irving's name was second on the list. Miss Marayt had sent in her resignation the afternoon of her conversation with her former editor. A week later the society column contained the announcement of her approaching marriage to Mr. Onell and the Young Reporter held a long and animated conversation about it over the telephone with the old Sun's exchange editor who, also, had gone in on the first round. Jasper Irving smoked his pipe for a long time in his bachelor quarters that night, while he watched the firelight flickering in the grate. At length when the light was dying in the gray ashes, he took from his pocket-book a red rose, crumbling to dust in its tissue paper.

"She might have been much to me," he thought, sadly, with his gaze on the dead flower. "Had she only been less doubtful of me, and of all things, she had held me forever." Then, in memory of the tear he had seen, he kissed the crumbling rose leaves, before tossing them into the fire.

CHAPTER VII.

Years slipped by. He had reached the highest place Cincinnati journalism had to offer him, and unrest began to gnaw at his heart.

"My son," said the old priest to him, "you will never find peace and contentment until you establish it here," and he laid his hand over his breast. "You have admitted you might secure that through religion, and yet you hesitate to make the trial. Why do you longer defer your conversion? Life is short, my son. Your father found it so; Larry Dugan found it so; and I, at my seventy years, find it so. Very brief, indeed, is the period of time allowed us to shape our immortal destiny, and yet we delay as if time were ours forever. And if you go to New York, as you have decided," continued he, breaking off from the subject, "what about Lucy?"

"I am no longer necessary for her," said he somewhat sadly. "She has her absorbing profession now and new friends if she needs them. You

must remember, Father Dannon, I am no longer young."

"I believe," said the priest, looking at his companion, keenly, "you love Lucy Dugan?"

The dark face warmed under his gaze.

"I do!" he said, after a moment. "Maybe I have loved her from the day I saw her helping her father clean the pavements before their door. I believe I have loved her since the time she proved herself no weakling under the grief that had broken down a man. I know I have loved her since I saw her smile the other night at the young tenor, who sings with her in your choir; and because I do love her I am going to take myself out of her way. If she thought herself so needful for my life, a mistaken sense of gratitude, so common with women, God pity them! would make her wreck her own for me. I will never be the one to throw a shadow on her days, I hope. She has had her share of sorrow."

The old priest's hands were clasped as usual over the head of his cane, while he thought, deeply.

"God direct you, my boy," he said, at length. "Life's ways are so intricate none of us know how to counsel another for his best."

Mr. Irving's arrangements were practically completed. His resignation was in the hands of the manager, and he was but waiting the announcement that a successor had been found to start for the East, but as yet he had not had the courage to inform Lucy of his decision. He knew he was dear to her loyal womanly heart, but as he had now reached a point when he would have something more from her than such affection, the only way that presented itself to secure him some semblance of peace was to leave her entirely. Since her graduation with the most flattering honors from the College of Music, it had been plain sailing with her. Her pupils were in excess of her time; through Mr. Irving's influence she had secured an acquaintance with the publishing houses, and her compositions were readily accepted; she had now only to work, and not only success, but a more than passing fame, would be her reward. It was true she no longer needed the friend who had stood by her through all the dark days of her life, but Irving would not pain her by voicing the thought. In the intervening years she had grown statelier, her beauty had taken on a fuller bloom, but otherwise there was, to him, no difference between the artless girl as he had first seen her, and the successful woman.

"She no longer needs me," he said to himself, sadly, as he read a flattering notice of her pupils' recital and was glad he had resolved then to leave Cincinnati. Lucy Dugan caught her breath in a hard gasp when he announced his intention to her, and he thought her voice had a lifelessness in it foreign to its clear ring, when, after a pause, she inquired if he intended returning to New Orleans. On the whole, the interview was most painful, and though it brought its heart-break, both were glad when the farewell was spoken.

But Father Dannon had spent some of his few idle minutes with his hands clasped over the head of his cane, and the result was that he surprised his aged housekeeper by ordering her to make special preparations for tea one evening, as he expected his two young friends. To prevent the possibility of their framing an excuse because of their wish to avoid each other's society, neither was made aware that the other had been asked to call on the old priest at a certain hour; so when Jasper Irving

entered the still old parlor where he and his father's friend had spent many a pleasant hour, he was surprised to see Lucy sitting in a low chair by the window, while Father Dannon entertained her with some of the happenings of his flock. There was a sad, almost sacred joy that both experienced though both framed strong excuses, when their old host invited them to take tea, but they grew strangely silent when he said it was quite among the probabilities that after this night the paths of their lives should meet no more. Could not other duties wait, and they give themselves a few minutes to say farewell and wish good cheer to each other, who had now come to the parting of the ways?

It was all in vain that Jasper Irving exerted himself to talk lightly during the simple meal; in vain Lucy attempted to smile back at the old priest's sallies and appear interested when he told her how well the fund for the new organ was coming on. The meal, for all the efforts of the host and his cook, was a dead failure and two, at least, were glad when the thanksgiving was made.

"There's good Mrs. Dailey coming in to see me," said Father Dannon, as they returned to the parlor. "Go out into my little garden, children, and when the good woman is through with me I will join you."

Out in the garden, a tiny spot but large enough to give the old priest all the flowers he wanted for Our Lady's shrine in May, and decorate the altar at Benediction on Sunday afternoons, the larkspur was running riot, striving, like the bold knight he is, to disarm all the summer buds that were seeking recognition in the court of beauty. Unthinkingly Jasper stooped and broke off one of the saucy blue spikes and the act recalled the Sisters' garden and the night he had stood in it for one brief moment with Lucy on their return from Music Hall. He looked down on the face of the woman walking by his side, saw it was still the one that had been lifted to him in the convent yard, where the larkspur grew under the silver moonlight, only, perchance, it was now more tender, more womanly. She met his glance for a moment; then something, the good priest's prayers, perhaps, drew the veil from his eyes, and he realized that the dream the musician's closing bars had broken across so rudely that night in Music Hall was about to be fulfilled.

It was an hour later before Father Dannon made his appearance in his little garden. At its farthest corner the two he sought were sitting on the low bench under his apple tree, and the fall of his cane on the narrow gravel walk almost by their side first gave notice of his coming.

"You found the way," he said, his old heart's great joy illuminating the purposeful face.

"Yes," said Jasper Irving, solemnly, "we found the way; thank God!"

A DRAMATIC TREASURE TROVE.

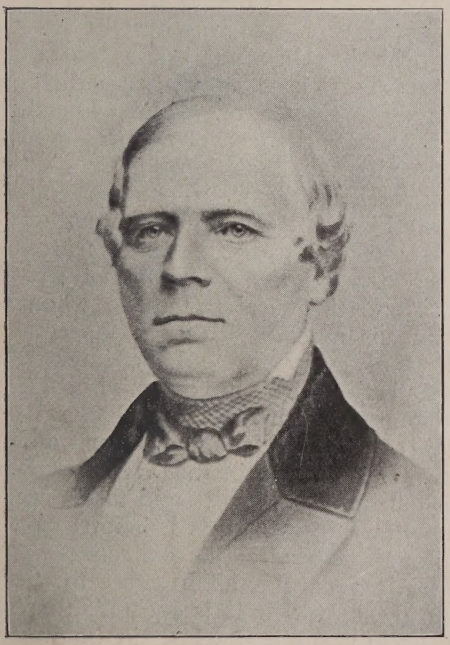
BY EDWARD R. BYRAM.

I.

That the American people are a nation of collectors and relic hunters, nobody for a moment questions. It is an inborn adjunct to their civilization, and an essential attribute to their daily existence. Tastes are widely divergent, but the impulse, inherent and general, aims at the same goal. It is commenced with the early and continued with the later life. No sooner does the girl lay aside her dolls and picture books than she takes up with birthday albums, date books, and collections of flowers, leaves, buttons, ribbons or what nots. So with the boy, who discards his marbles and tops, and kites and hoops, and begins to form a collection of coins, or post stamps, or calendars, or show pictures, or autographs, or any other specialty which may strike his taste or fancy. With an increase of his number of specimens comes an increase of knowledge in his subject and a corresponding increase in his ardor to add to and excel in his collection. Nor is the taste for collecting confined to youth, where it was fostered and nurtured, for there are today thousands of persons of mature age and reasoning, who are insatiate collectors in one field or another. The extent to which this is carried on is in some instances astounding. Only recently was a statement in print that there are in the United States alone over one hundred thousand collectors of postage stamps, and this was not considered an extravagant estimate. Canceled stamps are an article of commerce and are bought and sold with as much care and deliberation as a bale of cotton or a bushel of wheat. Books, magazines, and histories even, relating to the value and traffic in stamps are constantly being published. The same is true of autographs, paintings, books, ceramics, portraits in every conceivable form or branch of art, bric-a-brac, play bills and other souvenirs of the dramatic art. No family household is today complete without its portrait albums of relatives, and how frequently this little collection is extended to include friends, neighbors, acquaintances, and public or notable people the owner has never seen nor can ever hope to meet.

The methods of different collectors are an interesting study. Often starting in with a rush and an enthusiasm which brook no obstacles, they are soon brought to a halt by the stumbling block which nearly all collectors meet, a lack of means to procure the rarer specimens. It is generally at this point of his career that the amateur collector becomes disheartened and frequently retires from the unequal contest. To illustrate this point, it can be said that a complete set of the autographs of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence would destroy the value of a twenty thousand dollar check. Emperor William's collection of stamps, known to be the most complete in existence, is variously estimated in value from one to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Who has a genuine autograph of Shakespeare that he would dispose of for a thousand pounds? The deduction from these statements is simple—that he who has the means and is willing to part with them for the purpose may make his collection complete, valuable and interesting; other-

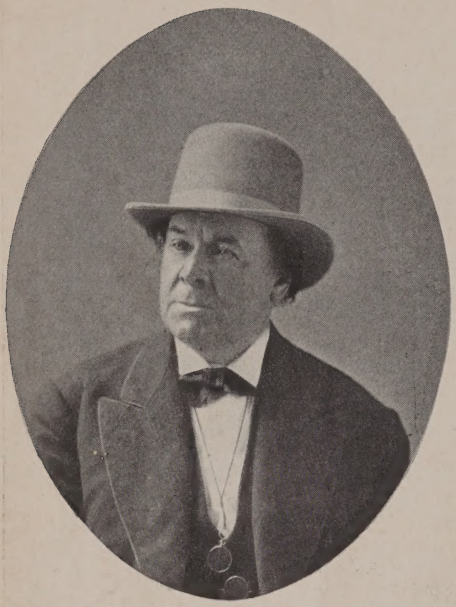
THE PORTRAIT SCENE FROM THE THIRD ACT OF HAMLET.



THOMAS BARRY.

wise he would better devote his time and energies to some other source of pleasure.

However, there are other elements besides money which enter into the art of making collections; it surely is an art, and among them are a large and liberal personal acquaintance, opportunity, perseverance, and a generous possession of self-assurance. This latter qualification was, years ago, of immeasurable value to the chronic collector, particularly of autographs, but of late years it availeth but little. The prominent people of the country have become disgusted and annoyed at the persistent impertinence of the autograph fiend for "sonnets and signatures," and their importunate demands have only too frequently resulted in the return of their epistles, or type-written replies from secretaries.



JOHN GILBERT.

Souvenirs of the stage, books on the drama, prints typifying important theatrical events, portraits of notable professionals, play bills, diagrams, autographs and many other of the auxiliaries of the theatre have long been the object of the collector. There are many large and valuable collections of this character in America, but they are nearly all in private hands, and though known to exist, are unseen by the public.

CHARLES FECHTER.

It was not, nor is not the purpose of this article to so much discuss the general question of collections and collectors, as to refer to and in a measure briefly describe the extensive and valuable collection of theatrical paintings, portraits and souvenirs adorning the walls of the lobbies of the Boston Theatre, the results of many years of collecting, by gift and purchase, by the Messrs. Orlando and Eugene Tompkins, father and son, and their corps of assistants, notably the late Harry M'Glenen, and the present manager and treasurer, Messrs. Pond and Kilby. To the average and ordinary everyday theatre patron, a collection of this character has but little interest. He rushes into the theatre, sees the performance, and is out again, with no knowledge or care whether the portrait he has brushed by is that of David Garrick or David Copperfield, Claude Melnotte or Claude Duval. He knows there are pictures and souvenirs, and that they fill up a lot of spaces on the walls—further concerns him not. But there is another and a large class, the old time theatre-goer, the student of dramatic history and theatrical events, to whom it means much. To such the contents of every frame have interest, and every portrait has a reminiscence. It is an illustrated, historical exposition of an important field of art, and as such is of inestimable value, especially if one's sympathies and tastes are in fellowship with what is before one. Though naturally this collection relates in a considerable degree to the theatre in which it is located, there are many subjects which in no way

refer to it, and relate to persons or events of a time long anterior to the Boston Theatre's foundation.

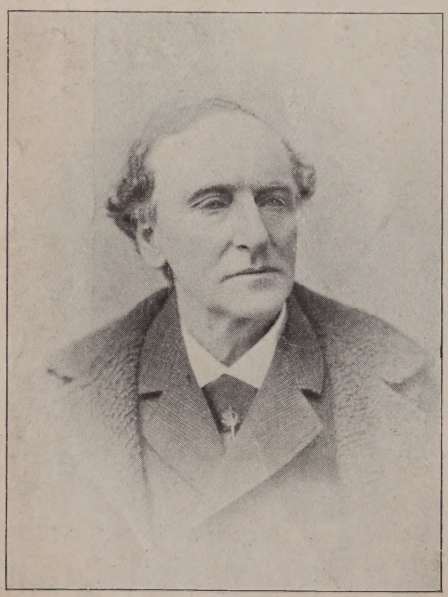
The principal and most valuable picture in the collection is a large oil painting representing the famous "portrait scene" in the third act of "Hamlet," when the Prince exclaims to his mother: "Look here, upon this picture, and on this,—the counterfeit presentment of two brothers," etc. This painting, by Julius Rolshoven, was in the Paris Salon exhibit of 1886, and in its present position has been viewed and admired by thousands of people. The scene depicted is one of the most striking and momentous in the great tragedy. It is the property of Manager Tompkins.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

It was in September, 1854, forty-four years ago, that the present Boston Theatre was opened to the pub-

EDWIN FORREST.

lic, and it seems appropriate that the large crayon portrait of Thomas Vaughan Barry, its first manager, should be among the first mentioned. Mr. Barry was an Englishman, and had he lived till July last, he would have been one hundred years old. He was widely known as an accomplished actor, and later as a successful and artistic manager and producer. His portrait will be easily recognized by hundreds who personally knew him. He died in Boston in February, 1876. His widow and children are living.



EDWARD L. DAVENPORT.

A large crayon of John Gibbs Gilbert hangs beside that of Mr. Barry, who was his contemporary and friend. For sixty years Mr. Gilbert was a prominent figure on and an ornament to the American stage. His especial line was the "Sirs" of the old legitimate comedies, Peter Teazle, Harcourt Courtley, Anthony Absolute, Robert Bramble, etc., in which he had no superiors in his time, but his talents and efforts were not confined to these parts, and he played many modern characters with acceptance and success.

A large oil painting represents Edwin Forrest as Macbeth. It is a strong portrait of a strong man in a strong scene. Fifty-three years of Mr. Forrest's life were spent on the stage. He was born in 1806 and died in 1873. His early struggles were many and disheartening, but he lived to be acknowledged by a numerous class as a great actor, though that claim was disputed by some of the most astute and analytical critics of the country, men who looked upon intelligent portrayal and artistic delineation of character as superior qualifications to a rude and extravagant display of physical force, accompanied by vociferous declamation. In parts like Damon, Spartacus, Virginius, Metamora and Coriolanus he was not troubled by rivals, but they often appeared in Hamlet, Richelieu, Othello, Richard, Macbeth and Melnotte.

One of the first pictures to strike

Mary Anderson.

the eye, because of its position, is a large and highly finished crayon portrait of Sir Augustus Harris of London, which was presented to Mr. Tompkins by the original. Once an actor, Sir Augustus did not see eminence within his ambitious grasp, so withdrew from the green room to the front, and became a manager, in which calling he easily reached the apex. He was a sheriff of London on the occasion of one of Her Majesty's visits to the city, and was soon after (1891) knighted, being the first person in any way connected with the dramatic profession to be so honored. Mr. Harris was impressario of the Royal Grand Opera at his death in 1896.

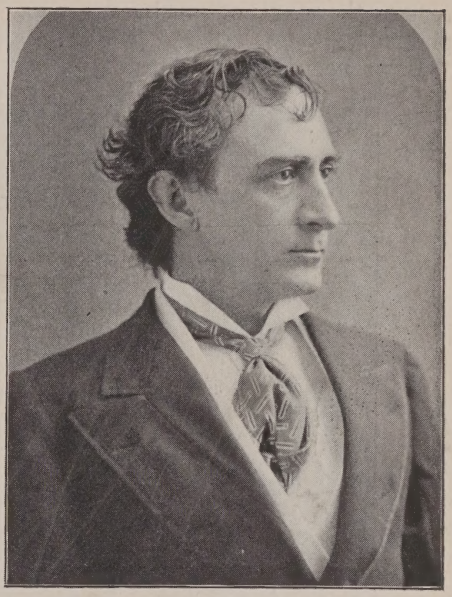
LAWRENCE BARRETT, AS "CASSIUS."

Charlotte Cushman is another Boston-born artist who is represented in a large crayon bust of life size.

Though twenty-three years have passed since Miss Cushman died (Feb. 1876), she is well remembered by the three generations of theatre-goers preceding that event, as the foremost tragic actress that America ever produced. Her biographies have been numerous and her critics numberless, and in the stories of her stage career there is a unanimity of opinion as to her surpassing genius and her great attainments in the representation of the highest and noblest in the art she so much adorned.

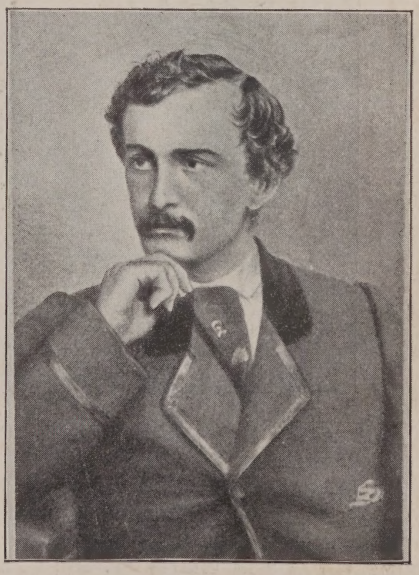
A fine crayon portrait of Edward L. Davenport greets the admirers of this truly eminent American actor. Born in Boston in 1815, he was a bright light in the dramatic firmament for the many years he graced the stage to the year of his death (1877). Had his talents been confined to their legitimate sphere, he might have lived in affluence and retired a rich man. But the fates and an insatiate desire to cover all schools of acting, and play everything from King Lear to John Dobbs, unsettled his standing with the theatre-going public, with manifest pecuniary results. As Hamlet, Othello, Mercutio, Benedick, and Sir Giles Overreach, and similar characters in the "upper range," he had no American superiors, while in the next grade, represented by St. Marc, Sailor William and Don Cæsar, he was clearly a leader. Mr. Davenport was the father of the family of Davenports which have since made names and fame on the dramatic stage.

A steel plate portrait represents the famous Rachel. It is only the old timers and dramatic students who know much about this noted French artiste, for Eliza Rachel Felix has been dead for more than forty years. Though she was a high graduate of the Conservatoire, the idol of the Parisian public, and the foremost actress of her time in Europe, her



EDWIN BOOTH.

American tour did not meet with that appreciation and success so freely tendered her later compeers, Charles Fechter and Sarah Bernhardt, and the



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

reason therefor no one has ever explained.

Lawrence Barrett appears in two portraits, one in character, the other a large crayon in evening costume. Mr. Barrett lived too recently not to be known by the present generation. He died March 20, 1891, at the age of fifty-three, and was on the stage some thirty-five years. In the minds of many he never reached the highest eminence in his profession, though he

had many advocates and scores of warm admirers of his talents. Hard study and persistent work, added to a natural taste for the artistic and noble in his art, had made him a man to be respected. He was without doubt the best informed man on general topics on the stage, though deprived of educational advantages in his youth. Mr. Barrett excelled as Cassius, Petruchio, Iago, and character parts like James Harebell.

The Booth family is frequently pictured in this collection. There is a large crayon of the first Junius Brutus. As forty-six years have elapsed since this great actor died, but comparatively few people can be personally familiar with his superior abilities. Readers of dramatic history, however, are fully conversant with his eccentric career. Scores of biographies and "Memories" have appeared, and are in the hands of every student and collector. Mr. Booth was born in England in 1790, and died on an Ohio river steamboat in 1852.

Several portraits of W. J. Florence, one a large photograph signed, attract the attention of his many admirers, in which class the writer claims a front seat. That Mr. Florence was a superb actor, few, if any, would have the effrontery to deny. A comedian of comedians, yes. But Bob Brierly and Jules Obenreizer are not comedy parts, but who could do them with Billy Florence? The list will be exhausted before we find another Captain Cuttle or Bardwell Slote.

Mary Anderson figures largely in pictures. There are two or more good-sized portraits, and a huge frame containing no less than sixty-five pictures in many characters, costumes and poses. Miss Anderson was less than sixteen when she emerged from her Kentucky home one night in November, 1875, to test her talents upon the dramatic stage, in the trying role of Juliet. She was successful, and became a popular favorite, assuring her fame and fortune at a bound. A few years on the stage, and life in a theatre and its surroundings became distasteful to her, and, retiring from its excitements she became the wife of Antonio Navarra, a Cuban-American, and has since lived in retirement in England.

Joseph Jefferson is represented in a photographic portrait, with autograph. As everybody knows and does homage to the first living American comedian and his triumphs, it would be dramatic heresy to do otherwise, remarks seem to be out of place.

An odd piece is a caricature portrait of D. J. Maguinnis for a dozen years Boston's comedian. It was executed in colored crayon by the late Harry Murdoch, and a perfect likeness is the result. Mr. Maguinnis died in 1891, and Mr. Murdoch lost his life in the burning of the Brooklyn theatre.

Another picture of a noted living actor is that of Sir Henry Irving, know to every one as the leading actor-manager of London. His achievements towards the elevation of his calling and his wonderfully successful efforts in behalf of the drama are of too recent date and too far from being yet brought to a close to need narration here. Queen Victoria made him a "Sir" some five years ago, he being the first actor so honored, and he has received other honors from educational and literary institutions.

Portraits and sketches of McCullough, Fanny Davenport, John Brougham, James Wallack, Boucicault and other actors will appear in a future article, together with a description of rare historical play bills, souvenirs and programs, a dramatic treasure trove.

THE REDEMPTION OF TUNNICLIFFE.

BY EUGENIE UHLRICH.

Mr. Tunnicliffe looked at his watch and yawned. It was only half past two. Five o'clock seemed a stupid time away, with neither business nor pleasure to crowd the interval, for this was the day before Christmas, and all the world, at least all of it that had family or relations, seemed absorbed in preparations for the morrow. Mr. Tunnicliffe was given to a dignified pride in the wisdom that had kept him free from ties likely to interfere with the enjoyment of the distinctions and the pleasures that he deemed his by right of his income and position as legal servant of one great corporation and numerous lesser ones. But today the distinction seemed misty and intangible and the freedom exceedingly like isolation.

In the kaleidoscopic changes of the street, figures that he knew stood out now and then. The wife of the general manager was driven by in her carriage. He caught a glimpse of packages crowded around her, and even her thin-lipped face, responsible, it was said, for much of the general manager's testiness, glowed with a smile. But curiously it only made Tunnicliffe feel rather sharply that a corporation is a far-away thing, not unfittingly called soulless by the vulgar. The figures and scenes of the street seemed to grow dreamlike and indefinite, only the loneliness was palpable and real. Even the prim and methodical stenographer, whose comings and goings seemed as unvarying as time itself, had taken a few hours off for Christmas shopping. His senior partner, Marshall, was, of course, around town literally buying himself poor for the sake of the children. Marshall was so devoted a family man that Tunnicliffe pitied him. Outside of his practice Marshall seemed to have no very vivid interest in anything except the latest baby at his house, and there had been a good many in the twelve years since he had given Tunnicliffe his start in life by making him his junior partner. In those early days kindly Ben Marshall's heart would have hurt him if he had not shared his Christmas cheer with his homeless young partner; and Tunnicliffe, who had a handy knack born of puttering and mending on his native farm, in turn would help fix up the Christmas tree, play Santa Claus for the little Marshalls, and so on. At that time Tunnicliffe felt Marshall's invitations a great kindness. Now it was only a nice sense of the fitness of things that made him keep up the only custom that had not changed with the rising fortunes of the years. The Marshalls had no social standing and never aspired to any; while Tunnicliffe—was not Tunnicliffe a name to conjure with? In the evolution of things it had changed from plain Frank C. to Francis Churchill Tunnicliffe,—and he never ceased to be profoundly grateful to his ancestors that they had the good taste to be Tunnicliffes instead of Smiths. By a system of selection not purely natural, he had persistently weeded out undesirable connections, and so, as the society of the growing Western city crystallized into distinct sets and circles, he was left high and safe on the very pinnacle of exclusiveness—a leader of cotillions, a director of functions, an arbiter of social destinies—some people said a cad.

But a man may be a cad and all that and worse too, and still have some ability. It is well to remember

that, for a great many things may happen to clever cads that could not possibly happen to the stupid kind. And thus it was that Tunnicliffe early recognized that no one person can be all things in perfection and—remained unmarried. He had no mind to sacrifice social or financial advantages on the altar of a doubtful domestic bliss. Yet during the last year he had been growing stout and losing elasticity, which does happen when a man is in the evening of the thirties. A subconscious heaviness seemed to be coming into his body and his mind—he would have scorned to say heart—which was taking advantage of his unwonted idleness and abstraction, to come on top and weigh him down with its clumsy ghosts. So he sat there and dimly watched the passing show—the elegant people whom he knew, and the common supernumeraries whom he did not know. And they grew more and more vague and impersonal, until, in the chilling current of his thoughts, they were as the floating bits of ice when December curdles the waters of the river, each that came making the others colder and the whole more sluggish.

"Brrr——" whirred the telephone.

"Brrr, brrr," again and more impatiently. He had forgotten that he was alone and now rose to answer the ring.

"Is that you Tunnicliffe?" queried Marshall's voice.

"Yes."

"Mrs. Marshall is so sorry, but she does not think we can have any Christmas tomorrow. Benny and Clara both have sore throats. Dr. Lanset says they have symptoms of diphtheria. We are very much worried about them."

Then followed protestations of regret and offers of assistance. Tunnicliffe hung up the 'phone and said "Damn it." Ward McAllister once said that a gentleman may say "damn."

"Here's a fellow refused half a dozen pleasant invitations just for the sake of sentiment and custom and then a couple of unreasonable children get their throats out of order. Children are a nuisance. Other people's are anyway," he added, with a lawyer's precision and forethought, leaving a margin for the perfections of possible Tunnicliffes.

And then, thinking of children, he suddenly remembered that he had a sister in the little country town of his childhood, to whose several children he had not sent a thing for Christmas. Fifteen minutes to three o'clock. He grabbed his hat and coat and rushed to the bank. He had never seen his sister's children, but he had a nightmare once in a while of the whole family coming to visit him in all their pristine ignorance of the niceties of life, which he had been acquiring assiduously during the past twelve years, and it moved him mightily to fend off such possibilities by liberal gifts on holiday and birthday occasions. Perhaps the excess of his haste excited him, for at the bank he drew seventy-five dollars with no definite idea of what he wanted with it. His sister was still poor, and the figure was higher than necessary in her case. Mr. Tunnicliffe always kept strictly within the demands of the particular case, whether it happened to be charity, or emotions, or politics.

After sending twenty-five dollars to his sister he sauntered up to a florist's. Here he left several orders for flowers. He had a happy memory for details and paid each lady the delicate tribute of sending her own favorite flowers. Over an order of American beauties he lingered a little. A vision arose—well-gowned, correct, with slow, dark eyes and white teeth

that showed in a soft smile very often when he was near. Ah, he stroked his mustache, it was pleasant; but he had a shrewd way of noting the mammas of fair maids and so he had an accompanying vision—fat, fifty, and by no means fair nor sweet. But there were others. His sister would have said "more than you could shake a stick at." He had always felt that he was a desirable element in the matrimonial market, yet even he had sometimes feared that of late he was most popular with the very young and the old. To be free is delightful, within limits. He sighed as he left the beaming, bowing florist and stood irresolutely on the street corner. Here on the street the activity of the crowds that brushed by him was oppressive. He went to the club as to a refuge. But the club itself was deserted save for a few ancient habitues like Captain Tippler and Mr. Boozle, who sat alone in blear-eyed abstraction. Captain Tippler looked particularly obnoxious, as he raised his head and smiled wearily. His straggling white hair was anything but venerable; his eyes had a fishy lustre, and his nose had spread out until it took up much more than its proper portion of his face. Mr. Tunnicliffe changed his position several times, but he seemed unable to get out of the range of the Captain's bulky figure. The Captain was not over fifty and no one had ever seen him really drunk. Tunnicliffe was thirty-eight himself and a bit of a drinker too. He could not remain within reach of the suggestion.

The club house was on the corner, and the entrance on the street leading to his lodgings. Force of habit possibly caused him to start in that direction. He disliked an aimless saunter. He would go to his room. In your own room you can at least be lonely at your pleasure and nobody be any the wiser.

It was a confusing day. People said, "Not a bit like Christmas." The sky was a polished blue. The wind came across the prairie with a warm breath and lapped up the slush of the streets and mingled its spring-like thrill with the enthusiasm of the season in a sensation utterly delighful. Even Tunnicliffe was not impervious to it. And the children seemed everywhere. Bright-eyed, their voices shrill with happy excitement, they gathered in picturesque groups at the corners, or scampered across streets, effervescent, eager. As he walked on a sort of envy of them took possession of him. It turned him back to the time when he was a small boy in home-made clothes, and was extravagantly happy over the gingerbread animals and men, dusted over with sugar, which his mother used to make for him on Christmas, some thirty years before. There would be no Christmas at his lodgings because there were no children there. For a minute he almost regretted the precautions that he always took against lodging where there were children. Never would he stay where they intruded their unruly selves. A little over a year ago he had left a most comfortable suite of rooms on account of some very annoying children. Marshall had recommended his present place. Mrs. Fithian had been a school friend of Mrs. Marshall. Her husband had died suddenly; left his widow without even insurance. Convenient location, and so on.

"Children?" Tunnicliffe asked, curtly. Marshall looked blank for a moment and then said "Mrs. Fithian's lodgers are all unmarried, I believe."

When Tunnicliffe put the same question to Mrs. Fithian she echoed Marshall's answer so completely that he would have suspected collusion if

it had happened in a law case. But, as it was, there was a look of gentle reproach on Mrs. Fithian's face which discomfited him and made him feel as though he had not said the right thing. Of course, no woman properly considerate of her lodgers would permit children in their vicinity.

So he took Mrs. Fithian's suite and life went very comfortably. His breakfast was served, whenever he rang for it, by a neat girl whom he called "Sadie," with a calm disregard of her real name. On Sunday morning Mrs. Fithian served the breakfast herself and then he paid her, but he had no detailed recollection of her except what was expressed in a dark gown, a white collar and a soft voice. One Sunday morning he had seen a little girl run across the veranda. "Where does she belong?" he asked suspiciously. Mrs. Fithian colored a little as she looked up quickly. "Oh, she—she is a relative of mine who happens to be here. I will take care that she does not annoy you in any way." And again Tunnicliffe felt that he had not said quite the right thing.

But the influence of the day was at work and by the time Tunnicliffe reached Mrs. Fithian's he was in a gentle and reminiscent mood unusual with him. He opened the door with his latchkey; it swung noiselessly on its hinges, as he expected of doors. It was a most unusual hour for him to go home and possibly that was why his room door was slightly open. He hesitated for he heard a little girl's high-pitched voice within: "There, Tommy, I've done dustin' back here. Now help me shove this couch."

There was a rumble and then a boy's voice asked:

"How much money have you, if Miss Smith 'll give you that nickel she promised?"

"Lemme see," a clink of small change. "Five an' five are ten and three are thirteen an' three are sixteen an' one are seventeen—"

"An' Miss Smith's five is twenty-one," put in the boy.

"An I've only thirty cents myself —I'm so sorry."

"It's real mean," said the girl. "We can't even get Mamma anything, Tommie. If we only had another dollar. If that Mr. Tunnicliffe wasn't so mean, he'd let us run errands for him, or something, instead of makin' us play in the back-yard so he won't know we're here. We can't even sing when he's around. It 'ud jes' be fun to sing's loud ez we can, right here in this room. Let's Tommy. It 'ud jes' serve him right. Do, Tommy. You sing your new song," concluded the piping voice with all the ancient persuasiveness of Eve.

Tommy began:

"Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget;
The dear, little, dimpled darling
Ne'er saw Christmas yet."

Tommy stopped both for breath and for words. He stood digging his toe into the carpet, his forehead wrinkled in the effort to remember, while the little girl, her hands wrapped in the dustcloth, stood in front of him looking at him eagerly, sympathetically, admiringly, all at one time. Many a man has done wonders with the memory of such a look on him. Tommy tried, stopped, and—somebody had pushed the door wide open and was standing there!

Tommy did not move. His slower wits had not grasped the gravity of the situation at once; but Cassie dropped the dusting cloth and ran. Tunnicliffe's voice arrested her and she stood shivering with fright.

"Whose girl are you?"

"I'm—I'm—my—my aunt's girl, so I am."

"Oh," he said, "and I suppose you're your aunt's boy?"

Tommy was dubious. Mr. Tunnicliffe thought he understood. He looked at Cassie. She was a pretty little thing with tawny hair and hazel eyes. A dollar would make her frantic with joy and it was worth that much at least to play in the back-yard all summer on his account, for Tunnicliffe had a judicial mind.

"Cassie," he said, "that's your name, isn't it, Cassie?"

Cassie nodded.

"Have you bought your Christmas presents?"

"No; Tommie and I are going this evening, if we get all through with our work and Mam—aunt, lets us."

Tunnicliffe had a contempt for impulses. He wanted all things balanced with reasons. But, nevertheless, impulses may be inspirations, that, coming upon us at a fortunate moment, lead us to be unconsciously better than we could have reasoned ourselves into being. Perhaps the softened mood of the day was the auspicious moment for Tunnicliffe, and for once he followed an impulse.

"If you and Tommy will meet me at the corner of the Clifford hotel at seven this evening, I'll go shopping with you," and noting the consternation on the faces of the children, he added, "if you want me to."

Cassie hung her head.

"You are not afraid of me?"

"Oh, no," she said bravely. "Mam—aunt always says that you knew some very naughty children once and that's why you don't like any of them now."

"That's so, and I am sorry I did not know you and Tommy sooner," said Tunnicliffe with a bow and his best society manner. "You needn't be afraid to tell me whose little girl you are either," he concluded smilingly and chucking Cassie under the chin.

"Don't tell your Mamma about this evening. We'll surprise her." Cassie shook her head. She consented to Tunnicliffe's proposition, less from a sense of delight than from a feeling that he was a power that must be propitiated at any personal sacrifice, and she and Tommy went into anxious consultation as soon as Tunnicliffe was gone.

As for Tunnicliffe, he went back down town rapidly, and presently caught himself smiling broadly. He passed several people he knew without seeing them and they looked at him wonderingly, among others she of the black eyes and American beauties.

At seven o'clock Mr. Tunnicliffe was standing in front of the Clifford House, well in the glare of the lights, watching the streams of eager shoppers. He felt a little excited himself. At five minutes past seven he was positively nervous. It is awkward to be disappointed. There was a tug at his sleeve and Cassie's voice said, "Here we are, Mr. Tunnicliffe." Tommy, though older, had, boy-like, little to say; but Cassie, after a few minutes, slipped her hand confidingly into Tunnicliffe's, and began to tell what she and Tommy had to do to get away down town on time, and after dark, and all by themselves.

"Where you goin', Mr. Tunnicliffe?" she asked as they squeezed through the crowds.

"To Marshall's," he answered, naming the largest dry goods store in the city.

"They're 'spensive, Mamma says," Cassie suggested hesitatingly.

But Tunnicliffe answered, "We'll try them anyway." And Cassie was silenced, though her little brain was racking itself over the problem of

buying what she and Tom wanted for fifty cents at Marshall's.

"You goin' to buy something for a little girl, or a lady?"

"Yes, I'm going to surprise a little girl and that's why I wanted to go with you, Cassie. She's just about like you, and you know better than I do what a little girl like that would like."

"Are you goin' to get her lots of things?"

"Whatever you like." Cassie said "Oh," with such a wistful sigh at this, that Tunnicliffe asked rather rapidly, "And what were you and Tommy going to buy?"

"Oh, we was goin' to get a big lot of things, but Tommie and I jes' had to spend our money all the time for books, an' pencils, an' all kinds of things," said Cassie. "We was goin' to get skates for Tommie, an' some nice kid mittens for Mamma, an' candy in a nice box with lace around it, an' everything. An' then I could have had Tommie's old skates, an' Mamma 'ud had the mittens, an' Tommie the new skates, an' we'd all had sumthin'. But now we only have fifty-one cents and we's goin' to try if we can get a nice pair of mittens at Mandelbaum's for that."

"For whom?"

"For Mamma."

"But you and Tommie won't have anything, then."

"Oh, yes we will," said Cassie. "Mamma always bakes us some nice little cakes jes' for ourselves, an' makes little men, an' animals, an' cows, an' pigs with curly tails, an' everythin', an' gives 'em to us for Christmas."

"Does she put sugar all over them?" asked Tunnicliffe, eagerly.

"Yes, she does. Jes' lovely, an' I'll bring you some tomorrow."

Tunnicliffe pressed the little hand in his and lapsed into absent-minded silence. When they reached the big arc light in front of Marshall's he came to himself, however, and noticed that Tommie's coat was rather small for him and that Cassie's Tam O'Shanter was worn. He had a desire to give them some money and leave them to their own devices; but a sense of respect for the loyal little creatures shamed him. Instead he made a proposition that was received with wild delight. It was that they should run errands for him during the year and for such services he would advance them the price of the coveted skates, the mittens, and the box of candy with the lace around it.

There were a number of ladies who knew him mingled in the crush of shoppers, and Tunnicliffe became again acutely conscious of the defects in the children's apparel. Fortunately for his feelings, everybody was too deeply engrossed to pay much attention to him. If the store had not been such an unknown territory, he might have reached the departments he wanted in safety. In the crush and push the busy floorwalkers could not direct everyone and he wandered aimlessly through the place, snatching such information as the crowds, the weariness and the individual tempers of the various clerks permitted.

So he drifted up against the glove counter. Hesitating daintily over several pairs of gloves was his friend of the black eyes and the American beauties. A sudden parting of the crowd left him standing in full view; a deep, hot red flashing into his face as their eyes met. Tunnicliffe hardly knew what it was that sent the blood into his face in such an embarrassing rush. But even less subtle minds than his are apt at finding the best motives the most likely when viewing their own actions, and he not unnaturally concluded that it was the righteous shyness of a modest man caught

in a good act. But, allowing this for himself, he, not unnaturally either, did not allow that the black eyes might not at once comprehend so exalted an emotion in him, and that therefore his blush was very misleading to them. Their owner was a native growth and remembered dimly hints of Tunnicliffe's origin. The only thought that flashed through her mind was that the children were some obscure relations of their elegant escort and—well, considering that her companion was the exclusive Mrs. Didier, the less fuss made about the matter the kinder it would really be to Tunnicliffe, as well as to herself. Even in the freshly planted and transplanted social hothouse of the West, there are well-defined distinctions as to size and fragrance. Now, Mrs. Didier, as the scion of an old and wealthy Baltimore family, was a rare exotic, which shed its delicate aroma on the grateful wayside thistles, struggling along in the unaccustomed hothouse atmosphere, and had to be cherished and humored as such.

So the black eyes gave Tunnicliffe a smile like a sweetened icicle, and turned away, apparently in answer to some remark by Mrs. Didier. The smile said as plainly as a command to Tunnicliffe's practiced eye that the discreet owner of the eyes and mouth, desired not further conversation at that particular time and place. And here his wrath arose. She had really protested too much. He hoped he was a man of taste who knew when to speak and when not. Moreover, he was not so much in love with her that he needed to be brought up sharp like a lovesick boy. "She needn't be so sure of herself," he thought. "She's going to look like her mother anyway and $10,000 a year is not thrown in her way every day."

These somewhat disjointed reflections brought a frown to his face which Cassie noticed.

"Don't you like ladies, neither?" she asked.

"Why, child?"

"'Cause you looked so cross when you saw that lady, I thought maybe you knew some naughty ladies, too, like you did naughty children."

Tunnicliffe laughed at the conceit and Cassie went on consolingly, "I only know my Mamma and Auntie Marshall, an' Miss Smith, an' Miss Matthews, an' some more, an' they're all ver' good."

Finally arrived at his department, he bought everything for the "little girl" that Cassie suggested. First a Tam O'Shanter of bright cherry. Cassie economically thought that her Mamma would buy a darker one, if it were for Cassie, "So's it won't look dirty soon." But Tunnicliffe had an eye for color and liked the warm red on the tawny hair. Then there were a fur muff and collar, some handkerchiefs, one immense doll, and several of diminishing sizes, to make up the "family," so dear to the small woman, several bottles of perfume, books of nursery tales, a woolly white lamb, a small engine, a music-box, not forgetting the mittens and the skates, and several boxes of candy with profuse decorations of "lace," together with lesser toys and knick-nacks that had caught the children's fancy. By this time Tunnicliffe had forgotten appearances in the attempt to hold the accumulating packages in his unaccustomed arms. Cassie, like Ruth of old gleaning behind the reapers, gathered what he dropped, and all the time her joy was so real, and her laughing chatter so infectious, that Tunnicliffe caught himself standing still and laughing with her in an altogether undignified self-forgetfulness.

They walked home past the club. A young man came down the steps of

the entrance and started down town. His hat was pushed back and his thick, dark hair was slightly disordered and matted against his forhead. The white arc light over the entrance intensified the glassy uncertainty of his eyes and the peculiar moist pallor of his face. He stared at the heavily laden odd looking trio for a moment, then broke into a maudlin laugh.

"Tunnicliffe, ha, ha, ha, when'd you turn Santa? I—and where the d-deuce did—did you get the family?"

Cassie, with a child's intuition, felt something antagonistic and pressed closer to Tunnicliffe. He was annoyed at the meeting. In his mind he heard himself guyed at the club in all the various ways that the occurrence might suggest to his tormentors. But Cassie's confiding little squeeze to his hand settled it. He advanced a little toward the younger man and said in a low voice, "Gilmour, you're hardly in a condition to talk before children. You'd better turn around and go home."

Gilmour looked at him incredulously for a moment then muttered "When'd you turn reformer?" and went on the way he had started.

Gilmour's contemptuous "When did you turn reformer?" kept reiterating itself in his mind and alongside rose Captain Tippler's bleary old face. Gilmour's fate he had escaped by virtue of stronger ambitions and a better digestion, but the Captain's?

About this time Mrs. Fithian and Miss Matthews, one of her boarders, were standing on the veranda, peering at the patches of light around the street lamps, deliberating whether they had better report to the police at once, or wait a little longer. Presently, three figures, grotesquely burdened, came into the reach of the lamp at the corner. Was this a delusion of her tired brain? One figure was tall and wore a long overcoat and surely, when the light fell on the face, it had a mustache and looked like Mr. Tunnicliffe; and, as surely that was Cassie's piping voice. The fatigue of the day and the anxiety about the children had made her almost hysterical. She could not stand the suspense another moment if it meant the loss of every boarder she had. She ran down the steps, calling "Cassie, Cassie and Tommie is that you, at last? I thought something had happened to you."

Tunnicliffe noted the intense anxiety in her voice with a queer feeling. It was a revelation to him.

"I'm so sorry you were worried, Mrs. Fithian. But it was entirely my fault. The children kindly helped me select gifts for some little friends of mine. It was thoughtless of me not to pay more attention to the time."

Before her mother could reply, Cassie piped out, "Oh, Mamma, an' we's jes' had the nicest time with Mr. Tunnicliffe. He's weal nice, so he is, an' he got the loveliest things for his little girl."

"There, there, Cassie," Tunnicliffe cut her off. Miss Matthews opened the door and she and the children went in. Mrs. Fithian coming last held the door open for the burdened Tunnicliffe and then turned to go, too.

"Wait a moment, please, Mrs. Fithian. Every year since I have been in the city I have spent Christmas at Mr. Marshall's house, but his children are ill today. It would seem very queer to me without some 'Christmas,' so I have ordered a tree sent here. I will put it up in my room and ask your children to help me celebrate the day if you will permit."

"The children?" Mrs. Fithian caught her breath. She gave him a quick, frightened look and then murmured somethng about his kindness.

He smiled assuringly. "I think the children will like it. I owe them some reparation anyway."

She raised her eyes again. They were velvety with pleasure now, and her face dimpled into roundness with her smiles.

"They will be very happy," she said. "They have not had a tree for several years, not since—" she stopped short and leaned forward to intercept one of the bundles that was slipping from Tunnicliffe's arms. It refused to be readjusted, so she opened his door and laid it on the table. He dumped his packages in a heap on the couch and then turned to her. She paused with her hand on the door, hesitating the while she struggled for a graceful phrase that would enable her to go. Tunnicliffe was so silent that she finally looked up and encountered his steadfast gaze. She colored a little. That reminded him. "Thank you, Mrs. Fithian," he said, "good night and a Merry Christmas."

But when he was alone in his room he somehow kept thinking of her embarrassed little blush, though he had seen a great many women blush bebefore without pondering on the fact. It also seemed to him that she had very fine eyes, and in the light of this discovery he was filled with a vague wonder that he had not made it sooner.

The Christmas tree was delivered very late, but Tunnicliffe was determined that it should be first seen in the glory of its lights—as befits a Christmas tree. So he went to work at once. He found that he needed scissors and pins and twine, and it gave him an altogether unreasonable pleasure to think that the only way he could get them was to ask Mrs. Fithian for them. He fastened the little colored candles, the tinsel stars and the glittering gewgaws, that are the blossoms of the Christmas tree, and fastened here and there as its fruit, such presents as were not too heavy for its branches. The rest he placed carefully around the base of the tree, arranging and rearranging with critical eye. When he had finished, he walked around the tree several times, viewing it from every point, and then, with a little, foolish twinge at his absurdity, he began to light the candles. Only a few, he told himself; and then a few more, and just a few more, until the tree blazed in the light of every candle on it. Then he turned out the gas to get the full effect. But somehow it was not a vision of Cassie dancing around the tree in the rapture of unexpected joys, that kept presenting itself to his brain, but the desire to call Mrs. Fithian to look at his handiwork. His clock had chimed out twelve, but that was not late on Christmas Eve and he still heard sounds of activity in the house. But it seemed so childish to call her in just to look at the tree. Then he suddenly bethought himself that he had not told her that he meant to light up the tree at seven o'clock the next morning, so that the children could see it before daylight. He opened the door. Someone was coming down the turn of the staircase and it seemed to Tunnicliffe like a strange and mysterious event that it should be Mrs. Fithian herself.

"Will you come in and see the tree, Mrs. Fithian?" he asked.

"A private view is it?" she asked, smilingly. "I'm honored. You must have worked rapidly to be through already."

She spoke so naturally and easily, and it seemed so matter of course that she should come in and look at it, that Tunnicliffe felt ashamed of the hesitations and excuses he had been making to himself.

"Oh," she said, "how beautiful!"

And Tunnicliffe said, "Do you think so?" the while he looked not at the tree, but at the sofe light of the candles on her hair and her face. Her eyes were taking in the presents and a troubled look came into them. She turned to Tunnicliffe, a severe note in her voice.

"The children will be delighted, but I am afraid you are too kind. You gave them their way too much."

"It was a pleasure to me, and—and —you like it, do you not?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, I do," she said, smiling to atone for her momentary displeasure.

"That's all that is necessary," he said with a happy laugh.

But when she had gone he felt that the visit had been singularly inadequate, and that there were a multitude of things he might say if she would only come back.

It goes without saying that the Christmas tree and all the arrangements pertaining to it were a "delightful function," as the obsequious society reporters would have said in chronicling anything with which Mr. Tunnicliffe was connected. The children came to his door in clamorous delight at seven o'clock. Mere contemplation was joy, but when Tunnicliffe told them that the tree and all belonging to it was theirs, it was almost beyond belief. Then, as a special favor, they were permitted to have breakfast with Mr. Tunnicliffe. When daylight finally asserted itself in spite of drawn curtains, Tommie put out the lower candles and Cassie, held aloft on Tunnicliffe's arm, the upper ones.

Then the children went to prepare for church. Cassie came back to show her new Tam O'Shanter, and brought Tommie with her, their mother waiting for the parting word at the door. Dressed under her watchful eye they showed the touch of love if not the waste of money, and were a pair of trig, bright-colored little figures, as much an improvement on themselves of the evening before, as Tunnicliffe's own mood seemed to him on that of the day before. Then suddenly it came to him that he would like to go with them. In one thing at least he had been honest, he had neither compromised with his religion, nor trafficked in it. He had just dropped it in the stress of his strivings as a hindering non-essential. Now he felt the shadow of hypocrisy in his wish, so veiled it under the question of the music for the day at the cathedral.

"Mrs. Harris will sing," said Mrs. Fithian, "the first time since she returned from Europe." And Tunnicliffe, relieved, put on his coat and went with the children.

Mrs. Fithian seemed gracious and kindly when they returned. The hard experiences of existence since her brief married life had made her wary, but had not stifled the generosity, which was glad to be kind where it was safe to be so. She reproached herself that she had thought worse of Tunnicliffe than he seemed to deserve. and therefore tried to be doubly pleasant now.

Naturally he was a guest at dinner, and he was rather astonished at the resignation, in fact almost pleasure, with which he looked forward to meeting the collection of lodgers, of which he himself was the shining star. He was surprised to find his neighbor to the right, the demure and patient stenographer of Marshall & Tunnicliffe. That young woman, herself, was somewhat discomfited by the nearness of her magnificent employer, and, on several occasions when Mr. Tunnicliffe began to speak, grabbed her knife between her fingers as if adjusting her pencil for dictation. But, as several furtive surveys of the

table assured her that no one was watching her in particular, least of all Mr. Tunncliffe, no great harm was done to her appetite. Then there was Miss Matthews, a school principal of hard and diverse struggles before attaining her present position. His species were foreign to her and she studied him with a calm and not uncomplimentary interest, akin to the delight of an entomologist in a new bug. There was the elderly but dapper floorwalker of a dry goods house, a railroad clerk who felt his dignity vastly enhanced by dining with the legal representative of his company, and a bank clerk who was becomingly solemn, considering that he was the only person present who really understood the financial problems of the country. Then there was Mrs. Fithian, pleasant to look at, in a brown dress that seemed to match the amber tints of her hair and eyes. Cassie insisted on sitting at his left and Tommie and "Sadie" waited at table, while he himself carved the turkey.

Now, having no table of his own at which to practice, Mr. Tunnicliffe found himself confronted with one of the few polite accomplishments he had not acquired. The bird careened and rolled, as if the solid table were an agitated sea, and again slid around as if it were on wheels. In his brave attempts at mastery, he evidently leaned over farther than he thought he did, or the turkey rose up higher than he expected of a dead and stuffed bird, for one of the legs struck the lapel of his coat and left a broader track across the faultless surface than ever it had made in its barnyard days. It is not pleasant to contemplate presiding at table while a greasy streak is staring up at you. Even Mr. Tunnicliffe's self-possession was disturbed. He looked ruefully down at the offending fowl, and then glanced around the table with an apologetic smile. But each eye was uniformly and resolutely downcast, while Mrs. Fithian was whispering something to "Sadie." Tunnicliffe's sweeping glance was arrested and held in a fascinated way, when it fell upon the belt of the school principal, which he was sure was quivering in a peculiar manner. He grew wrathy at the thought of such violently swallowed laughter. If these people were sure of their manners, and not afraid of the sound of their own voices, somebody would say something and relieve the tension, but it serves a man right when he goes out of his circle and his element.

"If you will allow me, Mr. Tunnicliffe," said a suave voice in the most soothing tones. "It will only take a moment," and here was Mrs. Fithian with a moist napkin, and "Sadie" standing beside her with a finger-bowl full of warm water. "Probably the carving knife is very dull," she added, as he rose and turned to her. The edge was keen as a razor and Mr. Tunnicliffe knew it, but yet the remark soothed him wonderfully. He looked down at the fingers that were cleaning his coat lapel. Lily-like fingers had fastened boutonnieres on that same lapel to the accompaniment of soft nothings and sweet smiles and left him unmoved. After all, the necessities are always fundamental, and these deft, quick, capable fingers, with little, dark, criss-cross lines at their tips, the badge of toil which soap and brush could not efface, gave him a rare thrill of admiration. Now the soft voice supplemented their spell. "I so often forget the edge of the knife, but it does not matter to me, as I am accustomed to it and can find the sharp sections. Let me see it just a moment," she added, and stepping in front of him, with several quick, firm cuts, made matters easy for his inexperienced hands.

"She ought to be a claim agent," thought the railroad clerk as she returned to her seat.

It was a very good turkey and, once more safe on agreeable ground, Mr. Tunnicliffe grew genial. There is a bond between us, and those who pay us the delicate compliment of appreciating our wit, and Mr. Tunnicliffe perceived with satisfaction, that it was Mrs. Fithian's mellow laughter that punctuated his sallies oftenest. "Witty and good form," he thought.

Later in the evening, when Cassie and Tommie had gone to bed, Tunnicliffe sat in his room musing, wondering at the tingling exhilaration that pervaded his being like a pungent and stimulating fragrance. It was out of all proportion to the occasion, as compared to his usual social experiences. As he sat there he heard occasionally Mrs. Fithian's footsteps. They went up and down the stairs, along the hard floor of the hall, and died away on the carpeted sitting room, in varying cadences and rhythms, that all seemed to unite in a melody of devotion.

Tunnicliffe rose and walked up and down his room, looking around critically. The grate fire was exactly right; there was drinking water in his pitcher, nothing which he needed. He stopped awhile, then he emptied the contents of his water pitcher, ice and all, into the bathtub and walked over and rang his bell. He stood watching the door, balancing himself backwards and forwards on his heels, until the knob turned, when he stepped forward rather hastily. The door shoved in far enough to permit "Sadie's" tow head to stick itself in. Tunnicliffe stared for a moment, then thrust the pitcher at her, saying:

"There is no drinking water in my pitcher," which obvious fact so nonplussed the faithful "Sadie," who filled it as regularly as the sun set, that she asked artlessly, "Why, where is it?"

"How should I know?" replied Tunnicliffe with a frown and an emphasis that sent her off in a hurry.

When, however, he opened the door a few minutes later in answer to a gentle knock, and Mrs. Fithian herself was there to explain that the extra demands of the day had exhausted the ice, and that she was very sorry, he only smiled and thanked her for the empty pitcher.

He stood there after she was gone looking at the pitcher, absent mindedly, and said at last with a sigh, "It was like going back to my own people," which was entirely irrelevant.

It is a good old custom to keep the Christmas tree at least until New Year's day. So it was that Tunnicliffe did not go to the club any night that week. Then he had to go to St. Louis and to New York on a business trip.

"St, Louis," said Mrs. Fithian, "dear old St. Louis."

"You know St. Louis?"

"I went to school there. My home was in Glenwood."

"Glenwood, Illinois?"

"Yes, do you know it?"

"I have been there."

"My father was a physician there, Dr. Abbott," she said tentatively, as if she hoped he might say more.

Tunnicliffe said nothing; but when he came down to the railroad offices he had his transportation changed, so that he would return via Glenwood.

Tunnicliffe enjoyed St. Louis; he went there often and was enough of a personage there not to feel uncomfortable. But in New York he was oppressed by a painful sense of littleness. Perhaps it was the contrast that gave him such a keen delight

when the West-bound train pulled up at Glenwood.

He took a hasty turn on the platform, but though the little brick station showed no change, the things human were all different. He saw an elderly man at one side, who looked promising.

"Where is old Dr. Abbott?" he asked of him.

The man stared. "Why, he's been dead these ten years or more."

"Who lives in the old house now?"

"Old Mrs. Abbott and the crippled girl."

"The crippled girl?"

The man looked as though such ignorance was unheard of.

"Yes, little Cassie, who fell and hurt her back, the year before the doctor died."

"And Arthur?"

"He's dead, too."

"And,—and the other girl?"

"Cecilia?"

"Yes, Cecilia?" Tunnicliffe spoke as though he had difficulty in saying the name.

"Oh, she's a widow. Husband died and left her with two children and not much else. She's making her living somewhere and ain't calling on the old lady, who hasn't any too much left herself." The train was pulling out and Tunnicliffe swung on the steps of the sleeper.

"They've had a run of hard luck, but they're a mighty fine family," the man called after him.

Tunnicliffe did not go in, but stood outside, looking across to the clump of bare-armed trees that swung against the roof of a house looming up above its neighbors on the hill to the East. The pink light of the early day crept around it like a halo, and suddenly Tunnicliffe laughed out loud. On the other side of the hill there is a row of whitewashed shanties, colloquially known as "Shirt-tail-row." That was where his parents lived before a kinder fate took them into the country, and that was where he was born. And he was thinking of his feeling on Christmas night, that the day had been like a going back to his own people. When the train carried him out of the range of the hill, he went in. Slowly like the image on a negative, visions of forgotten things developed and took form on his brain. There was a husky boy in a hickory shirt, sweat-stained, lying in a heap on the unevenness of a cornshuck bed, moaning in the agony of a broken leg. There came back to him the puzzling wonder with which he looked at the magazine the doctor left one day. Over and over he read it in his lonely hours of pain, until, from the unaccustomed words, his brain finally worked out its first sense of the strange world beyond the farm, and waked into the wild dream of reaching it. And he smiled to think how his crude fancy delighted to picture the day when he would revisit Glenwood resplendent with success and a shining black suit, and any girl he chose be proud to walk home from church with him, even the daughters of Dr. Abbott. Then suddenly he wondered whether the doctor's bill was ever paid. In the pinched life of his childhood, every item of expense was a family care, and it seemed to him that the doctor's bill was perennially held up as a thing still to be paid. To be sure, the protest became fainter and fainter each year, until it was finally considered a waste of effort and ceased of itself. And all the time as he sat there thinking, he was glad that people can see only our manners and our clothes, and must guess at our thoughts.

When he arrived in the evening he rang the door bell, though the latch-key was in his pocket. Mrs. Fithian

opened the door and he eagerly assented to her rather embarrassed suggestion to come into the sitting-room, until his own rooms were warmed up. They had not known just when he would return, she explained. There was a nervous hesitancy in her manner, which perplexed and yet strangely pleased him.

Cassie peeped out from the curtained alcove where she slept, and then ran out in her night-dress and kissed him and ran back again. But Tunnicliffe only smiled and said nothing. Indeed he looked so weary and troubled as he sat silently in his chair, that Mrs. Fithian suggested the feminine remedy of a cup of tea and something to eat. To her astonishment he followed her into the dining-room and watched her preparations for his luncheon. She felt his gaze upon her, and hesitated and blundered over the familiar brewing, until it seemed that the simple cup of tea would never be ready. When she handed him his cup, her hand shook, and he looked up at her with a quick, exultant smile, that brought the color to her face, and made her tremble with self-consciousness, as she walked around him and crossed to the other side of the table. Tunnicliffe's eyes followed her, as under the stress of her embarrassment she sat down opposite him rather awkwardly. She laid her clasped hands on the table in front of her, and he knew as he looked at her fluttering eyelids that she was making an effort to look up, and her hesitation gave him a delicious sense of power. But when she finally raised her eyes they seemed as untroubled as a child's. He was abashed and annoyed. Her calm gaze laid the burden of saying something on him, and it was his turn to be disconcerted, for he was rather accustomed to having women make conversation easy for him. He balanced his spoon on the edge of his cup for a few moments, then he said:

"I passed through Glenwood this morning."

"Glenwood?" she asked, her eyes lighting up. "Were you well acquainted there?"

He looked down, but the non-committal phrase he wanted did not come. Instead, some overmastering impulse made him say:

"I was born in 'Shirt-tail-row.'"

He could have faced death more easily, than to lay bare consciously the canker spot of his life; worse dreaded than sin, for it had not a sin's merciful possibility of atonement. Naked of all his cherished attainments and advancement as he felt himself at that moment, it was yet a relief that, even at any cost, some human being knew his true self. The weight of the unconfessed had fallen from him, and he looked up at Mrs. Fithian like one ready to meet the worst. But there was neither pity nor contempt in her eyes, only an infinitely tender sympathy and admiration. "How brave and wonderful you must have been," she said.

Tunnicliffe drew a long breath. In the reaction from his fears he glowed with an undreamed of satisfaction. Wonderful and brave? That was it. It was the full measure of praise, which had never before been given him. But as he looked at her sincere face, with its trustful, admiring eyes, he was suddenly ashamed that this woman should look at him like that. The unworthiness of his life seemed to flood his soul with a reproach that swept away the mean pride of a moment before. He rose to his feet and pushed back his chair and stood leaning his hands on the corner of the table. Then he laid one hand over the one of hers next to him.

"Cecilia," he said, dwelling on the name as if there were sweetness in the

sound, "you see, I remember your name. I do not deserve that you think me wonderful or brave, but I shall try to deserve it. I used to see you, Cecilia, when you were a little girl in short dresses and long braids, and I was studying law in Glenwood, between crops. And I used to dream of coming back to Glenwood to dazzle the natives with my success, and crown it all by walking home from church on Sunday with the finest girl in town, even with you, if I wanted to. For you were above even the finest in my mind. Your father had been very good to me, and all that belonged to him was set apart from all the rest of the world in my eyes. But this is better, is it not, Cecilia?"

She did not turn, so he reached over and took her other hand and drew her to him. He kissed her hair, and very gently turned her averted face to him, and her eyes were full of tears, and he kissed her on them and at last on the lips.

And after awhile, holding her away from him, he asked, "And you are sure that you can love a man who was born in 'Shirt-tail-row,' and who will try to be the best he knows, even if it is not very good?"

For answer she put her arms around his neck and whispered, "Thy people shall be my people."

Tunnicliffe had an appointment at the club about a week later. Gilmour happened to be there.

"Hello," he said, "seems to me the last time I saw you was Christmas Eve."

Tunnicliffe noted the sneer in the tone, and he looked down at his boots to hide the look in his own eyes; then he raised them and said blandly, but looking steadily at Gilmour:

"Yes, I remember; but I hardly supposed you would recall the meeting. It may interest you now to know that the children were my guests, and that I am going to marry their mother next month."

"And who's their mother?" The sneer was not all gone from Gilmour's voice.

"The daughter of Dr. Abbott of Glenwood," said Tunnicliffe impressively.

"Glenwood, Glenwood? Where's Glenwood?"

"In Illinois."

Gilmour's mind was wandering over possible combinations, anxious to find one that would give him his cue.

"Mean of you to steal a march like that on the dear girls here, you know?" he said by way of conversation to fill in the time. Tunnicliffe smiled mysteriously and slowly knocked the ashes off his cigar.

"I was born there myself, you know, and maybe I wanted to go back to my own people."

"Oh," drawing it out with a whistling sound. The sneer had gone from his face entirely. He thought he had found the combination and his cue. The daughter of Dr. Abbott from Tunnicliffe's old home!

"I congratulate you," he said, giving Tunnicliffe the latest handshake. "Old loves are best, or safest, which is it, good either way, eh?"

But Tunnicliffe had not lived that long without knowing that a smile is an answer which means many things and nothing. So he smiled.

And, when it somehow came to be known that Tunnicliffe's marriage was the happy ending of a youthful love affair long delayed, Tunnicliffe still smiled and said nothing, for he did not cease to be clever, because he ceased to be a cad. Still there were those who said it was queer. But nothing is queer if we know all about it.

WELL OF LIFE.

STORKS AND A LOVER OF STORKS.

BY CAROLINE S. DOMETT.

At the end of a long avenue of magnificent trees in the Rosenborg Garden at Copenhagen, Denmark, is a bronze statue to the memory of Hans Christian Anderson, the fairy-tale writer. He is represented seated, with one finger upraised in the act of story telling, for Hans Christian Anderson liked to tell his stories as well as to write them, and many pleasant memories cling about that home in Copenhagen, where friends gathered to hear the tales as they fell from the lips of the romancer. He is described by one who knew him, as tall and thin, with stooping shoulders and long hair; very much given to talking about himself it is true, but in such a childlike, innocent way that one could easily excuse him. He lies buried in Assistance Churchyard away from the heart of the city; but the statue to his memory is placed in that beautiful garden amid the hum and bustle of active daily life. Near by is the Castle of Rosenborg, where many royal treasures of the old Danish kings are kept. Beyond are the barracks; and along the avenues—or allees as they call them, —the soldiers pass to and fro, while under the cathedral-like arches of the grand old trees, and around the statue of Hans Christian Anderson, so many children play, that the place is called the Kindergarten of Copenhagen. A low railing surrounds the base of the statue, encircling flowers that blos-

som and bloom and nod towards the stories told in bas-relief on the pedestal. On one side are pictured the swans from the Danish swan's nest; on another, the storks that bring good luck, and the babies from the secret lake of the well of life. Above them is written, "In Memory of the Fairy-Tale Writer."

It is the story of the storks that I like best to think Hans Christian Anderson is telling, as he sits there with his mild and child-like smile, for, ever since the summer spent in a little home in Denmark where I watched the storks day after day, the dear old story-teller with his upraised finger has seemed to say, "Good luck to you, my dear, because you have seen in their own home the storks that I sent you word about, across the water."

"In feathers light as a lady's hand."

Down the lane, on the thatched roof of the unused barn, was our storks' nest. It was large, loosely woven, and placed on the ridgepole quite at one end. In it were four baby storks. Sometimes there are three, sometimes four, but never more than five young ones in a nest at one time. Very droll they looked, when they stood upright on their long legs, and gazed out upon the world with a calmness born of ancestry, that knew not fear; for no one harms storks, therefore they are fearless. Superstition has done good, as well as evil, in this world. The belief that storks bring prosperity to a home has made them welcome visitors; and sometime a farmer will place an old cart wheel in an inviting place, as a bid to any new family who may think of starting in housekeeping. The wheel makes a good foundation, and is about the right size.

In the evenings as we sat in the northern twilight that did not end till the sun rose next morning, the storks came sailing in magnificent strength through the air, and settled down near us, before taking a long-legged stroll through the grain-field. They were very large and powerful, white of head and body, with black wings, and their beaks were red and long and strong. Indeed, some of them had such remarkably large

beaks that, according to the old legend, they always carried the babies in them, away from the

"Valley of Babyland,
The realms where the dear little darlings stay,
Till the kind storks go, as all men know,
And oh, so tenderly bring them away!"

By this plan the baby knew nothing of the world, and was not really born, until it was placed by the kind stork in the waiting mother's arms. This was the original and old-fashioned way for baby traveling; but afterwards, other storks planned another way—a beautiful one, too—

"Waiting Mother's Arms."

"And they lift him lightly and snug him tightly
In feathers soft as a lady's hand,
And off with a rockaway step they walk away
Out of Babyland."

On the day of the christening, when the neighbors came and made merry and brought gifts, there was often found among the presents a pair of silver christening tongs. They were really for sugar, but made like a little stork standing upright on its claws, and holding inside its beak, a tiny, silver baby.

Year after year, the parent storks return from foreign lands,—there was an ancient belief among the Slavonic people that they turned into human beings, while away,—and they settle in the old nests, and have their young. It is sometime in March that these messengers of Spring, with powerful stroke and splendid stretch of wing, appear to the waiting people of the northland They remind one of the vision of angels in the Book of the prophet Zachariah-"and the wind was in their wings: for they had wings like the wings of a stork"—and, "by the vision splendid," old Denmark awakes. The long night of her dark and dreary winter disappears before the almost endless day of her brief, but happy summer; and in the bright awaking, the buds swell, the grass grows, the flowers bloom, and the children play again around the statue of the gentle old man, who, with upraised finger and happy smile, still tells the story of the storks, to the children of many nations.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

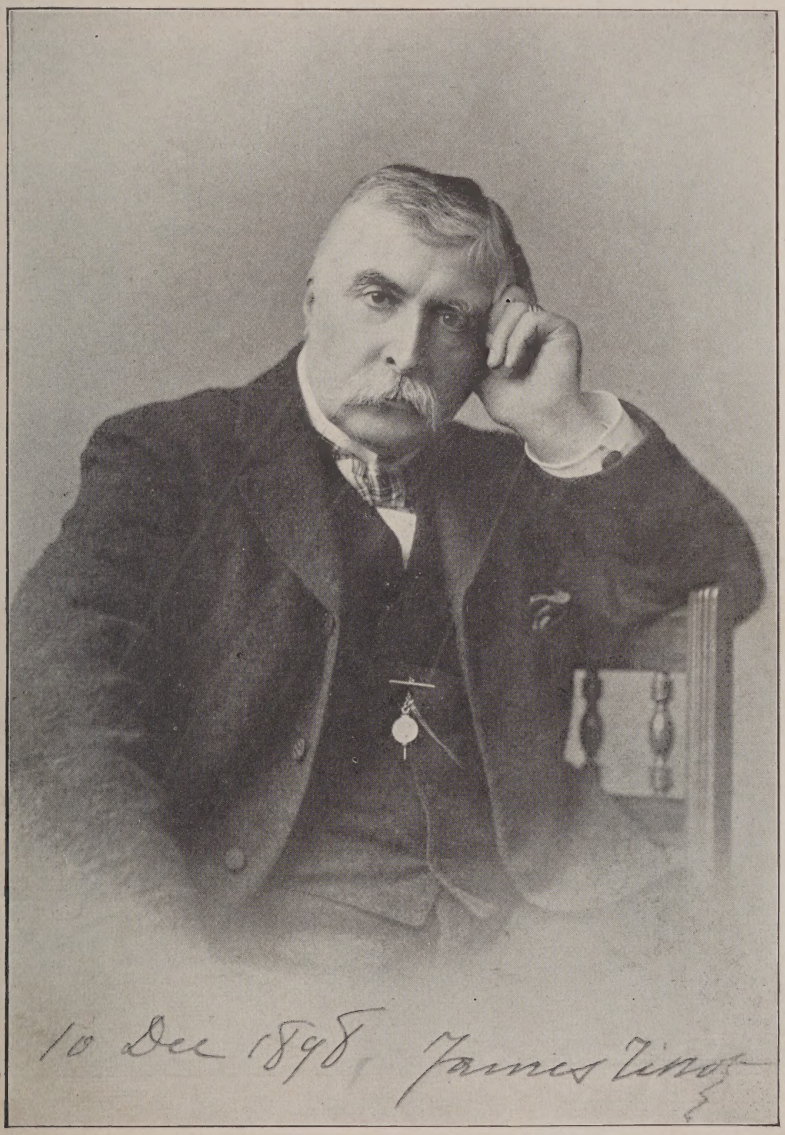
An additional charm is added to a pleasing personality when the lines of a life have been cast in strange and varied places. Thus the career of the celebrated Passionist, Rev. Edmund Hill, possesses a peculiar interest, and discloses to us that under the most wondrous circumstances the design of God discovers the servitors who are destined to give the greatest glory to His name.

REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

He was born November 4, 1842, at Wotton Underwood, Buckinghamshire, England, his father being Rev. Benjamin Hill, a clergyman of the Church of England, and his mother, Catherine Anne Reed. His mother having died, when nine years of age he went to Valparaiso, Chili, the country of many future labors as a Catholic priest, with his father, who had been appointed chaplain of the British community there. In '54 he returned to England to receive his education, and first attended a private school near Oxford, then Tonbridge Grammar School, Kent, and finally Shrewsbury School.

At the age of nineteen, Father Hill entered Oxford, and later Cambridge, where on the 24th of February, 1866, he was received into the Catholic Church. After his conversion, being uncertain of his vo-

cation, he began to study medicine at Aberdeen University. The next year he came to New York, intending to finish



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his medical studies and settle in America. After he had joined the Xavier Alumni Sodality, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of that year, came an inspiration of call to the holy priesthood. To this he responded immediately, and in January, '68, entered the Paulist community. Three years later he was ordained priest on March 25, and labored zealously for eight years to spread abroad the spirit of faith. Afterwards he joined the Passionists, received the habit of St. Paul of the Cross, May 31, '79, and was professed June 1, 1880.

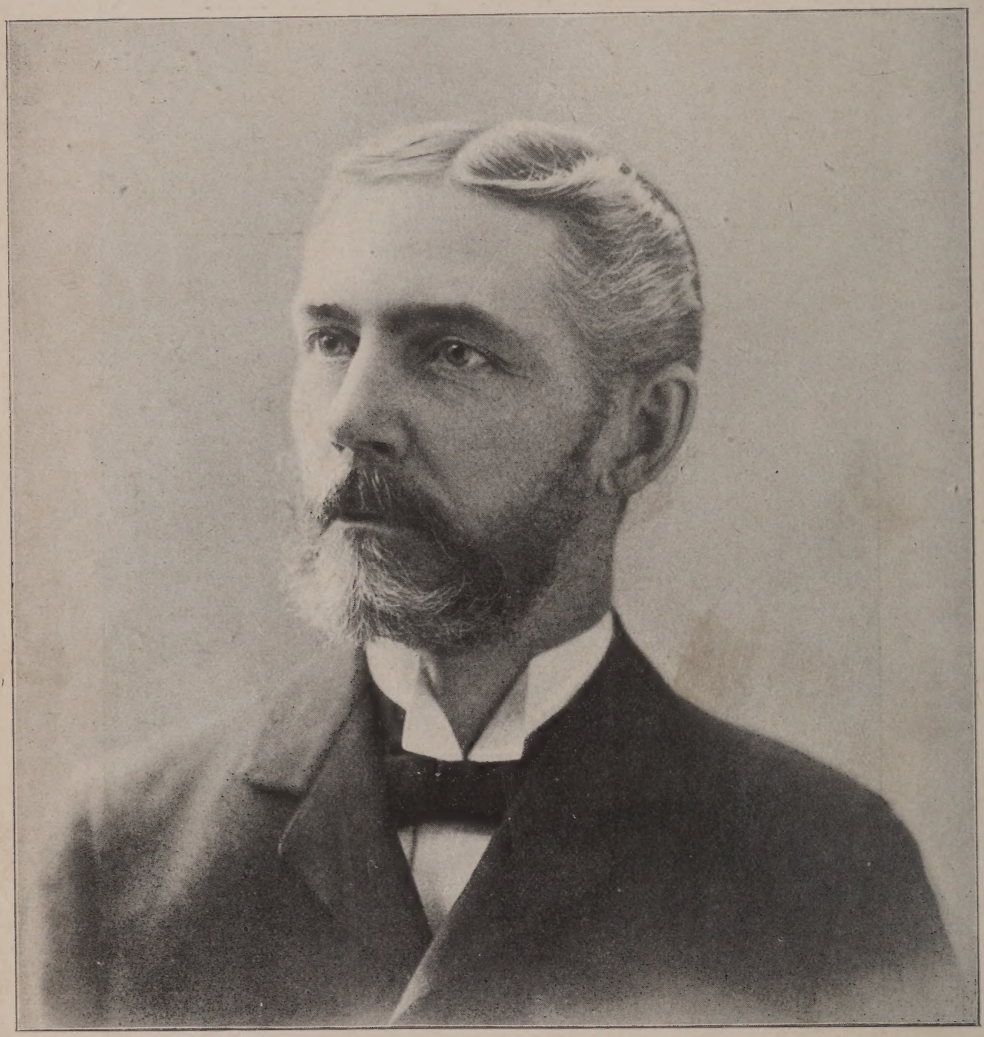
In November, '83, Father Hill sailed

for Buenos Ayres, via England, to join the well-known Father Fidelis (James Kent Stone), whom many souls remember with pious gratitude, and who had labored with him also in the Paulist community.

It would seem that these many events would have filled the busiest life, but time has still been spared to serve God's purpose also with a gifted pen.

"Passion Flowers," a volume of poems, has been published by Benziger Brothers, this year, and those who have enjoyed its beauties are deeply interested in the publication of the holy missionary's tribute to our Lady, "Mariae Corolla," a beautiful little volume just from the press.

The name of Tissot has thrilled the artistic world for many years; and, now that the works of the famous Frenchman are being shown in this country, his personality and achievements will have a closer meaning.

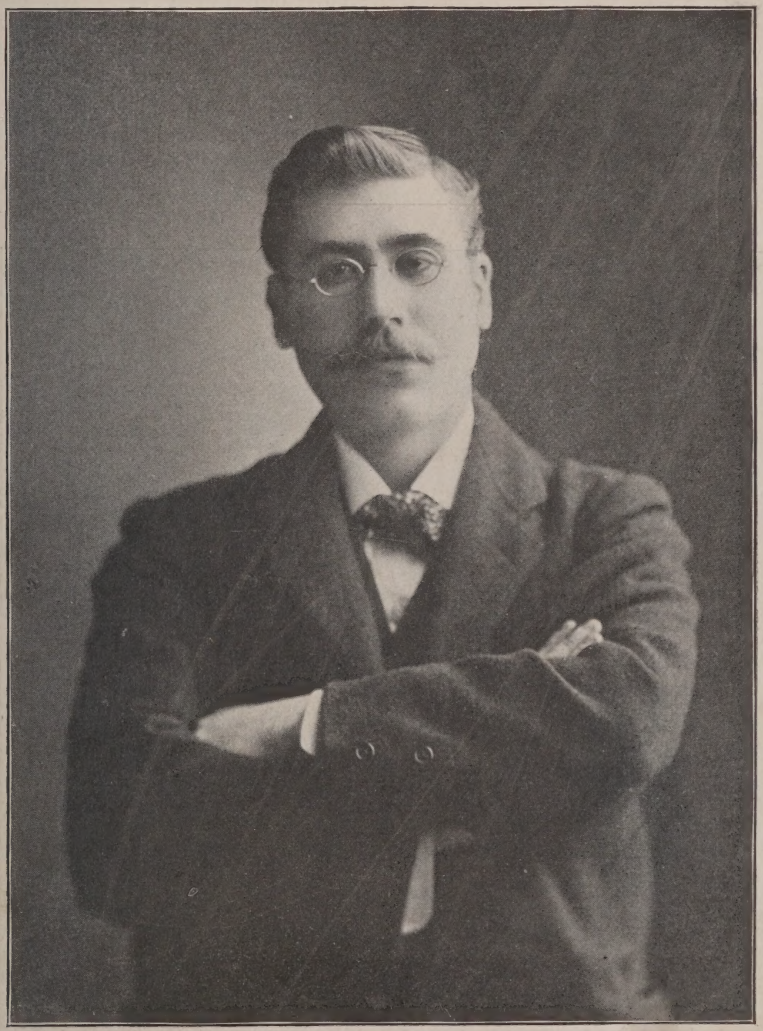


Hon. Henry F. Naphen.

M. Tissot, inspired by a desire to use his genius for the purpose of presenting a truthful idea of the figure of Christ and the personages of His time, made two journeys to Palestine and spent there many years in conscientious study. He has accomplished a great religious work.

A devout Catholic, M. Tissot had, among other opportunities for study, the privilege of entering old monasteries and

churches, generally inaccessible, where, jealously guarded from profane eyes, are to be found ancient and curious manuscripts, carvings, and relics which throw new light on the history of that time and the early history of the Christian era.



JAMES MACMANUS. (MAC).

Hon. Henry F. Naphen, the newly elected Congressman from the 10th Massachusetts district, was born in Ireland, and received his education in our public schools, at Harvard University, and Boston University Law School.

He obtained the degree of LL.D. from Harvard, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1880. In 1882 he was elected a member of the Boston School Committee for three years, and in 1885 and 1887 was a member of the state senate.

Among the measures he introduced was that empowering all courts of record to grant naturalization, and the act against opium joints, under which many of those places were prosecuted and abolished.

He was for two years a member at large of the Democratic State Committee. He is Vice President of the Working Boy's Home, and was one of its incorporators; a director and clerk of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Vice President of the Orpheus Musi-

cal Society; a member of the University Club; Celtic Club of South Boston; non-resident member of the Democratic Club of New York, and a member of several prominent social, charitable, and fraternal organizations.

James MacManus, of Donegal, Ireland, better known to thousands of delighted and admiring readers as "Mac," is creating a very favorable impression in this country.

It is only three years since James MacManus has been before the public, yet in that short space of time he has taken his place as a great humorist, giving to the public books, which, in the language of his reviewers, "bubble and sparkle with almost intoxicating wit." His first work, "The Leading Road to Donegal," is a rich treasure house of genuine Irish humor. Reviewers have said that it surpasses the works of Samuel Lever, and is quite equal to anything of Lever. Great things were foretold for the anonymous author.

CLARK HOWELL, EDITOR "ATLANTA CONSTITUTION."

CLARK HOWELL.

A TYPE OF THE NEW SOUTH.

BY ISMA DOOLY.

Henry Grady was the herald and the prophet of the regenerated South. When his pen slipped from his cold fingers, it was grasped by a young man in whom the new Southerner was typified. It was as though Grady's dream had become real beside his grave. The tremendous force for shaping public sentiment which he had wielded had fallen into hands which would continue his work—that work, which still has its exponent in Clark Howell, the editor-in-chief of the Atlanta Constitution.

The record made by him since Grady's death, not only reflects renewed credit upon the great man under the influence of whose thought the younger grew up, but distinguishes the career of Clark Howell, as one of remarkable strength, individuality and power, and one that wins the applause of an earnest people, as the finest type of the New South.

A visitor to the editorial department of the Constitution, will notice suspended over the editorial desk, a map of South Carolina, upon which, near the border line of Georgia, is written the name "Calamity." As the map is an old one, the town of Irwinton, which now stands upon the site of the lugubrious name, had not been built, but a plantation home was in existence then in 1863—the homestead of the Irwins of South Carolina. This home, in which on the 21st day of September, 1863, was born Clark Howell (over whose desk is the map referred to) was named "Calamity" as a joke by his associates of the editorial rooms. The joke is illustrative of the good nature of the young editor, who is at all times genial, companionable, and absolutely devoid of anything suggestive of stiffness, or that formality which frequently detracts from the popularity of the prominent man.

His father, Evan P. Howell, at the time of the son's birth was commanding the celebrated Howell's battery in the bloody battle of Chicamauga.

When the war was over Captain Howell gathered his young family about him in Atlanta, and in the public schools of that city, Clark Howell received his education. Early in his school life, he evinced an unusual intelligence, and was always the youngest as well as brightest boy in his class. These facts made him a striking figure among the little barefooted boys around him, while his always gentle and lovable nature endeared him to his teachers, and his schoolmates, who stand by him today, in closest and fondest allegiance.

During this time the Atlanta Constitution had been established and Captain Howell becoming interested in it with his friend, Mr. Henry W. Grady, young Clark became a bright and welcome guest in the editorial rooms. He soon became imbued with a taste for journalism, and as he grew up and gradually assumed responsibility in the paper, after school hours, he imbibed the character and principles for which he was afterward noted. Mr. Grady, then approaching the zenith of his fame, found it necessary to have some assistance in the

management of a newspaper whose genius his views had made so important, and he suggested to Captain Howell the sending of Clark to serve an apprenticeship in journalism. On the New York Times and Philadelphia Press, he soon manifested a leaning towards enterprises of a large character, and had he not chosen to return to the South, he would have distinguished himself in Northern journalism.

Returning home in 1886, Mr. Howell became nominally assisting managing editor, but in reality assumed active control of the paper, since Mr. Grady's public life called him away continually. The fact that during the three years when all eyes were turned upon the Constitution because of Grady's prominence, it should have upheld its high standard through the work of his junior, is about the highest compliment that could be paid the young man at the helm.

Mr. Grady died in 1889, and his task was placed upon Clark Howell. When he became editor of the Atlanta Constitution, the world which had been thrilled by Grady's message, turned its eyes upon his young successor. It was a severe ordeal the latter was called upon to undergo. To be measured by the giant's standard is unfair to the youth. The imposing stature, the superb breadth, the mighty strength of the giant are qualities the young man may possess in time, but which in the wisdom of nature come to him only with maturity. To be expected to reveal himself a Henry Grady was as unreasonable as it seemed impossible of realization. Time has proven the distinguishing differences of the two men, and neither loses in the comparable contest, the primary differences being in their temperamental characteristics. Grady was warm, fiery, impetuous, and broke down opposition by storm; Clark Howell is cool, practical, deliberate, and a hard fighter. Grady was poetic; Howell practical. Grady achieved great things without stopping to think out the means for doing it; Howell reaches his ends by deliberation and planning. Grady was a great man and inspired greatness; Clark Howell is a maker of great men, and in his political career has exemplified the idea of a Warwick in politics.

In the Southern States, membership in either the legal or journalistic field, implies a personal participation in politics, and since the death of Mr. Grady, Mr. Howell's journalistic prominence is so merged in his political triumphs, that to discuss the man, is but to eulogize the successful editor, and the successful politician.

While Mr. Howell developed the political side of his paper, he likewise maintained in it the best order of journalism in its every department, and further proved his ability and judgment as an editor in bringing into prominence some of the best talent in the country's literary and journalistic fields.

Although preserving a rigid discipline throughout the management of his paper, he in no way deprived any man or woman in it, of the opportunity of developing his or her individual talents. He is ever ready to recognize the ability, and promote the interests of those writers, associated with him, whose genius or peculiar style may warrant a broader field or better opportunity than Mr. Howell may see in store for them on his paper. It has been since the active management of this clever young editor on the Constitution, that the public has become better acquainted with the folk-lore of Joel Chandler Harris, the personal friend of Mr. Howell, and one of his leading editorial writers. The genius of Mr. Harris is accompanied by a modesty,

which in a sense might have retarded the reputation he has acquired in the last ten years, had not Mr. Howell attracted the public in many ways to the now famous stories of "Uncle Remus," as they appeared from time to time in the Constitution.

Frank L. Stanton, the poet, has been a regular member of Mr. Howell's staff since the public was first charmed by his sweet verses appearing in the same paper. And if one could but overhear the confidences exchanged between Stanton and James Whitcomb Riley, when the latter comes to "Dixie," there is no doubt the Georgia poet would acknowledge to his friend of the Hoosier state, that much of his success was due to the encouragement and unselfish interest of the young editor-in-chief, Clark Howell.

It was under the same interest that Maud Andrews Ohl, first became known in Southern journalism, and subsequently a regular contributor to the best known publications in the country.

Still loyal to the friendship and inspiration of his predecessor, Henry Grady, Mr. Howell finds one of his greatest pleasures in encouraging the journalistic talent of young Henry Grady, who is the only son of the dead journalist-statesman, and who occupies a permanent position on the paper which has known the strength of his father's pen.

It will be seen that Mr. Howell's career, though as yet a brief one, has been distinguished by its force and brilliancy, and by all the qualities that are opposed to unprincipled methods. Though not always on the winning side, there has never been an implication that would reflect upon the honor, integrity, and loyalty of the politician, the honesty, accuracy, and fidelity of the editor.

The qualities of high principle, and magnetic force that have illumined Mr. Howell's public career, are the same that render his private life irreproachable, and draw to him his family and a host of friends in tenderest relation. From the peace, beauty, and happiness of a home life, presided over by a mother endowed with all the qualities of the ideal Southern woman, he went to his own home, at his marriage to Miss Harriet Glascock Barrett, of Augusta. Here he continued in domestic felicity that happy home life which may be regarded as the inspiration of his achievement in public life.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY JOSEPH J. MURPHY.

I turn the sybilline leaves of Time's dread book,
And scan the prophecy of the fleeting years:
Will life be writ in joy's festal prose,
Or in the austere poetry of tears?

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Ancient and Modern Palestine" in two octavo volumes by Mary B. Rotthier, from the French of Brother Lievin De Hamme of the Order of Friars Minor, is a book which is destined to secure widespread approval. The subject itself is one of engrossing interest, and the author from his long-continued residence of forty years in the Holy Land brings to his task a peculiar fitness and splendid equipment. The fruits of his experience are given in abundance for the instruction of the traveler, even the slightest details, which no one but an experienced guide would call to mind, are set down for the benefit of those who desire to make the holy pilgrimage. Even for the reader, who will never undertake the journey to Palestine, these two volumes constitute a very treasure-house of interest. Under their guidance one may make in spirit the holy pilgrimage and receive a deep and holy impression from the record of the holy places, which he will find enshrined within these pages. All the sacred traditions of Palestine—and in Eastern countries the treasure of traditional lore is always rich and abundant—have been garnered by the author during his long residence in the holy places, and are presented in these pages with an abundance which incites the highest interest. Almost the entire gospel is reproduced in these pages, and we see the life of the Lord in its proper setting, as if it were lived before our very eyes. Old Testament history also is illustrated by a precise description of the places in which the life of the Jewish people was lived, and the many interesting historical associations which cluster around these sacred spots, are made manifest to the reader. The volumes are illustrated throughout with pictures of the more important scenes and places, around which has centered the history of the chosen people. These volumes will be found indispensable for those who contemplate making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, while to the general reader they will prove of deep and abiding interest. They may be procured, postpaid, from Mary B. Rotthier, 500 W. 123d St., New York. Price $3.50.

The fifth volume, Part I, of "Studies in Church History," by Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D., has just been issued. The period covered in this volume embraces the time from the pontificate of Pius VII. to the pontificate of Pius IX. The same scholarly erudition and evidence of wide and varied reading are displayed in these pages, which characterized the preceding volumes. Dr. Parsons is a real historian; he takes nothing for granted and asks his readers to accept no conclusion which is not vouched for by cited authority. The extent of his reading, as indicated by the references, which he gives, is simply marvelous; and he shows a peculiar faculty in extracting from his authorities, what is most interesting and appropriate to the matter in hand. In the present volumes we are treated to topics of intense interest even at the present day. Catholic Emancipation, the Oxford Movement, biographical sketches of Montalembert, Ozanam, Dupauloup, Lacordaire and Lamennais, Polish Catholicity and Russian Orthodoxy, are subjects which cannot fail to interest, and all receive in this volume interesting and adequate treatment. We trust that these volumes will meet with wide circulation, as they cannot fail to stimulate an interest in healthful, historical study, which will bring into clearer light and better appreciation the attitude and work of the Catholic Church and her sons in the great issues of human history. New York, Cincinnati. Fr. Pustet & Co.

"Guide to True Religion," by Rev. P. Woods, displays a wide acquaintance with history and sets forth the origin, progress and struggles of the Christian religion. The work, however, is not argumentative, nor does the author make his facts converge to prove the existence of one true religion and the consequent falsity of all the others. He is content with merely declaring historical data, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusion.

Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

"The Rose of Alliama," is an historical tale by Rev. Charles Warren Currier. It deals with an episode of the Spanish-Moorish struggle, which ended in the fall of Granada, and, apart from its historical data, is founded upon the attachment of a Spanish knight for a Moorish maiden. The author has skillfully woven together the materials of his story and the result is an intensely interesting and dramatic tale. Beautiful descriptions of Spanish scenes with which the author is well acquainted, enhance the value of the story.

New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Co.

Andrew Lang makes a delightful addition to the list of holiday books. His Fairy Books of many hues have already won him high place in the young folks' favor, and now he presents them with a new edition of "The Arabian Nights," a translation from the French version of Monsieur Galland. The stories are shortened here and there, and the parts that "dragged" have been omitted, the result being a volume stored with delights, and rich in illustrations by Ford. Of these "The Calf Begs for His Life" is a wonderful bit of sketching claiming the attention of even grown-up readers, so well has the artist succeeded in depicting grief and supplication on the animal's face, and in his attitude.

In his preface the compiler says: "I can remember reading 'The Arabian Nights' when I was six years old, in dirty, yellow old volumes of small type with no pictures, and I hope children who read them with Mr. Ford's pictures will be as happy as I was then in the company of Aladdin and Sindbad the Sailor."

There can be no doubt but that Mr. Lang's hope will be realized. Such a book as this new Arabian Nights is a veritable treasure trove in juvenile literature.

The publishers have done their part handsomely, giving excellent press-work, a most artistic cover in blue and gold, and a welcome sight in those days of ragged edges—the real old-fashioned gold-leaf edge so dear to the lover of handsome books.

Publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price $2.00.

The "People of Our Neighborhood" is Mary E. Wilkins' latest contribution to the literary work of the year. With her inimitable touch Miss Wilkins sketches true to life, and the people and pleasures of a quiet New England village grow very real to us.

We are interested in every one from Timothy Samson who "seems able to tell almost at a glance whether a child is coming down with a simple cold or the whooping cough, with measles or scarlet fever, with mumps or quinsy;" to home-loving Zepheretta for whom the Christmas Song ends so happily.

The cleanly Phoebe Ann is very trying, even to read about. The author disposes of her with the quaint commendation, "She is a credit to our village, and yet it is possible that one such credit is sufficient. If there were another like her the village might become so clean that we should all have to take to the fields and survey its beautiful tidiness over pasture-bars." A widely different type is Lydia Wheelock, who "allers give in real pleasant an' smilin' " and "comes to the front with her kindly sympathy when the exigencies of human life arise."

Admirers of Miss Wilkins will not be disappointed in her latest work. Its humor, pathos and fidelity in portrayal tell eloquently of the author's skill in writing of the life and types familiar to her.

Publishers, Doubleday & McClure, New York. Price 50 cents.

The beauty, originality and elegance of the Prang Line of Calendars suffer no abatement. This season a line of incomparable excellence is offered. The line is distinctively American. The original designs were executed by foremost American artists, and lithographed and printed by American artists and artisans, in their fine art establishment in Boston, under their personal supervision. The dainty and attractive manner in which these beautiful calendars are made up are calculated to please the most fastidious. Nothing more appropriate and exquisite for holiday presents can be found.

Among the most beautiful of these designs we notice Bits of Old England, six handsome pictures of scenery in old England including London Bridge, Twickenham, Oxford, Henley, Iffley Mill, etc.; Audubon Calendar of the Mass. Audubon Society, consisting of twelve fac-similes of original water color drawings, one for each month, and a descriptive text of the birds; The New Woman Calendar, an up-to-date calendar of four large plates, fac-similes of original water color drawings by K. L. Connor, showing the new woman driving, yachting, playing at golf, and the sweet girl graduate. There are appropriate quotations from Shakespeare and a calendar for three months on each plate; A Church Kalendar, Etheldred B. Barry. The Christian Year illustrated in twelve large plates, one for each month, with an exquisite picture in colors and a list of the feast days of the church for the month on each.

Novelties for the children and useful companions for grown folks as well are the Postal Calendars and Stamp Companions, in book form; they contain a full calendar of the days of the year printed on waxed paper for preservation of postage stamps and are bound in pretty cover design.

Publishers, Taber-Prang Co., Boston, Mass.

Though coming with Christmas-tide there is a charming suggestion of summer

in the dainty little volume of short stories Mary F. Nixon contributes to the books of the year. Perhaps it is the cover with its rose sprays and graceful foliage that conveys the impression, or it may be the initial story with its June atmosphere, "bright, glorious, sunny June," that makes us forget our winter environment and become sympathetically interested in the scenes in the "quartier Latin" where Lasca learned her pitiful lesson of unrequited love, and prepared herself for the test of a woman's devotion. "Lasca" is a story without a hero, its strength being purely feminine. The neutral Heywood interests one only as a necessary factor in the development of the tale. One loses patience with him in his stoical indifference, or critical appreciation of Lasca—only as a model.

Much more to the reader's liking is Antonio Valdez of "The Black Horse Clock," who woos and wins his Carisia with tender devotion and fidelity. After all is said the story with the happy ending is still the favorite; we never outgrow our childish insistence on rewards for the good, or satisfaction in the discomfiture of the wicked.

"The Senorita Americana" is another character finely drawn, so strong, so resourceful, and withal so tender and womanly, an embodiment of beauty, grace and splendid courage.

Miss Nixon has unusual perception of the reserve force of character in her sex, and employs it to good advantage in preparing pleasing surprises for her readers.

All through the thirteen stories comprising the volume, this trait of the author's literary skill is noticeable, as well as her command of pathos, humor and delicacy of expression.

Perusal of the book will richly repay the reader. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price 60 cents.

"Mother Song and Child Song" edited by Charlotte Brewster Jordan is a collection of nearly two hundred selections from the most popular poets and versemakers. Among the holiday books none could give more pleasure than this book of home songs. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

One of the most attractive calendars of the year is "The Shakespeare 'Seasonable' Kalendar," designed for general use, as well as for students and lovers of Shakespeare. It contains a special quotation from the poet for every day in the year, and appropriate selections for the months. Compiled by Andrea Jonsson and Louella C. Poole, with twelve new and original drawings by Fannie S. Montague, embellishments, initial letters, etc., copied from the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays (1623), and a new cover design of the Elizabethan period. It is convenient in arrangement, securely sewed, and tied with red silk cord; 14 pp., 10 by 12 inches; boxed. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 85 cents. Boston, 457 Shawmut Ave.: L. C. Poole & Co.

"The Book of the Elect" is a manual of the Christian life by Rev. C. B. Thibault. In the first part the author discusses the Christian as he ought to be, by considering the fundamental virtues of the Christian life, while in the second part he treats of the means to be employed in reaching the Christian ideal by a treatise on the practices of a Christian. The brief treatment which the author gives his subject is well done, and his little manual should prove a valuable aid to all who will read its admirable teaching. It may also be used as a prayer-book.
Syracuse, N. Y.

"Poetry of the Seasons," by Mary I. Lovejoy, is a choice collection of three hundred poems on nature, chosen from the best American and English poets. This little book is well calculated to perform the double service of stimulating a love for nature in her many forms, and of acquainting its readers with the best type of pastoral and lyric poetry. Silver, Burdett & Company, Boston. Price 60 cents.

The Bard of Thomond, Michael Hogan, has ready for the press a second volume of "Lays and Legends of Thomond." Some years ago the first volume was brought out by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin. It was received with much enthusiasm, the press unanimously applauding the work of the Irish poet. Lady Wilde (Speranza) wrote to the bard: "I have received the second part of your very excellent poems, and am truly delighted with them." Though advancing in years and struggling against failing sight, Mr. Hogan has lost none of the ardor and patriotism marking his earlier work. Despite the pecuniary losses and difficulties that fall to the lot of the unworldly litterateur, the Bard of Thomond has persevered in his efforts in the interests of Irish literature, and hopes to complete arrangements with an American publisher to bring out the second volume.

QUESTION BOX.

Catholic writes: On what condition can a Catholic be received back into the Church, who has been married by the priest, granted a divorce by the court, and then marries a Protestant by a Protestant minister?

This kind of question scarcely comes under the scope of the "Question Box." General replies are unsatisfactory. They may miss the special difficulty of a case. Investigation into details on the part of ecclesiastical authority, who should be afforded the full knowledge of the parties concerned, and of events connected with the marriages, are essential to an understanding of the case. The Church has made provisions as to the manner in which these cases shall be treated, and the party desiring to return to the Church should seek his pastor or confessor, and learn thereby what is needed in his individual difficulties. To add one word: there is every strong presumption that the first marriage, that before the priest, is valid and binds both parties. The divorce is of no consequence, is unable to free "whom God has joined together." Positive proofs, established before ecclesiastical authority, and accepted by the same, and not the mere statements of interested parties, can alone have force against the validity of the marriage. The Bishop of the diocese is the judge as to the value of statements or of proferred proofs.

Now to answer for an ordinary case of this kind, which certainly is most rare: The Catholic party knows his first marriage and that only, is the real marriage. He knows he is living in sin with his present partner. His first duty is to leave her, to give up his occasion of sin, and then his pastor or his confessor will secure from the bishop the faculties to absolve him from the excommunication he has incurred in standing before the minister of heresy in an attempt at marriage. Would that people were obedient to the laws of the Church, and then the children would not so sadly grieve the heart of their Mother by such deplorable conduct!

C. writes: Would you inform me why the Catholic Church forbids marriage with one's sister-in-law or brother-in-law, when the wife or husband is dead? Is it against the law in England to so marry? Does the Bible say anything on this matter?

Because as by being the children of the same parents, we are relatives by blood one to another, the members of one family, so, too, by reason of marriage, whereby two parties are made one, there arises a relationship with the near relatives, so that in a certain sense the married parties and their near relatives form one family. The bond of relationship by blood is called consanguinity, that by marriage, affinity. The sister of a wife, or the brother of a husband, should be in no way considered as eligible to marriage in the event of death coming to either of the parties married. Our natural feelings, our sense of uprightness, our conception of morality, look upon the very idea of a man marrying the sister of his deceased wife, or a woman the brother of her deceased husband, as most revolting. Practically speaking, the idea of such marriage should be impossible.

Such marriage is forbidden by the laws of England. Many efforts have been made to change the law, but, fortunately, so far without avail.

Such union was prohibited by the law of Moses, and St. Paul, while not dealing with the case in point, had occasion to rebuke with most scathing denunciation the sin of two who were relatives by marriage.

Nicholas writes: Why is St. Nicholas considered as a patron of children, and who is he?

St. Nicholas was a man of extraordinary sanctity, as is indicated by the great esteem in which he has been held by both the Latin and Greek churches. As early as the year 430, the Emperor Justinian built a church to the honor of this Saint in Constantinople. Nicholas was born at Patara, in Lycia, which was a large, ancient province of Asia. He became Archbishop of Myra in Lycia, and died in the year 342. Nicholas, like all the Saints, was eminent in different virtues, but he is especially renowned for his great charity towards the poor. The Russians hold him in the highest esteem. His relics were brought to Bari, a seaport in the kingdom of Naples, Italy, on the 9th of May, 1087.

St. Nicholas has been venerated as a

patron of childhood, as he was from infancy a model of innocence and virtue, and gave his care and attention during life to the training of children in the ways of God. Through life, he himself appeared as one adorned with all the sweetness and innocence and uprightness of childhood. In many of the English schools, as at Eton, the custom was to honor St. Nicholas with great solemnity.

A Reader sends us the following from "The Churchman" of June 4, 1898, and asks for a short explanation of the Catholic doctrine on the subject.

"We are pained to find in a Roman Catholic contemporary arguments for devotion to 'The Sacred Heart,' in which words attributed to our Lord and addressed in ecstatic vision to one of its votaries are given the kind of authority that the Gospels alone can have. To what devotion shall we have recourse but to that which He Himself revealed as the special means of obtaining it? This is the devotion to His Sacred Heart. 'Our most loving Lord,' says B. Margaret Mary, 'disclosed to me how eagerly He desired to be loved by men. . . . He affirmed, moreover, that the devotion to His Sacred Heart is one of the last effects and efforts of His love. He said that Christians who live in this latter age of the world have in this devotion a source of wealth and beauty, since it gives them a most suitable object and instrument to develop in their lives a deep, solid love for Him.'" Is not this devotion one of those that Cardinal Newman said were to him "like a bad dream?"

"The Churchman" need not have been pained, if he had read carefully the words he quoted from Blessed Margaret Mary. Nor would he have imagined the devotion to the Sacred Heart to be "like a bad dream," if he understood its nature. But non-Catholics are to a very great extent loathe to learn the truth concerning Catholic doctrines and devotions. They construct their man of straw, lo, and behold, they cry out, how easily we demolish him. Certainly, there is nothing in that to surprise us. But this is the surprise, that they offer their fiction, their "bad dream," and say such is the teaching of the Catholic Church. Like Protestantism, the old Church, the Church of all the ages, would long since have run her course, and would exist only in myriad, irresponsible sects, if she could ever have been so guilty as to have promulgated for truth the vain imaginings so complacently attributed to her by such as "The Churchman."

No. Mr. Churchman, the Church does not give to any "votary" authority such as belongs to the Gospel. When you go down on your knees to read the Holy Gospel, as the Catholic Church teaches her young men to do in the seminaries where she trains them for her priesthood, when you require the members of your congregations to stand in profession of belief in the Sacred Word of the Evangelists, as she does when her people assemble for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, or listen to the preacher who reads a passage from one of the Evangelists, when you sign yourself with the sign of the Cross, the sign of the Redeemer, on the forehead to proclaim that with your mind you believe the Gospels, on the lips that you will boldly profess their teachings before men, and on your breast, that in your heart, you will cherish and obey their lessons, when like the priest at the altar, you kiss with reverence the words of the Gospel you have just finished reading, you will be a Catholic, and then for the first time in your life you will know the spirit of respect, of awe, of love the Catholic Church shows, as she has ever shown, to the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. And if ever the great happiness should come to you from God, the Giver of all good things, to enter the Catholic fold, you would know that there is a world of difference between the authority of Divine Revelation, as we recognize it in the Holy Books, and the authority or weight accorded to the statements made by private individuals concerning revelations which they assert have been made to them by God. And if in your investigation of truth, you were to use one-thousandth part of the diligence and the research used by the Church in testing these private revelations, you would long since have seen your way out of the darkness of prejudice wherein you have entrenched yourself, and, ashamed and abashed in the light of Catholic truth, you would ask forgiveness for your willful misconception of Catholic teachings and practices and devotions.

This may suffice for a little reflection. In our next issue, we shall return to the question specifically.

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THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT WASHINGTON.

BY VIRGINIA TATNALL PEACOCK.

Six years after the United States had declared its independence Holland deemed it worth its while to establish diplomatic relations with the infant republic. Accordingly, one Pieter Johan Van Berkel was dispatched to our shores to be the official representative, at our seat of government, of the little kingdom of which we are wont nowadays to speak with such patronizing affection. Spain followed this lead, and in 1800 when the Federal Capital was removed to Washington five of the European nations had opened legations among us.

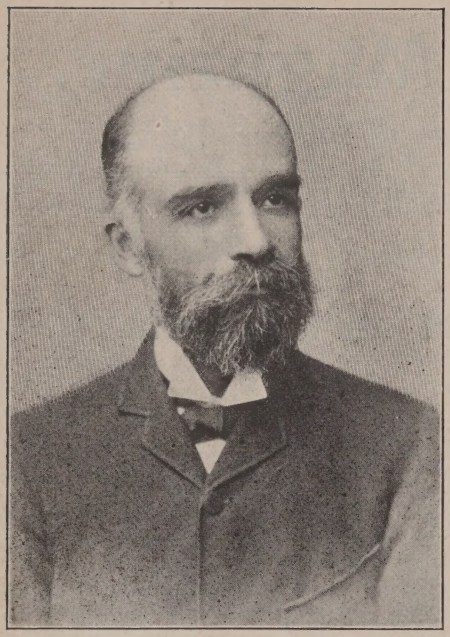
The last year of the century finds accredited to the United States Government the representatives of thirty-one of the Powers that make up the great family of Nations.

In 1893 Great Britain, Italy, Germany and France raised the rank of their missions here to embassies. In 1898, Russia and Mexico followed in their footsteps, so that the Diplomatic Corps now comprises six ambassadors and twenty-five envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary, with numerous secretaries, under secretaries and attachés forming a conspicuous element in the scenic effect of Washington life, official and social.

With its aroma of old world antiquity, its titles, its decorations and the international repute of some of its members, the Diplomatic Corps stands forth in brilliant relief against the sombre background of our democratic institutions, and evokes at all times an interest commensurate with its unique character. "We have no rank in America but rank mutton" was the caustic retort with which the daughter of Benjamin Franklin, America's first diplomat, sought to extinguish the aristocratic pretentions of some of her contemporaries.

The days of Mistress Deborah Bache antedated those of the extensive foreign intercourse which brings to our shores these eminent symbols of peace on earth and good-will among men, and though the rank that pertains thereto is exotic its density has been sufficient to displace much of our primal simplicity. Notwithstanding, however, those "glittering generalities" about all men being born free and equal which Tom Paine helped his friend Tom Jefferson evolve and formulate, and which the Continental Congress swallowed whole, leaving the detection of their fallacies to a later generation, we were never in the state of social chaos that they imply.

Their natural dignity was sufficient to preserve the official caste of our



SENOR DON MATIAS ROMERO.

first President and his associates, since when we have gradually formulated an etiquette that guards against the eccentricities of a Jeffersonian simplicity or a Jacksonian democracy. "Order is Heaven's first law; this confessed some are and must be greater than the rest."

"The paltry passion for precedence" was John Adams' designation of the efforts that were on foot in his day to establish an official code of etiquette and which involved cabinet meetings as well as curtain lectures, the women having it much at heart.

As late as the coming into power of the present administration a question arose between the vice-President and the foreign ambassadors as to which should honor the other with a first call, the ambassadors contending that as the representatives of the various Powers which placed them here they were entitled to that distinction. Lord Salisbury, however, cut the gordian knot by directing Sir Julian Pauncefote, Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, to call upon vice-President Hobart, who, as the possible successor to the presidency for a given term of years, holds the relative position of heir-apparent.

An act of Congress, passed during the first Cleveland administration, after the death of vice-President Hendricks, insuring the continuance in power of a party during the period for which it was elected by establishing an order of succession among the cabinet ministers, solved several social as well as an important political problem.

Within the Diplomatic Corps from the moment a new member arrives until he departs, and in fact during all the days of his career in the diplomatic service of his country, his conduct towards the Government to which he is accredited and towards his brother diplomats is regulated by a most rigid etiquette. Upon the ar-

MADAME ROMERO.

rival of a new ambassador or minister in Washington he calls upon the Secretary of State and arranges for his presentation to the President which takes place usually on the following day. Attired in full court dress and frequently accompanied by the members of his legation he calls for the Secretary of State at the designated hour and they go together to the White House where they are received by the President, in the Blue room.

DRAWING ROOM OF THE AUSTRIAN LEGATION.
Showing life-size busts in bronze of the Emperor and late Empress.

BARONESS HENGELMULLER.
Wife of Austrian Minister.

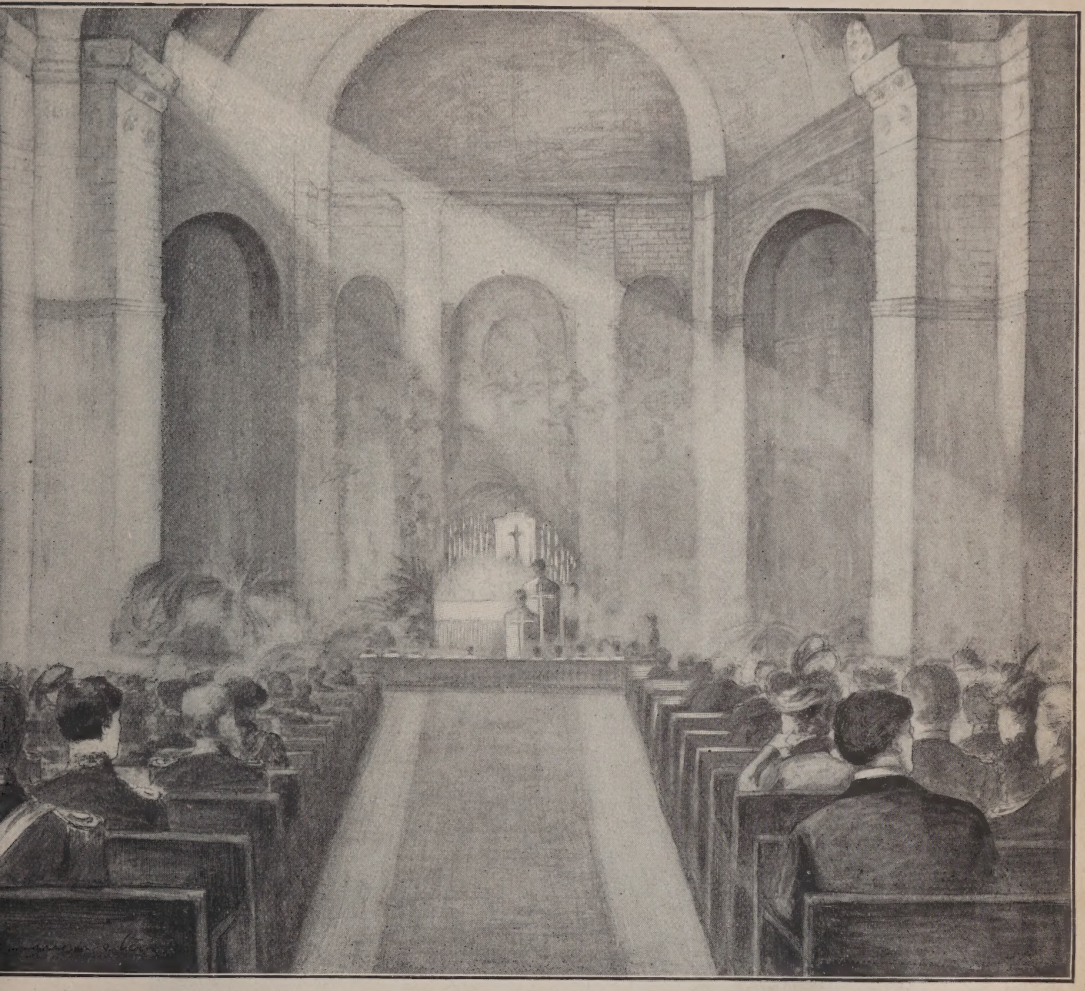
The new-comer presents his credentials and in a short and formal address the good wishes of his Government, to which the President replies by expressing the pleasure it gives him to welcome the representative of a friendly Power and his appreciation of the good wishes.

Thus, when that most courtly gentleman, Señor Luis Polo y Bernabe, Spain's last minister to the United States, was presented to President McKinley, though he requested his passports in less than two months thereafter, he said in the course of his

address of presentation: "The principal object of my honorable mission is to endeavor so far as possible to maintain and draw closer between our two countries the most friendly relations. In order to attain this end so much in harmony with our own personal feelings, I am ready to omit no effort whatsoever on my part, and I doubt not I shall succeed, if, as I hope, I shall be fortunate in gaining the benevolence of your excellency and your effective co-operation."

BARON FRANK RIEDL VON RIEDLMAN, CHARGÉ D' AFFAIRES OF AUSTRIA.

To this the President responded: "I assure you that my own efforts and those of this Government will no less earnestly be directed towards the same high end. I offer you my per-



MASS IN ST. MATTHEW'S FOR THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

sonal good wishes, and I would have you convey to her Majesty, the Queen Regent, my sincere appreciation of her Majesty's friendly greeting and my own desires that happiness may be her portion, and that Spain and the Spanish people may enjoy the blessings of peace and prosperity."

The too well-known outcome is a sad commentary on the efficiency of diplomacy.

If the new-comer is an ambassador he announces an hour when he will be pleased to receive the Diplomatic Corps, at his embassy; if, however, he is an envoy extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary he ascertains at what hour he may call upon the ambassadors.

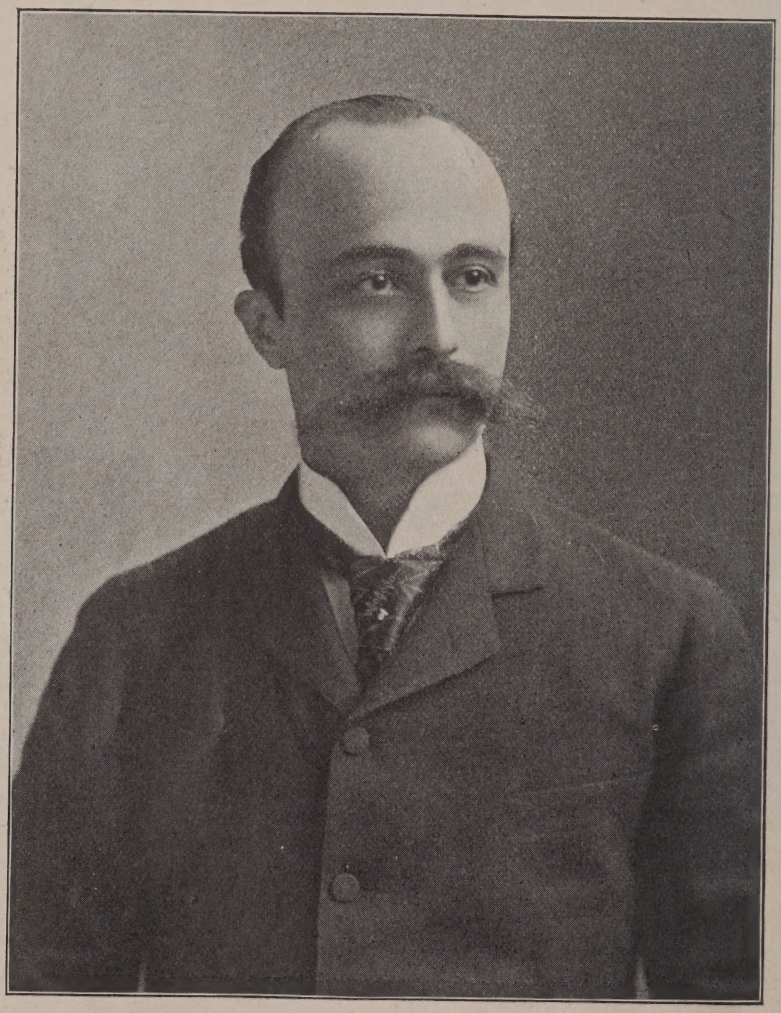
At the White House reception on New Year's day the Diplomatic Corps is received first, each ambassador or minister presenting the greetings and good wishes of the Power he represents to the Chief Executive of the United States Government.

After the reception it is customary for the Secretary of State to entertain

the Corps at breakfast, so that on New Year's day they go directly from the home of the President to that of his Prime Minister.

in general society, where some of them attain an enviable degree of popularity.

The present Chinese Minister and



SENOR DON JULIO RENGIFO, CHARGE' D' AFFAIRES OF COLOMBIA.

The first dinner and the first reception following that of New Year's day, given at the White House, are for the Diplomatic Corps. This is about the extent of the official entertaining done each season in honor of the Corps collectively. Various individuals thereof are much sought after

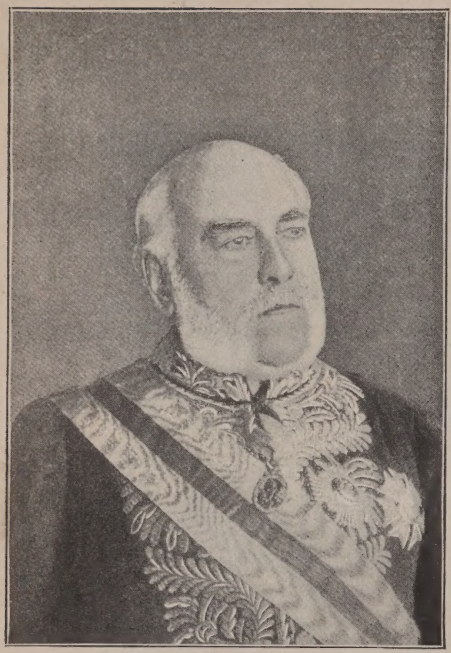
Madame Wu are among this number. They have been here about a year and a half and manifest a remarkable degree of adaptability, considering the conservatism that is one of their racial traits. The minister was educated in England and speaks the language with rare perfection. He is a

graceful talker and his conversation sparkles with a ready wit. He was a guest at the annual banquet of the Gridiron Club in Washington last winter and his speech was among the happiest of the post prandial efforts that marked the occasion.

He is an accomplished statesman, which implies a thorough knowledge not only of the affairs of his own country, but of Europe and America as well. His clever tilt with Dr. Mary Walker that went the rounds last year illustrates his tendency to know the wherefore of anything that strikes him as unusual.

When Dr. Mary Walker was presented to him he proceeded with

SENORA DE RENGIFO.
Wife of the Chargé d' Affaires of Colombia.



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

startling directness to ask her why she wore trousers. Dr. Mary replied in kind, by asking him why he wore skirts.

"Because it is the custom of my country for men to wear skirts," was Wu Ting-fang's genial reply.

"And I desire to make it the custom of mine for women to wear trousers," said Dr. Mary Walker.

The Chinese and Corean legations both retain the Oriental dress, the Japanese also assuming it on formal occasions, which renders them picturesquely conspicuous in all gatherings.

Of the thirty-one embassies and legations now at Washington, nineteen are Catholic, the representatives of Catholic rulers and Catholic countries. This includes three of the embassies, Italy, France and Mexico, all the representatives of the South and Central American Republics, also of Austria, Portugal, Belgium and Hayti.

A few years ago Germany was also represented by a member of the Catholic church, Baron von Saurma, who was likewise the first ambassador of that country to the United States. He was a widower with one young daughter, who studied in the Corcoran School of Art the first few years she was here and was presented to society the last winter of her stay in Washington, filling the role of hostess with much grace at a number of elaborate functions, among them a ball given in honor of the Emperor's birthday.

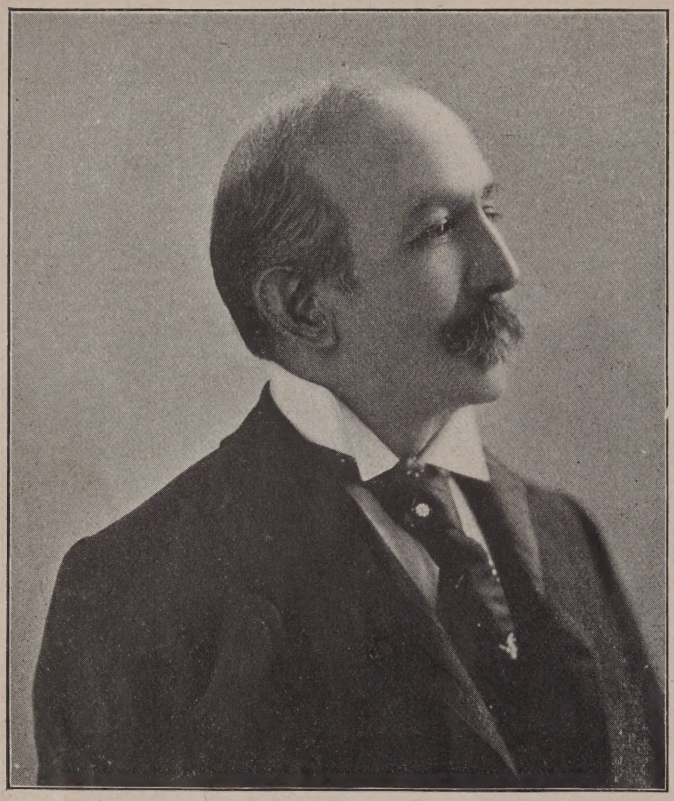
LADY PAUNCEFOTE.

It would be difficult to write anything new of Mr. Jules Cambon, the present ambassador of France. When the Spanish Minister withdrew from the United States at the outbreak of hostilities, last spring, he left the interests and affairs of Spain in the hands of the French ambassador and of the Austrian minister. Circumstances combined to bring Mr. Cambon so prominently before the public that when he had been only eight

SENOR GODOY.
First Secretary of the Mexican Embassy, with his Wife and Children.

months in the United States his name was better known throughout the country than that of any other foreign ambassador or minister at Washington. It was not foreseen that the somewhat benevolent-looking little Frenchman, who arrived here on a mild day last winter and began his diplomatic career in America by admiring everything from the weather down, was so soon to be the channel through which the peace propositions of her Majesty, the Queen of Spain, would be transmitted to this government.

He came to the United States from



SENOR DON JOSE ANDRADE, MINISTER FROM VENEZUELA.

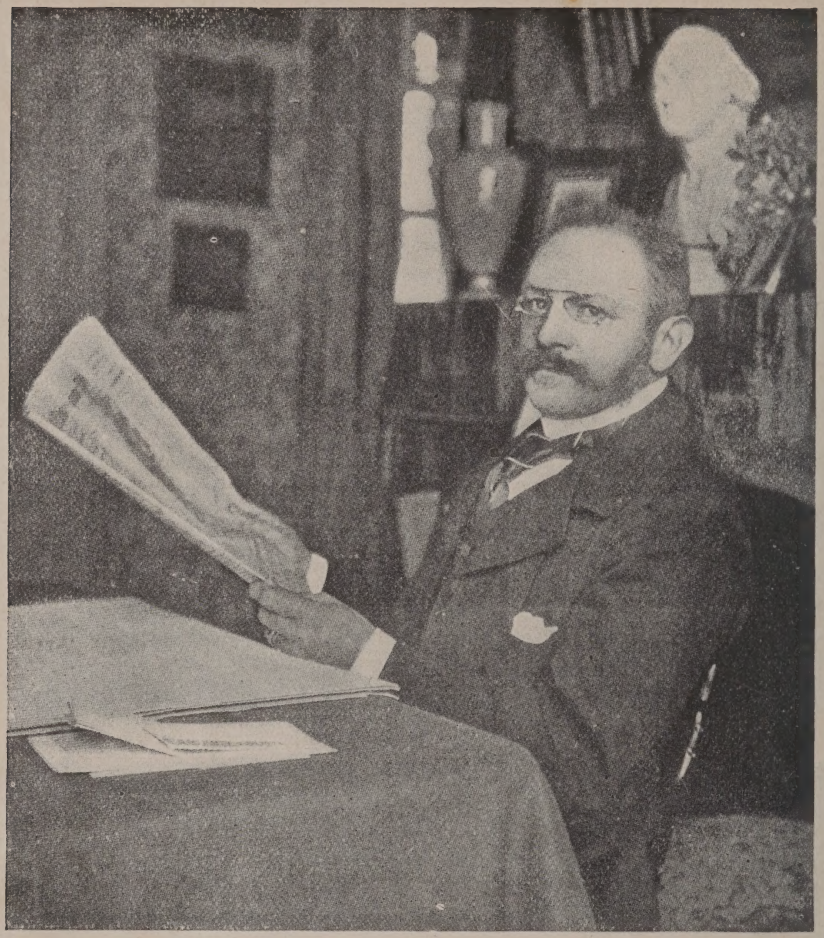
Algeria, where he had held the office of Governor General, one of much importance under the French government. The embassy here contains many evidences of his long residence in that colony, the most striking among them being a full length oil portrait of Cardinal Lavigerie. It hangs over the mantel in the ambassador's study, where during the past summer so many of Spain's sad problems were gone over and judiciously shaped up for presentation to the American Powers that be. The study looks upon a balcony and upon an old-fashioned garden, one of the largest in that part of the city, both of which were sources of much comfort to the ambassador, whose friendly offices kept him in town during the dog days. The house, built early in the century, has many historical associations. It was the home of the late Admiral Porter, from whose estate the French government leases it. For a number of years it was the legation of Great Britain before that government invested in the property on Connecticut Avenue, over which its flag floats at present.

While the greater number of ambassadors and ministers lease the properties they occupy here as residences and offices, there are several foreign governments who own valuable properties at our seat of government. According to laws of international courtesy, such properties are exempt from taxation. Any property, however, over which the flag of a friendly government is raised as the residence of its representative, is regarded as its territory and is subject only to its jurisdiction.

The Italian Ambassador to the United States, Baron de Fava, spends much of his time in Italy, where he recently received the additional honor of being appointed senator. He was for a number of years Dean of the Diplomatic Corps here, but at the time of the elevation of several of the missions to embassies, Sir Julian Pauncefote, receiving the official notification of his promotion first, became Dean. It is probable that Sir Julian will be retired next year, hav-

Senor Don J. F. de Assis Brasil.
Minister from Brazil.

Senora de Assis Brasil.
Wife of the Minister from Brazil.



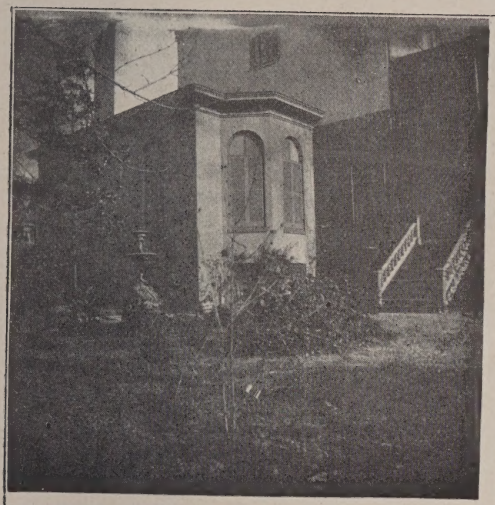
M. Jules Cambon, French Ambassador.

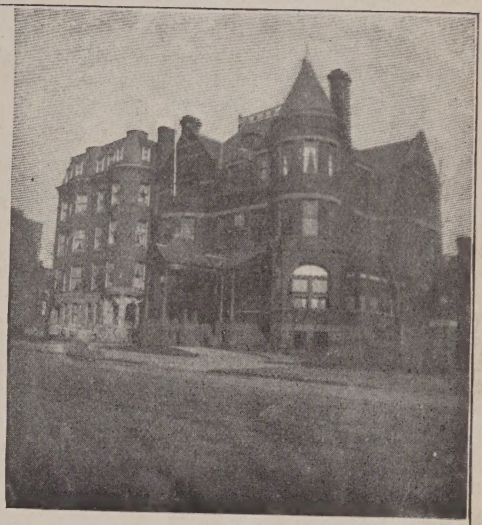
ing already reached the age limit of service, in which event Baron de Fava will succeed him as Dean. Our diplomatic relations with Italy are of long standing and have been interrupted but once, at the time of the New Orleans difficulty, when Baron de Fava requested his passports and left the country. James G. Blaine, our Secretary of State at the time, deftly steered us into placid waters again, avoiding the hostilities which for the moment seemed imminent.

The only son of Baron and Baroness de Fava became a citizen of the United States, studying architecture and opening an office in Washington, where he died three years ago.

In the frequent absences of the ambassador, the affairs of Italy are left in the hands of Count Vinci, who is first secretary of the embassy.

Last June Russia raised the rank of her mission at Washington to an embassy, and as the year drew to its close Mexico similarly honored us, Senor Don Matias Romero, who had been longer at Washington than any man in the Corps, returning there on the fourth of December with "his blushing honors thick upon him." Before the day fixed for his formal





Garden and Porch of French Embassy.

Austrian Legation.

Home of Senor Jose Godoy.
(First Secretary of Mexican Legation.)

Late Spanish Legation.

RECEPTION OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS AT THE WHITE HOUSE. (BLUE ROOM.)

Drawing Room of the Venezuelan Legation.

Dining Room of the Venezuelan Legation.

reception as an ambassador by the President, death had robbed Mexico of an able diplomat and the United States of a friend whose services can never be lightly estimated. As he attained the zenith of a brilliant career his spirit drooped beneath the burden of an overwhelming loss, and it was only because President Diaz de-

a Catholic at the time of her marriage, but came into the Church shortly afterwards as the result of a promise she had made during a serious illness of her husband.

In 1882, after some years spent in the service of his country as her Minister of Finance, and others in agricultural pursuits, Senor Romero

SENOR DON JOAQUIN BERNADO CALVO.
Minister Resident of Costa Rica.

SENORA DONA MARIA DE CALVO.
Wife of the Minister from Costa Rica.

sired to honor him with Mexico's first ambassadorship that he was induced to take up again the thread of his official life and return to Washington.

In 1868 Senor Romero married Miss Lucretia Allen of Philadelphia. She had been educated at the Sacred Heart Convent at Manhattanville and was but seventeen years of age when she went to Mexico as the bride of a man who had already achieved a name for himself in the field of statesmanship. She was not

came again to Washington as Mexico's envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. From then till her death, which occurred at Atlantic City, on the 29th of July last, Madame Romero was the centre of a brilliant social life and a potent factor in strengthening the bonds of friendship between the land of her birth and that of her adoption. No woman in the Diplomatic Corps today is better known or more beloved than was Madame Romero. The announcement that her funeral would take

place in Washington brought many people back to the city, though in the midst of an unusually torrid summer.

The Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Matthew's Church on the first of August, the interment taking place some weeks later in the Dolores cemetery in the City of Mexico. With a sweet and almost childlike simplicity of character Madame Romero mingled a gentle dignity that made her a model hostess as she was also an ideal friend, divining with infinite tact that which made the happiness of all with whom she came in contact. Her charity was practically unlimited and she was at all times as accessible to the poor and those in distress as to any friend or acquaintance on her long visiting list.

The legation, now the embassy, built under Senor Romero, has been the frequent scene of a lavish hospitality, the dinners given by Senor and Madame Romero being among the most elegant and their receptions the most popular that Washington has ever known.

BARONESS CARMEN, DAUGHTER OF BARON VON SAURMA.

The drawing room and ball room whence issued less than a year ago so much of human sunshine are now heavily draped in mourning; and here on the first day of the new year gathered many of the friends who had mourned for Madame Romero,

to pay the last sad homage to the memory of the dead ambassador.

The embassy is at present presided over by Senor Don Jose Godoy, the first secretary. Both Senor Godoy and his wife, who is an unusually handsome woman of the Spanish type, were educated in San Francisco, California, where the former also studied law and was admitted to the bar. He is a student, a writer, and a man of much executive ability who possesses, moreover, the social graces that are so essential to the success of a diplomatic career. Madame Godoy finished her education in a convent in Paris and is an accomplished linguist, as are many women of the Diplomatic Corps. They have an interesting family of children who are being carefully and piously brought up.

The situation in Mexico with regard to the religious views of many of her public men just now is similar to that of the Frenchman, who having been a Catholic and having lost his faith was asked to what Protestant church he belonged. He replied hotly that if he had lost his faith at least he had not lost his intellect.

Señorita Elisa Andrade.

While the religious and political reconstruction of Mexico has put many of her leading men at odds with the Church in one sense, they make it emphatically understood that they entertain no idea of adopting any other belief than that taught in the Catholic Church.

The Mexican is a busy embassy. With the two thousand miles of bor-

der land between the two countries there is constantly arising some question of boundary which is, however, always amicably adjusted.

Rengifo discharge his duties that Senor Hurtado, the Minister, rarely visits his Washington post.

Senor Rengifo, who has been in

Mr. J. N. Leger. Minister from Hayti.

A legation whose affairs are continually in charge of its first secretary, is that of the South American Republic of Colombia. So ably and satisfactorily does Senor Don Julio

absolute charge of the legation for eight years, belongs also to the military service of his country, in which he holds the rank of general. He was married a few years ago to Miss

Regina Barbour of Washington, who is one of the most charming young matrons of the Diplomatic Corps. She was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent in Paris and shortly after was presented to society here, where she met Senor Rengifo. They were married in St. Matthew's Church, theirs being one of the first weddings celebrated in the new and yet unfinished church, the old St. Matthew's, over whose threshold so many generations of sorrowing and happy hearts have passed, standing grim and deserted in a thickly populated portion of the city.

Madame Rengifo, with many social duties, yet finds time for much charitable work, the Little Sisters of the Poor being in an especial way an object of her benevolence. She belongs also to an association connected with St. Patrick's Church, known as the Ladies of Charity, whose mission is to visit and clothe the poor.

Another good friend of the Little Sisters of the Poor is the wife of the Portuguese Minister, the Viscountess de Santo Thyrso. Little Maria Sophia de Santo Thyrso, who was born in Washington, and baptized by his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in St. Matthew's Church a year and a half ago, wears about her neck a gold medal, the gift of the Little Sisters at the time of her baptism. Cardinal Gibbons and Miss Alice Riggs of Washington are the God-parents of this little American-born foreigner.

Viscount Santa Thyrso is accredited to the United States and Mexico, which latter post he visited last year. He has been twice stationed at Rome, the first assignment of his diplomatic career being near the Holy See, and returning a second time accredited to the court of King Humbert. There are occasional rumors on both sides of the water that both Portugal and Austria are about to raise their missions in America to embassies, in which event our missions to these countries will be similarly elevated, it having been decreed by act of Congress that when any government raises the rank of its mission to the United States the United States may follow in its steps and reciprocate the courtesy.

Twice in the last three months has the Austrian legation called the Diplomatic Corps formally together; first to mourn with it at the solemn Requiem Mass offered in St. Matthew's Church on the 17th of September for their late empress, and a second time on Friday, the 2nd day of December, when a Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in the same church in honor of the Emperor's Jubilee. On the 17th of September Cardinal Gibbons was the celebrant of the Mass and referred at its conclusion in a few brief words to the gloom which so awful a crime as the assassination of the Empress, a beloved sovereign who went among her people fearing no harm, diffused over the entire world. President McKinley and several members of his cabinet were present at the Mass, as were also the entire Diplomatic Corps in full court dress, the Austrian Minister, Baron Hengelmuller, wearing a black uniform. The gathering on the 2nd of December was similar, though the occasion was one of happier memory. It was a solemn high Mass, the Papal delegate, Monseigneur Martinelli, being present in the sanctuary. The representatives of all the Nations assembled on the left side of the church while the President and Secretary of State alone occupied a pew on the right side, very simple and unassuming in their appearance in view of the gold lace and orders that set off the opposite side of the aisle. The only glitter that emanated from America on this occasion was in the uniforms of the two army

officers who represented the military service of the country.

Baron Hengelmuller having gone to Vienna for the winter, Baron Reidl, who is chargé d'affairés of the legation, greeted the President on his arrival and escorted him to his carriage after the Mass.

Baroness Hengelmuller, the wife of the Austrian minister, enjoys the reputation of being the handsomest woman in the Diplomatic Corps. She is a Russian by birth and was the widow of a Russian count when she married Baron Hengelmuller. She has that personal magnetism, which with her beauty and mental endowments, makes her a social queen.

In the tableaux vivants given in Washington last spring, for the soldiers,—for so bent on war was the public mind that the Washington society women were raising money to succor the sick and wounded soldiers even before war was declared,—Madame Hengelmuller posed with exquisite effect in "The Falcon."

The Minister from Belgium and Countess Lichtervelde had the honor last spring of entertaining their future sovereign, Prince Albert Victor, the nephew and heir of King Leopold, who in the course of his tour through the United States spent several days in Washington. He edified the pious Washingtonians by going to the children's Mass at nine o'clock the only Sunday he was in the city, though he had been up till the wee small hours of the night before enjoying the hospitality which the American people so prodigally bestowed on the distinguished stranger within their gates.

Costa Rica, which like Belgium is one of the small legations, has also recently had the honor of welcoming the head of its nation, President Iglesias, who came in November and spent a few days in Washington as the guest of the American government. Senor Calvo, the Costa Rican minister, the son of a statesman, is himself a man of marked ability. Still young, he has been ten years in diplomatic service, coming here first as secretary of legation in 1889, as delegate to the Pan-American Congress in 1890 and as secretary and chargé d'affairés in 1895 and being named Minister in 1896, which position he now holds, the rank of his mission having been raised since the visit of President Iglesias from minister resident to that of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary.

Both Minister Calvo and his wife were educated in San Jose. They have six children who, though they are going to the public schools here, are being carefully instructed in their faith at home. In Costa Rica, where the public schools are of a high degree of excellence, religious instruction is given to those pupils who desire it. The Church there is under the protection of the government, which annually appropriates a sum of money for its benefit.

Many Costa Rican families send their children to the United States to be educated, placing them in the various convents and Catholic colleges of the country. A young brother of President Iglesias is now a student at Georgetown College.

The new Chilian Minister, Senor Don Carlos Morla Vicuna, has also a young son at Georgetown, the minister himself having been educated in the Jesuits' College in Chili. He is a man of distinguished appearance and courtly bearing, who with his beautiful and accomplished wife, is destined to be one of the social luminaries of the Diplomatic Corps. He was minister of foreign affairs in his own country before coming here.

Brazil has in the person of Mr. J. F. de Assis Brasil also sent us a new

minister to replace the scholarly Mendonca, who has gone to Lisbon.

Mr. Brasil is a lawyer by profession and had already represented his country at Pekin, Lisbon and Buenos Ayres, before being accredited to the United States. He was a widower with two little daughters when he married for the second time a year ago. Madame Brasil, who was educated in England, having finished her studies only a short time before her marriage, is very young and pretty.

The little Island Republic of Hayti is represented by a very able diplomat, Mr. J. N. Leger, a lawyer, a political writer, and a linguist. Mr. Leger and his wife were both educated in Paris, where the minister was also later secretary of the Haytian legation. He has a fine library especially rich in standard French literature. Madame Leger is a grand-daughter of M. Geffrard, who was for eight years President of Hayti. The Legers have two sons, who are being educated at St. John's, the Christian Brothers' college in Washington.

One of the best known and most interesting legations here is that of Venezuela. The present minister, Senor Don Jose Andrade, has represented his government at Washington for five years, during which time circumstances (the boundary question notably) have drawn the two governments into close relations. Senor Andrade is a widower who came here with two daughters, one of whom has since married and returned to South America.

Senorita Elisa Andrade is the mistress of her father's house, a good housekeeper and a gracious little hostess, fond of books and study, with a penchant for languages, of which she already speaks five.

The brother of Senor Andrade was recently elected to the Presidency of Venezuela, the minister and Miss Andrade going home the last of the year to see him installed in his new office.

The legation of Ecuador, which divides its time between New York and Washington; of Peru, which recently reopened diplomatic relations with us; of the Argentine Republic, of the Greater Republic of Central America, of Bolivia, of the Dominican Republic and of Guatamala are all Catholic.

The Guatamalan legation suffered a severe loss a little more than a year ago in the death of Madame Lazo Arriaga, wife of the minister, an ideal woman, wife and mother.

DREAMS.

BY JOHN E. DONLEV.

Outcasts from Reality,
Can ye no longer pity find
Than Sleep's, that faithless sentinel
Who guards the portals of the mind?

A QUAKER GHOST.

BY EDITH MARTIN SMITH.

Paradoxical as it may sound, this is a true ghost story. One always considers a ghost story as the result of nervous superstition or vivid imagination on the part of the witnesses, unless indeed it is a preconceived plan to play upon the credulity of an ignorant public and undervalue good property so as to get it at a reduced rent. But this story has been vouched for by so many reliable and disinterested persons, that it is at least worthy of consideration. Who knows but that an all-wise Providence may occasionally permit a soul to revisit the scenes of its earthly pilgrimage, for reasons that we, with our finite intelligence, cannot see, or seeing, cannot understand. There is no psychological explanation to be given for "speerits," as the darkies of the South call them; we must either dismiss the subject with scorn or accept it on faith. But to come to my story.

Some twelve years ago I was visiting friends, whom I shall call Henry, in the Eastern part of Washington, D. C. One evening in the early fall when it was just cool enough to make an open fire agreeable, a jolly lot of us were seated around a glowing grate. From a merciless chaffing of Mr. Ogden, a life-long friend of Charlie Henry, upon what we all considered his nonsensical views, the conversation passed to the supernatural, and I as a stranger, was regaled with an account of what had long been the "stock" ghost story of East Washington.

A large old-fashioned house on New Jersey Avenue (I don't believe ghosts ever condescend to visit anything but stately abodes) had borne the reputation of being haunted ever since my friends had moved into the neighborhood, which was shortly after the war. The house was more spacious than beautiful, but had been built with an eye for comfort as its large rooms and wide verandas testified. On certain nights of the year, and always as eleven o'clock was striking, a carriage was heard to clatter up to the door, and a little Quaker lady would enter the wide hall, quickly ascend the stairway, and then immediately disappear. No one present seemed to know whether or not any especial dates were chosen, but all agreed that the apparition did not confine herself to an annual visitation. After an interval of twenty or thirty minutes, the carriage could be heard driving slowly away.

She was an old-fashioned Quakeress dressed in the conventional garb of gray silk, with the poke-bonnet and dainty, white kerchief; those who had seen her, and many claim that honor, say she had a refined but determined face, and that her eyes met yours frankly from the depths of her little gray bonnet. Surely she was a most respectable and well-behaved ghost, and one that could scarcely cast discredit upon any house, but the fact remained that tenants rarely ever renewed their lease, and of late years, the place had been altogether unoccupied.

"And do you all believe such nonsense?" I exclaimed with all the incredulity of my eighteen years' experience in a very prosaic world. "Why, I would have investigated the matter

long ago, if I had had your opportunities, even if it became necessary to rent the house for that purpose."

"Well, what do you say to making an investigation now," said Charlie, "I think French has the renting of the property so I can easily gain admission into its haunted precincts, provided you will accompany me. I am too much of a coward, as well as too shy, to risk meeting the lady alone."

As Charlie had the bravery, as well as the strength of a lion, we knew his plea of cowardice was purely hypothetical.

"I would not be afraid to go," I replied grandiloquently, "but I do not think it would be proper."

"Why can't we make up a party," suggested Etta Henry, "then if we did see anything it would not be so creepy."

"Ghosts don't like parties," remarked Charlie shortly.

"Nor do they like being made the objects of idle curiosity and jocularity," spoke up Mr. Ogden. "You need not expect to be favored with any manifestations if you are going to turn them into ridicule."

"But, Mr. Ogden," I remonstrated, "one can be actuated by laudable, as well as idle curiosity—I would not go in a spirit of mockery, but with a desire to see if there is any foundation in the reports, and if I did see, to be convinced."

"And you, Bob, will have to go along too," said Charlie, now fully alive to the interest of the experiment. "You are such a believer in spirits that the old lady ought to materialize if only to recognize and welcome you."

It was settled forthwith that we should go as soon as the agent could be found and permission obtained. Etta, Mr. Ogden, Charlie and myself were to compose the party with Mrs. Henry as chaperon. It was not without difficulty that we persuaded her to consent to the scheme for she was an Irish lady and had a goodly share of superstition.

The next night, October 30th, we prepared for our experiment; I intended going home in a couple of days, so would brook no delay. We did not mention our project to the other members of the family, fearing lest the children might want to accompany us, or that Mr. Henry would put his foot down upon the whole scheme as childish nonsense. It was a cold, bleak night: a drizzling rain kept up a ceaseless accompaniment to the soughing of the wind through the leafless trees—just the sort of a nice, comfortable night for ghosts to meander around, Charlie remarked, since no sensible human beings would want to venture out. We did not ride, for the house was only ten squares from where the Henrys lived, and though a car line ran within a block of it, we all agreed that it was incongruous to go calling upon a ghost, in a street car. At 9.30 we ascended the steps, our ardor, as well as our clothing, considerably dampened by the weather outside: the hall door proper, which was separated from the porch by a large vestibule, required considerable pushing before it finally swung open, revealing a wide old-fashioned hall with rooms on either side. The stairway, covered with a faded and dilapidated carpet, ran up for about fourteen steps and then branched off to the right. After lighting the gas and inspecting the house, which was chill, damp and mouldy, we returned to the parlor—the only furnished room in the house. It was never rented with the rest of the establishment, Mr. French had told Charlie, and since the property had passed into his hands it had not been opened except by the caretaker.

As a matter of course he hooted at

the idea of the place being haunted. "None of my tenants have complained," he said, "of anything but the size of the house. It is idle because persons who are able to pay for such a large establishment prefer one in a more fashionable part of the city."

Seating ourselves upon the stiff, horsehair furniture we gazed at one another in silence. The room was destitute of ornament, excepting a large gilt clock which stood under a glass cover in the middle of the mantel. In one corner was an old piano, inlaid with mother-of-pearl in hideous floral designs; Mrs. Henry suggested my playing them something lively and inspiring, but the keys jangled beneath my touch, and I quickly closed the instrument. Several mouldy paintings adorned the walls; family portraits, but whose family? One, which hung in a recess so far from the range of the gas that we had to examine it by the light of a taper, seemed to possess more than usual merit. It was the portrait of a beautiful girl; she wore a high-necked dress of what seemed, in the dim light, to be ruby velvet. A single crimson rose in her hair, which was parted and gathered into a loose knot at the back of her neck—just as they wear it now—was her sole ornament. The face was classic in its outline, but there was a defiant, desperate expression in the eyes which marred its beauty for me. There was nothing in the features of the others to distinguish their ugliness from that of the average family portrait.

As eleven o'clock, the fatal hour, approached, we all began to feel rather uneasy; my bravado was rapidly deserting me and Mrs. Henry protested that we would better go home.

"Nonsense," said Charlie, lighting another cigarette, "the play is just about to begin. Don't be afraid, Mumsey, Bob is on too good terms with the 'harnts' to let them hurt you."

"How do you know she will come tonight?" asked Etta. "She is not billed for any special season is she?"

"Well this is a creepy night," I vouchsafed, in reply, "and a spirit that won't take advantage of it is not worth bothering about."

Mr. Ogden maintained a dignified silence during our slightly nervous attempts at repartee. He did not believe in jesting upon subjects that were beyond one's ken.

"Hist! I hear the carriage," exclaimed Charlie in sepulchral tones, as he took out his watch, and sure enough there was the sound of wheels in the distance.

"As the theatres are just closing, and this is a public thoroughfare, that fact is not remarkable, my dear—" Mrs. Henry never finished her sentence, for with a great clatter of hoofs upon the smooth asphalt pavement, a carriage stopped at the door. We rushed to the window in a body and peered out: there was more stamping of feet as the horses settled themselves into position, but not a sign of horse, carriage or driver did we see, nor was there a vehicle of any description in the neighborhood. Before any one of the party could express his or her dismay, there was a sharp peal at the bell, the door swung slowly open, creaking on its hinges as it had done at our entrance, and a little figure robed in gray silk appeared. I saw her as distinctly as I see her now—as I shall see her to my dying day. She was hardly past middle age, very petite, with a keen, intelligent face and eyes that gazed piercingly into yours; for an instant only she stopped in the hall and then went rapidly up the stairs. We watched her breathlessly

from where we stood, and as we watched she vanished.

Without waiting for her reappearance, with one impulse we made for the door, in spite of Charlie's efforts to detain us. He was not sufficiently courageous to keep a solitary vigil, so followed us as we fled, terror-stricken.

As soon as we reached home Mrs. Henry quietly and deliberately swooned away, and I think we girls would have followed suit had not Mr. Ogden, coming to the front in a really surprising manner, forced us to take a stimulant, trusting, he said it would counteract the effect of the fright.

The next few days our conversation, as you may imagine, consisted chiefly of the ghost; all agreed that it was either a practical joke or a reality—if one may call a disembodied spirit a reality—and as no one but the agent had an inkling of our expedition, it could scarcely be the former; besides we all heard the carriage and at the same time saw there was no carriage in the block. It was very mysterious and we discussed it from all points, until the children became so timid the subject had to be tabooed. Charlie at once set about making inquiries as to the original owners of the house, and I prolonged my visit for a week in order to hear the results, but they were disappointing. All he could learn was that the house had been erected, at the beginning of the Civil War, by an elderly man named Benson: not long afterwards he took there his bride, a young and beautiful Quakeress, who soon renounced the costume, and probably the faith, of the "Friends." A young colored woman was their only servant. Eighteen months before the close of the war, the couple disappeared, no one knew where. The house was found closed and remained so for ten years, when an elderly lady came one day to superintend the removal of the furniture, and offer the place for rent. Since then it had been alternately occupied and idle; the reports of its being haunted doing much to lessen the value of the property. Had the disappearance of the Bensons happened during less turbulent times, it might have excited suspicion; as it was the great issues at stake were too engrossing to permit of the customary gossip and neighborly tittle-tattle.

This meagre history was naturally far from satisfactory; we knew five pairs of eyes could not have been deceived, but the reasons for the presence of our little Quakeress remained unexplained, and I returned to my home a less sceptical, if more superstitious individual.

* * * * *

All this happened in the fall of '84; as time went on and no more was ever heard about "our ghost," the incident gradually faded from my mind, indeed, when I thought of it at all, I wondered if we had not all been carried away by our imaginations—it seemed such an extraordinary experience for these practical days. Seven years later, however, it was vividly recalled to me by the following letter, which shall be transcribed verbatim.

My dear Ethel:

Have you forgotten the visit we made to the old Benson house in '84, and our weird experience while there? I am sure you have not and that the explanation, or rather the raison d'etre of our little Quakeress' supernatural perambulations, which I propose sending you, will be gladly received. Be prepared to have your young blood frozen and every separate hair stand on an end, for it is truly a "tale of horror" that I am about to unfold, and one hard to reconcile with our age and day. It shows, however,

that human nature, especially feminine human nature, is much the same whether bred a Borgia under Italian skies, or an untrammeled resident of this "Land of the Free." Forgive the reflection upon your sex, I should not venture such a remark if I were not protected from your righteous indignation by the distance that lies between us.

But to my story: some years ago, I believe it was shortly after you left us, I had occasion to render a slight service to an old lady who had fallen on the ice while passing through the Capitol grounds. She had twisted her ankle, and I being on the spot, put her in a hansom and accompanied her to her lodgings which were on First Street, not very far from where the accident occurred. She made considerable demur, but the poor thing was evidently in a good deal of pain, and I required the assistance of her servant, an elderly colored woman, to get her to her room. She was quite a lady and had seen, I judged, better days. To me one of the most pathetic features of our beautiful city is the number of people one meets here who are patiently living on in the radiance of a glory that is gone.

Well, she was profuse in her thanks, and I noticed that she frequently lapsed into the old-fashioned "thee" and "thou" when addressing me, but she invariably corrected herself. After this I frequently met her walking in the Square on fine days. She always gave me a friendly smile and bow; her face in spite of the lines that grief and age had stamped upon it, was very winning.

And now comes the strangest part of my story; a few weeks ago on a dark and stormy evening, there came a rap at my office door. I was donning my overcoat for 'though it was only six o'clock, I did not think any clients would be likely to favor me with a visit, and I had promised the girls to take them over to Etta's. The number of Etta's olive branches, by the way, has increased to three since she last wrote you.

Without waiting for me to answer her knock, a colored woman walked in and very excitedly begged to come at once to her "missis" who was dying. I complied without delay, and on our way she told me that her mistress' name was Sutton, and that she had been ailing ever since her fall, but not until I entered the room did I recognize my old friend of Capitol Square. She looked very white and death-like as she lay back on her pillow, but when I suggested going for a doctor, she shook her head.

"I am past all need of a physician now, Mr. Henry, and I have sent for thee, because slight as our acquaintance is, there is no one else in the city that I know as well. Thee was kind to me once before, and I am going to trespass again on thy kindness, for I cannot die with my story untold." Upon my assuring her of my willingness to serve her in any capacity, she bade the old negress leave the room and began:

"I come from a family of Friends, Quakers thee would call us; my father and mother dying when I was but fifteen, left me with one brother, the last of our line. Jacob was a kind brother, and noble in many ways, but he worshiped at the shrine of Mammon, and his marriage with the daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer served to increase, instead of check his passion for gain. She was a handsome girl, lovable too, but alas! ambitious and steadfast in carrying out any desire she might conceive. One child, a daughter, blessed their union; a lovely little thing who soon grew to be the delight of my life. She loved me too, even more I fear, than she did her mother from whom she had in-

herited a determination equal to her own. They called the child Prudence, a less suitable name it would have been difficult to find, for it was a quality its impulsive owner was always far from possessing. As she grew up many disagreements took place between her and her parents, and the climax came one day when she told them she had promised to be the wife of young Willard Payson, an orphan with little wealth besides his brains and youth, and yet a man that any lass would be likely to love. A stormy time ensued, it makes my heart ache even now to think of it. Jacob and his wife were both resolved that she should wed an old man whom my brother had met in Washington, and who was reputed to be very wealthy. Prudence was equally resolved to be true to Willard, and for months neither side gave in. The war, so long threatening had in the meantime become a horrible reality, and young Payson ruthlessly destroyed all chance of winning Prudence, by going South and enlisting on the Confederate side. For some time the poor girl waited and hoped, but concluding at last that her lover had forgotten her, she gave a passive consent to become Mr. Benson's wife.

"He took his bride away immediately after the ceremony, and as we lived on the Eastern shore of Maryland, we saw nothing of Prudence for nearly two years and heard from her but rarely, for she seemed to have grown indifferent even to me. Then my brother decided to spend a winter at the Capital; partly to be in the midst of the political excitement, but principally I think, to be near his daughter whom he loved devotedly. It was in '64 and public feeling on both sides was at its bitterest. I remained at home, but in the course of two weeks a telegram came begging me to join them at once. A journey at that time was quite an undertaking for a woman of my retired habits, but how gladly I went, buoyed up by the expectation of again seeing my darling. Oh, the horror of that meeting! I cannot dwell upon it even now! She was mad—a raving, dangerous lunatic, guarded in her room at the hotel by her father and old nurse, Rachel, whom you have just seen. My brother wished to get her to a private asylum without any of his friends (for he was well-known in the city) suspecting his terrible misfortune. And he was successful. I staid at the hotel with my sister-in-law until he returned to take us home. From her and Rachel, I learned the details of the awful tragedy. Our poor child's life had been a most unhappy one although Mr. Benson was kind to her in his distant, cold-hearted way; he was proud of her beauty, made her discard the 'Friends' attire, and had her portrait painted by some celebrated artist. The child pined away in their large, gloomy house; there were few people in the neighborhood, which was then sparsely settled; she had no acquaintances and no child came to gladden her lonely hours. Her husband spent most of his time with men who were ardent Abolitionists like himself.

"One evening a gentleman called and asked for Mrs. Benson; Rachel knew him at once as Willard Payson, and went to prepare her mistress. Mr. Benson was out and Prudence was only too glad to see her old lover. Mr. Benson came home to find his wife in tears, and Willard pacing up and down the room calling upon Heaven to avenge their love. He was always hot-headed, poor boy. Furious and justly so, Mr. Benson at once went off and denounced Payson as a spy. He was captured and imprisoned. Prudence, when she heard of it the next day, told her husband that

he would have to pay for that act with his life. He laughed at her, but sent a note to her parents to come take their daughter home—he was done with her forever. The messenger forgot his errand or else the letter was miscarried, for when it was brought to the hotel, my brother was out and Susan preparing to retire. The perusal of the note, however, aroused her indignation and hastily ordering a carriage she drove at once to her daughter's house. The clock in a church nearby struck eleven as the horses drew up to the entrance, and her loud ring was answered by Rachel, who, uttering no word, showed the way to Prudence's bedchamber. As she entered my sister stumbled over Mr. Benson's dead body—he had fallen by the door, his throat cut from ear to ear. A stream of blood, slowly creeping from his chair near the open fire, showed that the deed must have been committed while he sat there. Prudence was standing by the wash-stand, calmly wiping the blood from her hands. She laughed, the horrible laugh of a maniac when she saw her mother, and pointing to the murdered man said, 'There, mother, is the result of your match-making.'

"Rachel, when questioned by my sister, said that her first knowledge of the crime was half an hour before, when she was startled by hearing peal after peal of laughter coming from her mistress' room. It was the first time, she said, that she had heard her 'young miss' laugh since her marriage, and, fearing she knew not what, she rushed in, but it was then too late to save his life.

"And now," said the dying woman, "I come to our share in the crime. My sister's strong will did not desert her even at that terrible crisis. She quickly resolved to bury the body and conceal all traces of the crime. Returning to the carriage she dismissed it, bidding the driver tell Mr. Sutton to come for her as early as possible next morning. Then she and Rachel dragged the body to the cellar where they buried it, first securing Prudence so that she could not harm herself. The house was put in order, the linen and china closets locked, and every preparation made for removing Prudence. She, poor girl, was quite passive, and seemed to feel neither horror nor remorse for what she had done. When Jacob came the following morning the ghastly tale was told him; for a while he was almost as crazy as his child. As soon, however, as he recovered from the shock, he wanted to go directly and inform the authorities, but old Rachel's entreaties and his wife's tears finally induced him to yield to their design.

"After placing our unfortunate girl in an asylum, we all returned home, but my brother had received a death blow, and he died two months later of heart trouble. His wife, who had changed from a sprightly, handsome matron to a silent, gray-haired woman, during the awful days that followed the discovery of her daughter's guilt, soon joined him, first making me pledge my word to keep her secret as long as I lived. I have done so, knowing that no one was being injured thereby, for in the hourly excitement of those times no suspicion was aroused. Mr. Benson had few intimate friends, and he had already made preparations for a trip abroad before Xmas. His sudden disappearance the last of October was not even commented upon, as all supposed he had carried his plans into execution. He had long retired from business and had no near relatives, so you can readily understand how the matter failed to be investigated.

"Upon Prudence's death, which took place ten years ago, I came to Wash-

ington, disposed of all the household effects and offered the place for rent. The proceeds, which I have carefully saved, I want you to send to Mr. Benson's nearest living relative, a grandniece living in Ohio. I only learned of her existence after long and diligent inquiry. Send her, also, my written confession, which you will find among my papers. All my personal effects and the little money that will be left from my burial go to Rachel, who has been a faithful friend and a tried and trusty servant."

And now, my dear Ethel, this story, which I have told as nearly as possible, in the old lady's own words, is the sequel to that strange episode of which we were, I fear, but careless witnesses. Unreal as I would like to believe it, I know that it was true, and that we were not deceived by a bogus apparition. When I called upon my client some hours later, her troubled life had ended. Etta, old Rachel and myself were the only ones to follow the body to its final resting place. I at once proceeded to communicate with the parties in Ohio. In my letter I spoke of poor Miss Sutton's innocence of any complicity in the crime, and begged that they would guard, as she had done, the secret of her family's dishonor—if such it can be called. I await their reply.

Very sincerely yours,

Charles J. Henry.

BOB-WHITE.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

Beside the murmuring waves I strolled
  Lonely, and weeping bitter tears;
Across my aching heart there rolled
  Regrets for the dear past and fears
For the dim future. All alone
  Upon the earth I felt; the sea
Spoke not in sympathetic tone,
  But well-nigh seemed to mock at me.

Then swift the carol of a bird
  Came o'er the meadows unto me:
"Bob-White! Bob-White!" it chirped. I heard
  Its joyous, simple melody.
In gladness then I raised my head;
  My soul was filled with thoughts of home.
"Cheer up, sad heart!" its carol said,
  "God's dear, bright world is still your own!"

EFFECTS OF RELIGION IN EUROPE DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY H. M. BEADLE.

Christianity was of slow growth. It was over three hundred years after the birth of Christ before it had established its right to live in the Roman empire; it was nearly twelve hundred years before it had impressed its principles upon the laws of the several nations of Europe, after which time it may be said the laws of all Christendom were founded upon Christian principles. There always has been, and probably always will be, opposition to its efforts to establish the golden rule as the principle which should control the actions of men and governments in dealing with each other, and it is plain that even in the Middle Ages the ambitions of men, their love of power and their proneness to abuse it, and to use even religion and the Church to attain their ends, just and unjust, may be seen, though probably not to such an extent as has been manifested since those ages.

It is well to call to mind some of the principles of Christianity which found expression in the laws of Europe as well as in the customs of the people in the Middle Ages. These will be found in the canon laws and teaching of the Church, from which they found their way into the laws of the several countries making up Christendom. I desire particularly to call attention to the following statement of the law of the Church in regard to the ownership of property and the duties of those having it in their possession, made by Janssen in his "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages:"

"According to the teaching of the Church all possessions on earth belong to God alone. As God is the Creator of all things, so He is the one and only proprietor of all. According to His will all men are to procure their sustenance from the fruits of the earth, but He has not ordained community of goods, for under such a state of things, owing to the sinful nature of man, there would be nothing but discord and plunder on the earth. It is only by the recognition of individual rights of ownership that the order necessary to the proper working and improvement of property can be maintained and peace secured among men. But nobody has an unconditional right of ownership even in legitimate property, so that he may dispose of it according to his arbitrary caprice or will, or use it for the gratification of merely personal enjoyment or love of dominion. Each one is entitled to the use and enjoyment of his goods according to the rules imposed by God's law, and this law requires that he should act as a faithful steward, and that he should use the fruits of his property, as far as possible, for the good of the community. In the exercise of this duty, "to give according to one's means, lies the true balance between riches and poverty; the question of the unequal distribution of property is thus legitimately solved. The succor of the needy and destitute, in whatever form it is practiced, is therefore not merely to be regarded as an act of Christian love; it is an imperative duty."

Thus the learned historian states the teaching of the Church. It being the teaching of the Church, and therefore eminently just, it became practically the law of Christendom, and laws concerning property were made to agree with it. It embodies what may be called the natural law of property—that each person owns what is rightfully in his possession, and that as against any other person he can do what he pleases with it, save, of course, to use it for immoral purposes, in which exception may be included everything detrimental to the community. But the Divine law, supplementing the natural law, says to this owner: "All you claim to own is God's; you are but a steward to use it according to God's law; and it is God's law that you shall use what is needful for yourself and family, and the residue shall be used for the poor, for the support of religion and of the state. No person shall molest you in the use of the property God has given you as steward; but God will hold you to a strict accountability in your use of it, especially in regard to the poor, whom it is your duty to succor. To succor the poor, after you have supplied your own wants, is not a thing you may do or let alone, as it pleases you; you owe a debt to the poor as God's steward, and it is your imperative duty to pay it, and if you do not God will hold you to a strict and fearful responsibility."

There was no power, save that of the confessional, to enforce this teaching, but among so religious a people as those of Europe in the Middle Ages, it enforced itself. Until the religious revolt of Luther, when the authority of the Church was in a great measure broken down, and its sweet yoke thrown off the shoulders of the people as if it had been an intolerable burden, there was no extreme poverty, or rather pauperism, such as seen in the world today, in England and the United States, as well as on the continent of Europe. The farther a people have departed from the teachings of the Church, and the less respect they pay to her authority, the less the poor have been regarded, and the more wretched and helpless they have become.

The teaching set forth by Janssen has been followed by the Christians from the earliest times. This is seen from accounts given in the Acts of the Apostles. The converts gave up their property to the Church, and when a famine prevailed in Palestine, the faithful all over the world sent contributions to the Christians there, and doubtless others were assisted out of these alms of the Christians. We know also that wealthy people in Rome and elsewhere, on uniting with the Church, sold their property and gave the proceeds to the poor, and that the greatest treasures of the Church were the poor, who were fed and clothed from its revenues and the alms of Christians.

Janssen further says: "It was also the law of the Church that labor for every God-fearing man was his most inalienable possession, and that only those who labor, whether with their hands or their heads, and those who are unable to labor, through no fault of theirs, are entitled to share in the fruits of the earth, which result entirely from human labor." Therefore, no one had any right to the fruits of the earth except those who produced them by labor, or those who were unable, through no fault of theirs, to produce them; and thus usurers and those who fastened themselves upon others and secured by force or fraud part of their earnings, were classed as robbers, pirates and outlaws, and laws were enacted to prevent their exactions. Hence just prices were fixed upon goods and wares of all

kinds; wages were fixed at a just compensation; the poor were well cared for, the contributions for this purpose often being in excess of their needs; and high ideals of life established among all classes of people, an honest pride of character being conspicuous in every class, being especially developed by the influence of Christianity upon the system of local self-government in every town, commune or parish, teaching everyone the value of his immortal soul, and training every citizen in the knowledge and performance of his rights and duties.

One result of these principles which the Church laid down, was that bequests were given by will or otherwise to worthy objects of various kinds. The most common, because the most necessitous, were bequests for the saying of Masses or prayers for the dead. But this was not the only purpose for which bequests were made or gifts bestowed, they being given for every purpose that would benefit mankind. The guilds were enriched by benefactions which enabled them to maintain the laws and customs which insured their members continuous labor at fair wages. Religious bequests were made for the building and maintaining of churches and monasteries and other purposes, and schools, high and low, provided, in many of which education was free. Endowments were made for the education of the children of the poor, and it is the reverse of creditable to the English people that the greater number of these ("all," says Prof. Thorold Rogers), made in England, are now appropriated by the rich. Then the monasteries and mansions of the noble and wealthy persons were the centres for the distribution of food and clothing to the necessitous. And in not a few cases the poor of our day are receiving help from institutions that had their origin in the Middle Ages.

A quotation from Prof. Rogers' "Lectures on the Economic Interpretation of History" (page 63), will be found interesting and instructive here. It is: "My studies have led me to conclude that, though there was hardship in this (mediæval) life, the hardship was a common lot, and that there was hope, more hope than superficial historians have considered possible, and perhaps more variety than there is in the peasant's lot at the present time."

There can be no doubt of the justness of Prof. Rogers' observation. The practice of the religion of Christ would make this world a paradise, excepting pain and death, equal to that from which Adam was driven, and that age in which the people came nearest to praticing this religion in its fulness must have been the happiest for mankind. Those who are enjoying the good things of this world may decry the Middle Ages; but those who toil without hope, as so many do; those who suffer, as so many do, for the necessaries of life; those who see the vanity and hollowness of placing any affection upon the things of this world that so soon pass away, and from whose enjoyment they must so soon pass; those who love heroic deeds of charity and self-sacrifice, will turn to those ages for hope, for consolation, for inspiration and for help to make their lives conform more and more to that Divine Model which the Christian people of the early and the Middle Ages sought to imitate. And those who seek therein will find a spirit that will help them to lead lives that will bring them to life eternal—the only thing worth striving for in this mortal life.

SEQUENCE OF SONNETS.

BY KATE VANNAH. (1897.)

I. Girl.

Never again in life to be alone,
Though leagues, by thousands, lie 'twixt thee and me.
Mountains, ravines, nor yet the mighty sea
Can bar our faithful spirits, one being gone.
This present, wondrous rapture will atone
For every parting till Eternity.
Deep on the tablet of my memory
This sacred date is graven as in stone.
This morning! Is it true, my loving Heart,
That hours, not centuries, we have lived, we two?
Ah, nevermore we needs must cruelly part,
And for the rest of time now may'st thou woo
Thy sweetheart, who will live upon thy breath,
Murmuring dear things till voice is stilled in death.

II. Woman.

Always to share with thee both praise and blame.
Henceforth in Heaven, as here, I shall be known
By thy dear name, forgetting e'en mine own.
Before God's altar, whence we two just came,
I swore to share thy burdens, aye! thy shame;
Come weal or woe, come troubles by false friends sown—
Pleasure or pain. Already I am grown
A part of thee, thy flesh. Never the same
Light heart to carry as in girlhood's day,
All carelessness henceforth I thrust away.
From this dear time I am a woman, brave
To battle for thee, comfort, keep and save
From blight of sin, temptation—every snare;
To shield thee there is naught I shall not dare.

III. Wife.

If all things had been fair for us, and sweet,
In that dear year forever gone away,
I should be trembling now, should know dismay
Where I have known sweet suffering. I should greet
The coming year with fear and pained heart-beat.
Should joy come now, and promise us to stay,
Then must I lose the chance to dearly pay
For all the heaven of our first year— too fleet
For me to catch its subtle meaning quite.
No page of that dear story would I miss:
The thoughtless act, the hurt, the lover's kiss;
The cooling shadows after too great light;
The anointing of each wound with healing balm,
The storm that made more sweet to us the calm.

A DRAMATIC TREASURE TROVE.

BY EDWARD R. BYRAM.

II.

In preparing the article, which appeared under the above title in the January number of Donahoe's, it became evident that the extent of the material at hand precluded the possibility of condensing it to the limits of one article. The subject is, therefore, continued, the present issue dealing with the rare collection of valuable programme souvenirs and play-bills, preserved in the lobby of the Boston Theatre, as well as presenting sketches of many theatrical and lyric celebrities who appeared upon its stage.

A large and valuable steel engraving of John Philip Kemble as Cato is almost hid from view in a corner. This Mr. Kemble died in 1823, in France, consequently the modern theatre-goer knew him not, but his scholarly attainments and histrionic fame are well preserved by numberless memoirs and theatrical histories of his time. It is sufficient for this moment to state that he was the most noted male member of the famous Kemble group.

A fine royal photograph of Pasquale Brignoli will remind opera-goers of the late seventies and early eighties of their silver-tongued tenor. He was such a firm favorite that he became dictatorial and master of the situation in grand opera matters and no performance was considered complete or proper without him. But as he could sing, and it was that the public paid for, he continued to warble until a new Moses appeared in the form of Italo Campanini. Brignoli died in 1884.

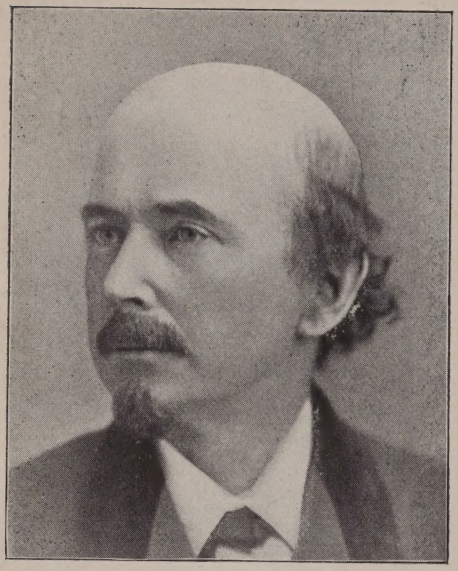
A good many people will recognize the portrait of Matilda Heron, as they will recall her passionate rendering of Dumas' Lady of the Camelias. Miss Heron was born in Ireland in 1830, and died in New York in 1877. She had many domestic troubles, and her later life was a sad one.

Those who remember James E. Murdock will be pleased to see several portraits of him at different periods of life, notably the large crayon in a huge gold frame. Mr. Murdock belonged to the old school of light comedians, of the Mathews and Wallack class, but he was frequently seen in Hamlet and other Shakespearian characters. As now but vaguely remembered, his efforts were studied and formal, though scholarly and intelligent. He had a perfect articulation, which brought him success as a dramatic reader, to which his latter public career was mainly devoted.

A steel plate of Jenny Lind, and another of Fanny Kemble are exhibited. The latter was eighty-four years old when she died in 1893, and had not acted for so many years that she was only known in history. Her dramatic triumphs were achieved before the middle-aged of today were born, and her later life was that of a recluse, being marred by domestic troubles and a public lack of appreciation of her literary efforts. There are many people who remember, and with pleasure, the sweet Swedish Nightingale, the first of the foreign song birds to make an American sensation.

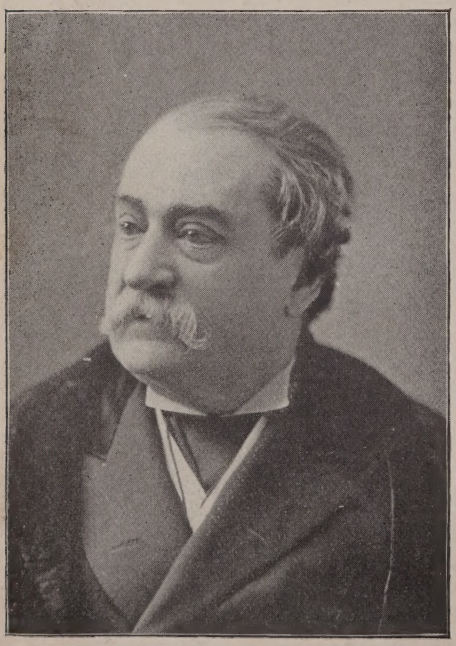
Another of the large crayons is a portrait of James W. Wallack, Jr. ("Jim") the most dramatic of all the large family of actors by that name. Born in London as long ago as 1818,

RACHEL AS "PHAEDRE."



DION BOUCICAULT.

Mr. Wallack's stage career was chiefly confined to this country, where he achieved fame in many parts and many places. Bostonians will recall his efforts from his connection with the Globe Theatre and his disagreements with Fechter, while the latter was manager. Among his more noted characters were King James, Don Cæsar and the Jew, Fagin.

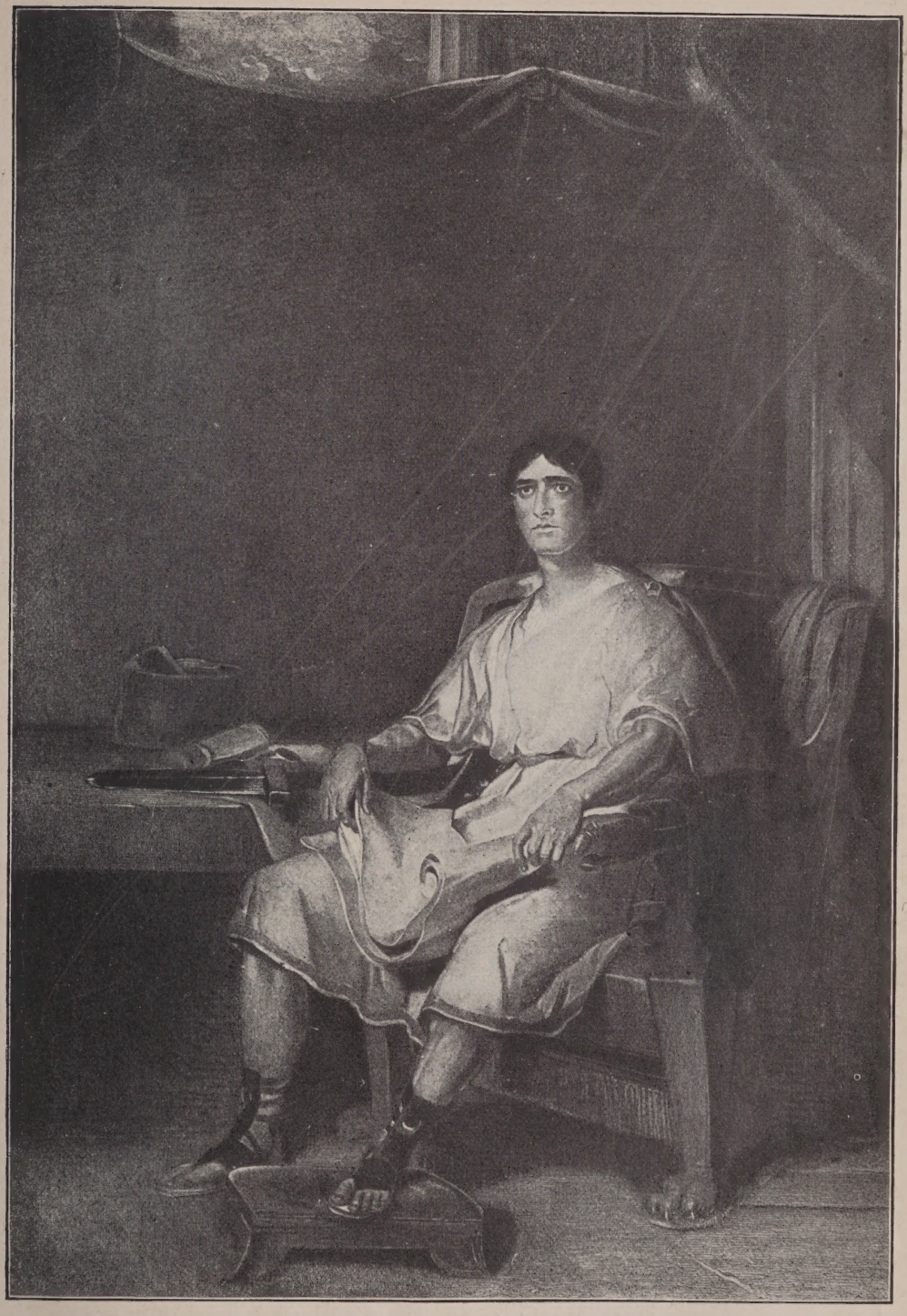


JOHN BROUGHAM.

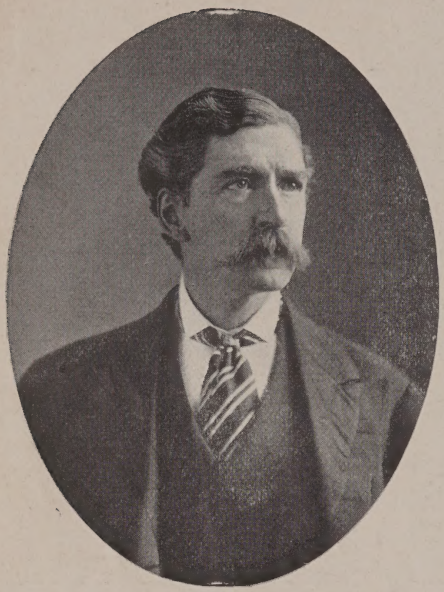
Another large crayon likeness is that of Guisseppina Morlacchi, in evening dress, and in the frame is also inserted a gold medal presented by Boston managers. Miss Morlacchi, though Italian born, was for sometime previous to her death in July, 1886, a naturalized American, and the widow of the Western scout, "Texas Jack." While before the public she was recognized as the premiere danseuse in America. She died in retirement in Billerica, Mass.

John Brougham, the famous Irish comedian, appears in a splendid crayon in a rich frame. Here was a man who could write plays as well as act in them; could indite verses as well as recite them; could make impromptu stage speeches that were gems of wit, and could tell stories till one's sides ached with laughter. Prolific as he was with his pen, and sought for as he was by the public as an actor, he was prodigal to the verge of recklessness and consequently was always financially embarrassed. He was the author or adapter of scores of plays, chiefly of the humorous or extravagant character.

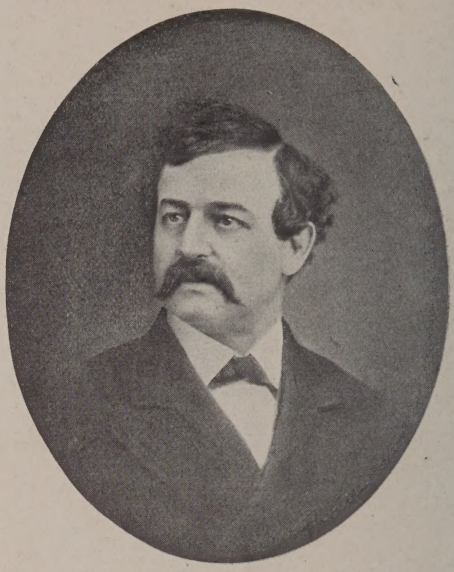
John E. Owens' portrait is a fit companion to his friend Brougham. Mr. Owens was at one period of his life a man of large means and influence. In fact, he was said to be the richest man on the stage. His later days, however, were saddened by poverty and its accompanying consequences. He possessed peculiar qualifications for success in his profession, of which he was an unques-



JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, AS "CATO."



EDWARD A. SOTHERN.



FRANK S. CHANFRAU.

tioned ornament. Well remembered will be his performances of Solon Shingle and Caleb Plummer.

Large pictures of Denman Thompson, American, and Wilson Barrett, English, both still before the public, are displayed, autographs being attached; each the representative of a school of acting widely separated, and each prime favorite with the public.

Petite Lotta Crabtree appears in a colored plate picture made several years ago, and now rare. Miss Lotta has not acted for three or four years and may never again be seen on the stage, where she was for years such a conspicuous figure. Her place was a special one in the public esteem, and one which for many reasons could not be duplicated. She is reported to be the richest actress in America, her fortune being acquired by her personal efforts before the footlights.

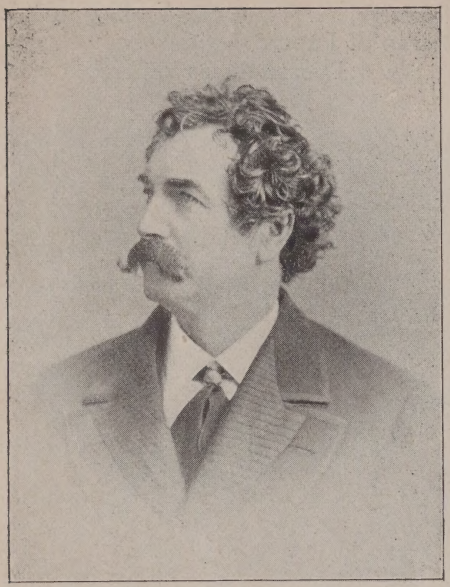
Prominent display is given to a bill of the opening performance of the present Boston Theatre, a valuable souvenir much sought for and prized by collectors. It was the night of Sept. 11, 1854, after the delivery of the opening address by John Gilbert (who was the first person to face the audience), that Sheridan's "Rivals" was played. The cast embraced Mr. Gilbert, George Pauncefort, Thomas Comer, Henry F. Daly, John Wood, Moses Fiske, N. D. Davenport, S. D. Johnson, Julia Bennett Barrow, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Fiske. "The Loan of a Lover" farce which followed introduced Mrs. John Wood, Emily Taylor, William Cowell, and others who had been seen in "The Rivals." Nearly all connected with the theatre's first season have joined the great majority. Among those still living are Mrs. Wood, and the Biddles sisters, Clara, who became the wife of Manager Barry, and is now Mrs. Wm. Redmond, and Adelaide, who married Charles Calvert, an English manager.

The opening of Selwyn's Theatre, later the Globe, Oct. 28, 1867, when Sardou's "Fast Family" was presented for the first time in America is recorded by a framed satin souve-

nir programme. Another satin bill announces the debut in America of the Kendals, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1889, in "A Scrap of Paper."

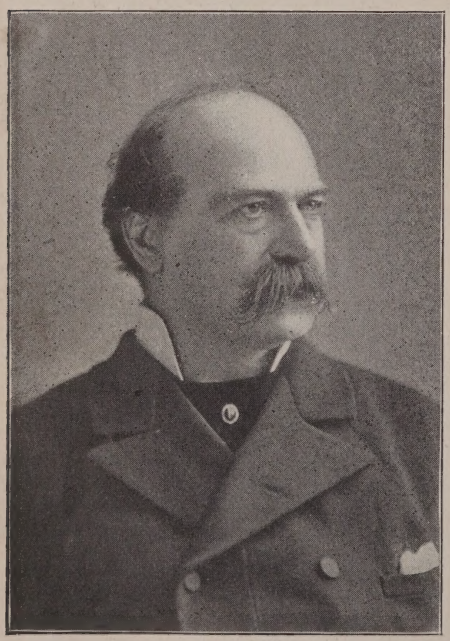
Several years since, while on a visit

JENNY LIND.



JAMES W. WALLACK.

to Stratford, Mr. Quincy Kilby procured (and the same is now on the wall in his office), a full size matrix



TOMMASO SALVINI.

impression of the famous inscription on the tablet of Shakespeare's tomb:

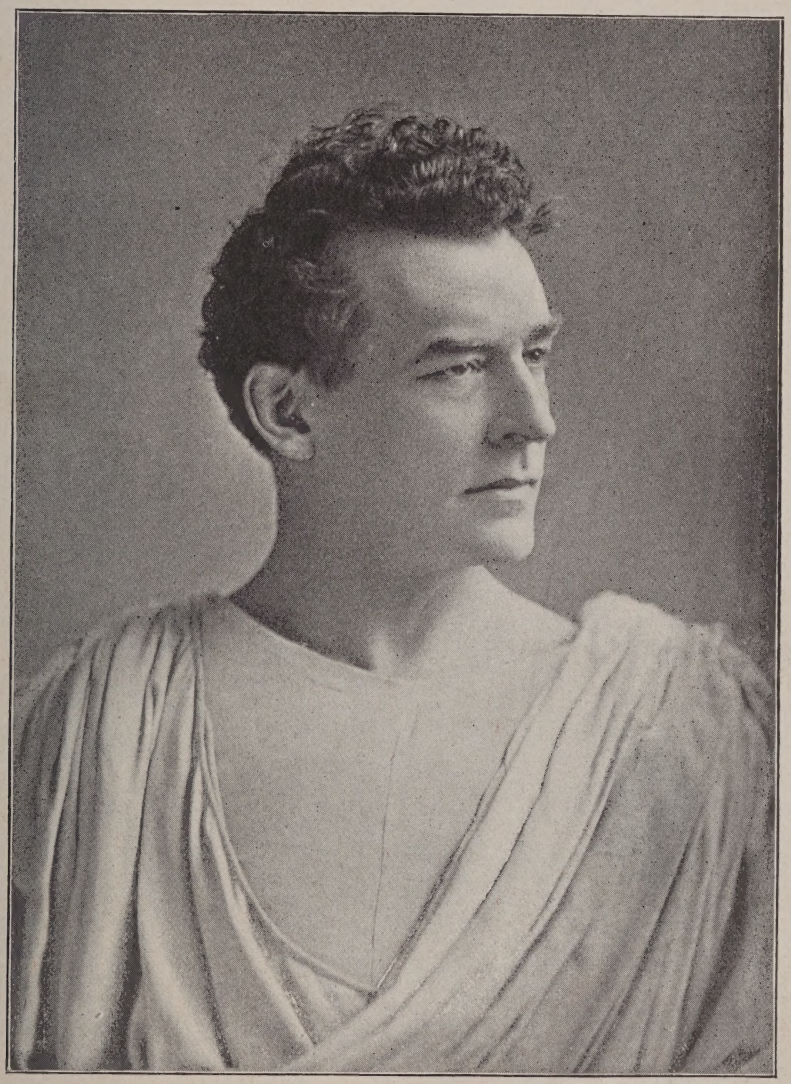
"Good frend for Jesvs sake forbeare
To digg the dvst encloased heare
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones.'

An artistic as well as unique piece of hand scroll work is an engrossed letter to John McCullough, requesting him to give one performance of "Brutus" during the engagement he was then playing. It bears the signatures of over one hundred prominent citizens, including Gov. Butler, Mayor Palmer, members of the State and city governments, editors, critics, managers, etc. The performance was given to a crowded house Feb. 2, 1883, McCullough having the assistance of Edwin Collier, Joseph Haworth, John Lane, Kate Forsythe and Mittens Willett.

In the "palmy days of the drama," it was a frequent custom for stars to vary their performances by jumps from the sublime to the ridiculous. The great Garrick did it; so did Kemble and Kean, and later the fashion was taken up by Forrest, Davenport, Cushman and Barrett. A notable instance of this fancy is chronicled in a bill of Dec. 13, 1843, when the elder Booth acted King Lear, and wound up the performance by appearing as Jerry Sneak in the roaring farce of the "Henpecked Husband." Imagine Sarah Bernhardt doing a comic song and dance, or the symphony orchestra playing "Down Went McGinty," and you have a simile to this freak of the great tragedian.

A playbill of the Boston Theatre of April 2, 1858, shows that Edwin Booth and Mrs. Hudson Kirby acted in the "Robbers" and "Katharine and Petruchio." As an underlining it is announced that Dion Boucicault would soon produce his famous drama of "Jessie Brown," founded on the Lucknow campaign in India. In a special note, to which his signature

is affixed, Boucicault says, in part: "The task of demonstrating this subject might have been abandoned had I not possessed in my own wife a representative of the character of Jessie Brown. Her Scottish blood warmed to the subject; her Scotch dialect and her power of delineating Highland character assured me that the central figure of my dramatic group would be faithfully rendered." This statement, in view of Boucicault's well-known repudiation of Agnes Robertson as his wife, becomes a very important piece of documentary evidence as to the man's infidelity.



JOHN MCCULLOUGH AS "VIRGINIUS."

An historical programme, prized by collectors, is that given out at the

FANNY DAVENPORT.

New York Winter Garden Theatre, Nov. 25, 1864, when the three Booth brothers, Junius, Wilkes and Edwin, acted together for the first time. The occasion was a benefit in aid of the Central Park Shakespeare Monument Association, and the play was "Julius Cæsar." Photographs of the brothers with their autographs attached are inclosed in the same frame.

Another Winter Garden Booth programme is that of April 23, 1862 (Shakespeare's birthday) when Edwin Booth and Avonia Jones played Romeo and Juliet, and the bill also contains an original poem on the immortal bard, by Richard H. Stoddart.

There is a programme of a performance of the notorious "Count Joannes" on the occasion of his attempt to play Hamlet at the Boston Theatre, March 12, 1864. His wife, an amateur, billed as the "Countess," was the Ophelia and John McCullough played the ghost. The conceit, assurance and nerve of the Count as displayed on this and other occasions are well remembered by oldtime theatre goers.

As would be expected, there is a genuine programme of the performance at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, April 14, 1865, without which any good collection is incomplete. Laura Keene and her supporting company were playing "Our American Cousin." Miss Keene, whose portrait is also in this collection, died in New Jersey, Nov. 4, 1873, aged 53. Of the people composing her troupe, there are, I believe, but two now living—John Mathews, comedian, connected with the Actors' Fund, and W. J. Ferguson, the well known character actor. It was in the house where Mathews resided, near the theatre, that the President was taken, and where he breathed his last. There are many reprints and many counterfeits of this programme in existence, and even these are frequently disposed of at high prices.

A neat and pretty little piece of colored lithographic work, executed in England, is an advertising card issued by the late Walter Montgomery. It shows the coats of arms of England, Australia and the United States, with the actor's name in the centre, and is an original and artistic conceit. Mr. Montgomery will be kindly remembered as a well-graced actor of the romantic school.

A reminder of the late Adelaide Phillipps appears in a programme of the Boston Theatre, Dec. 4, 1855. On that date Miss Phillipps made her debut in Boston as an opera singer, appearing as Louisa in Sheridan's opera "The Duenna." Long before that she was known as a member of the Boston Museum company, but at the time mentioned she had but recently returned from her European musical studies. Miss Phillipps was born in Stratford, Eng., and died in Carlsbad, Germany, Oct. 3, 1882.

The old National Theatre is brought to mind by a programme of April 26, 1849, in which J. B. Booth, Jr., benefited. The plays were "Mike Martin," a drama of the gory school, and "Kate Kearney." Booth appeared in both pieces, and in the latter was assisted by Harriet Mace, a Boston girl, who subsequently became Mrs. Booth. Both are long since dead.

The appearance together of William E. Burton, Edw. L. Davenport, Edwin Adams and Fanny Davenport is given in a bill dated May 9, 1859, in a play called the "Upper Ten and Lower Twenty." This is stated to be the stage debut of Miss Fanny. It will be recalled that she died only a few months ago, at her home in Duxbury.

English programmes are frequently in evidence. One of the London Haymarket, of date Oct. 19,

Boston Theatre.

THOMAS BARRY, ... LESSEE AND MANAGER.
J. B. WRIGHT, ... ASSISTANT MANAGER.

T. Comer, . . Musical Director . J. Jeffries, . . . Property Maker
H. W. DuLang, . . Leader of Orchestra . A. Howell, . . . Costumer
C. Lohr, . . . Principal Artist . H. W. Fenno, . . . Box Office Keeper
J. Johnson, . . . Machinist . F. Fleming, . . . Treasurer

The Box Office will be opened for the sale of Tickets from 11 to 2, and from 3 to 5, each day
Doors Open at 7 o'clock. Performance to commence precisely at 7 1-2.

Balcony Boxes,	$1.00	Parquette and Parquette Circle,	50 cts.
Private Boxes,	6.00	Amphitheatre,	25 cts.
Boxes, First and Second Tier,	50 cts.		

N. B.—A Corps of Ushers, under the superintendence of Mr. A. Munroe, will conduct Ladies and Gentlemen to their Seats.

Box Offices and Grand Entrance, 261 Washington Street. Ticket Office and Amphitheatre Entrance 247. A Private Entrance for the accommodation of those persons who purchase Tickets in the day time, for either the Parquette, Parquette Circle, Balcony, and First and Second Tiers of Boxes, will be opened from Mason Street, every night.

The Manager respectfully announces that this

MAGNIFICENT NEW THEATRE

Will be opened to the public, on

MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 11, 1854,

With a Strong and Talented Company, composed of some of the most

POPULAR LYRIC FAVORITES

Of America and Europe.

The Orchestra will be full and efficient: and no expense will be spared in placing all Entertainments upon the Stage with a fidelity and superior excellence of Scenic Illusion, worthy of the patronage of a Metropolitan audience.

In the course of the Theatrical Season *EMINENT ARTISTS* of American and European celebrity, will appear in TRAGEDY and COMEDY, ITALIAN and ENGLISH OPERA, GRAND BALLET, and SPECTACLE.

The Company will consist of

Mr. JAMES BENNETT,	Mr. BIDDLES,	Mr. G. JOHNSON,
PAUNCEFORT,	COMER,	FORRESTER,
JOHN GILBERT,	DONALDSON,	HARCOURT,
JOHN WOOD,	DAVENPORT,	GOULDSON,
H. F. DALY,	COWELL,	SELWIN,
HOWE,	S. D. JOHNSON,	HOWELL,
G. W. JOHNSON,	LYSTER,	and
FISKE,	FRENCH,	BARRY.
MORRIS,	HOLMES,	
Mrs. BARROW,	Miss E. TAYLOR,	Miss IRVING,
(late Miss Julia Bennett.)	Mrs. DIXON,	BARRETT,
HUDSON KIRBY,	FISKE,	E. BARRETT,
JOHN WOOD,	BIDDLES,	ROBINO,
JOHN GILBERT,	Miss CLARA BIDDLES,	E. CURRAN, &c. &c.
W. H. SMITH,	WALTERS,	
Miss ADELAIDE BIDDLES,	HARRIS,	

The following eminent Artists and Mechanics have been engaged in the erection and adornment of the Theatre,

Architects, Messrs. Jonathan Preston, E. C. & J. E. Cabot: the Decorating and Ornamental Painting, by Haberstroh, Kaiser, Lammer & Co.: Composition Ornaments, by Thomas & Brothers, N. Y.; Gas Pipes, Steam Pipes, and Apparatus, by J. J. Walworth & Co.; Chandeliers and Gas Fixtures, by H. B. Stanwood, W. F. Shaw, and S. A. Stetson & Co.; The Carpets, before and behind the Curtain, by Bollard & Prince and A. Stewart & Co., N. Y.; the Stage Furniture, by E. Hennessy; Parquette Chairs, Balcony Chairs, and Grand Staircase, by J. G. Blake & Co.; Chairs for Boxes, First and Second Tiers, and the Furniture and Upholstery for the Saloons and Private Boxes, by Doe, Hazelton & Co.: the Plumbing work, by Kent, Smith, and Trainer, and the Plastering and Stucco work, by Thomas Haviland; the Warming and Ventilating, under the Superintendence of Professor Wyman, of Cambridge

On Monday Evening, September 11, 1854,

The Entertainments will commence with the

NATIONAL AIRS,

GRAND OVERTURE, to Guillaume Tell—Rosini,
BY FULL ORCHESTRA.

After which the

PRIZE ADDRESS

Will be delivered by Mr. JOHN GILBERT, who, at the conclusion, will open the ENVELOPE containing the Author's name, and announce it to the public.

To be followed by the Classical Comedy, in 5 Acts, of the

RIVALS

Written by the Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
The Scenery Painted by Messrs. Lehr and Bartholomew.

Sir. Anthony Absolute, ... Mr. John Gilbert
Captain Absolute, ... Mr. Pauncefort
(from the Theatre Royal, Dublin, his first appearance in America.)
Sir. Lucius O'Trigger, ... Mr. Comer
Faulkland, ... Mr. H. F. Daly
(from the New York Theatres, his first appearance here.)
Acres, ... Mr. John Wood
(from the Theatre Royal, Manchester, his first appearance in America.)
David, ... Mr. Fiske
(from the Broadway and Burton's Theatre, New York, his first appearance here.)
Fag, ... Mr. Davenport
(from the Chesnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.)
Coachman, ... Mr. S. D. Johnson
Servant, ... Mr. Gouldson
Errand Boy, ... Master J. Johnson
Lydia Languish, ... Mrs. Barrow
(late Miss Julia Bennett, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London.)
Julia, ... Mrs. W. H. Smith
(who has kindly undertaken the character in consequence of the absence of a lady who has been upwards of five weeks at sea.)
Mrs. Malaprop, ... Mrs. John Gilbert
Lucy, ... Mrs. Fiske
(from the Broadway and Burton's Theatre, New York, her first appearance.)

To conclude with the Musical Farce, by J. R. Planche, in 1 Act, called the

LOAN OF A LOVER!

Captain Amersfort, ... Mr. Cowell
Peter Spyk, ... Mr. John Wood
Swyzel, ... Mr. G. W. Johnson
(from the Southern and Western Theatres, his first appearance in Boston.)
Delve, ... Mr. Holmes
(from the Philadelphia Theatres.)
Gertrude, ... Mrs. John Wood
(from the Theatre Royal, Manchester, her first appearance in America.)
Ernestine Rosendael, ... Miss E. Taylor
(from Burton's Theatre, New York, her first appearance here.)

In the course of the Farce the following pieces of Music,

DUETT—*"To-morrow will be Market Day."* . . . . . Peter and Gertrude
SONG—*" I don't think I'm ugly."* . . . . . Gertrude
SONG—*" There's a Path by the River,"* . . . . . Gertrude
SONG—*" I've no Money, so you see,"* . . . . . Gertrude
DUETT—*" My vows with sweet contentment bless."* . . . . . Swyzel and Gertrude
FINALE—*" She's mine."*

☞ Several Novelties are in preparation, and will be brought forward at an early day. ☜

The Manager has the pleasure of announcing that Mrs. HUDSON KIRBY has recovered from her late severe accident, and was to leave Liverpool by the Canard Steamer of the 3d inst.
Mr. JAMES BENNETT, the Tragedian, has arrived and will shortly appear.
Miss ADELAIDE BIDDLES, and several other popular Artists are daily expected.

WANTED.—Several respectable young men for Auxiliaries, apply to Mr. Gouldson, Stage-Door, Mason Street, between the hours of 12 and 2.

1861, announces Edwin Booth as Shylock, with J. B. Buckstone and W. Chippendale as the Gobbos, and Mrs. Charles Young as Portia.

Worthy of note are two programmes of last appearances on the stage of John McCullough and Edwin Booth. The former took place at McVicker's, Chicago, Sept. 29, 1884, as Spartacus ("Gladiator") and the latter at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, April 4, 1891, as Hamlet. McCullough died in Philadelphia, Nov. 8, 1885, aged 53, and Booth in New York, June 7, 1893, aged 60.

By a bill dated May 4, 1841, it appears that W. G. Jones and T. G. Booth (no relation to the other Booths), appeared at Graham's Lyceum, Court St., Boston, in "Ben, the Boatswain." At that time Jones was a great Boston favorite, especially in parts in which the baggy trousers of the bold mariner or the red shirt of the brave fire laddie were prominent.

Dozens of souvenir bills in many varieties of printing and illustration are displayed, which cover the openings and special performances of all the noted spectacular and scenic productions of the Boston Theatre for the past twenty-five years. Among these are the "Exiles," "Andre Fortier," "Voyages in Southern Seas," the "World," "Youth," "Zanita," "Run of Luck," "Soudan," "Burmah," and the elaborate revivals of "Babes in the Wood," and "Black Crook." Most of these plays were of foreign origin, and all had long runs. Some of the principal scenes are also pictured and framed.

A programme of a performance in which the elder Salvini and Edwin Booth appeared together is shown, with portraits of both. These two great actors acted in "Hamlet" and "Othello" at the Boston in May, 1886. Salvini's last appearance in America was at the Park Theatre, March 29, 1890, when he played Othello with an English-speaking

company, his lines, as usual, being spoken in Italian.

The oldest programme in the collection is that of the Federal Street Theatre, Dec. 3, 1800, when Wycherly's "Country Girl" was acted by the stock company. This comedy has been revived and revised by Augustin Daly within a few years, and acted by his company.

Edwin Booth's first appearance in Boston as a star is chronicled in a bill of the Boston Theatre, April 30, 1857. "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" was acted, with Booth as Sir Giles, and John Gilbert, Fred'k Belton, Lizzie Emmons, John Wood and others in the distribution.

William Shakspeare, not the immortal, but a genius who claimed to be a descendant, begged the manager of the Royal English Opera House, London, to give him a show as an actor and an author. He was allowed to exploit himself in an original sketch called the "Queen's Command." As the bill, dated July 14, 1838, announces him for "one night only," and as no record of William has since appeared, to the writer's knowledge, he was probably not a great success.

The first time "Il Trovatore" was sung in Boston is given in a programme of May 28, 1855, when the four principals were Steffanoni, Vesvali, Brignoli, and Amodio.

Thomas Abthorp Cooper and Mrs. Snelling Powell were the Duke Aranza and Juliana in the "Honey Moon" played at the first Boston Theatre, Nov. 8, 1805. Cooper was a noted actor of his time, and died in Pennsylvania in 1849, aged 73.

Two large prints illustrate the visit of the Prince of Wales to America. They represent the grand balls given in his honor at the Boston Theatre and New York Academy of Music in October, 1860.

A steel plate shows Fannie Kemble

WINTER GARDEN.

MANAGER, - - - - - - - - MR. W. STUART.
STAGE MANAGER, - - - - - MR. J. G. HANLY.

BOOTH BENEFIT

FOR THE

SHAKESPEARE STATUE FUND

MR. STUART has pleasure in announcing that, owing to the generous zeal and untiring devotion of Mr. Edwin Booth, a performance will be given at this Theatre, on

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 25, 1864

(MR. J. S. CLARKE having kindly ceded that evening for the occasion,) for the Benefit of the Fund to raise a Statue to Shakespeare in the Central Park, being the second benefit for that object at this Theatre.

The evening will be made memorable by the appearance in the same piece of the three sons of the great Booth,

JUNIUS BRUTUS
EDWIN AND
JOHN WILKES

"FILII PATRI DIGNO DIGNIORES,"

Who have come forward with cheerful alacrity to do honor to the immortal bard, from whose works the genius of their father caught its inspiration, and of many of whose greatest creations he was the best and noblest illustrator the stage has ever seen.

The play selected for the occasion is the tragedy of

Julius Cæsar

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH as . . . CASSIUS
EDWIN BOOTH as . . . . . BRUTUS
JOHN WILKES BOOTH as MARC ANTHONY

Julius Cæsar, 1st appearance.....Mr. E. Varrey
Casca, 1st appearance.....Mr. C. Kemble Mason
Octavius Cæsar.....Mr. C. Walcot, Jr.
Trebonius.....Mr. C. K. Chester
Decius.....Mr. J. W. Burgess
Metellus.....Mr. T. S. Cline
Titinnius.....Mr. C. S. Thomas
Cinna.....Mr. J. Duell
Varro.....Mr. D. Johnstone
Pindarus.....Mr. E. Post
Soothsayer.....Mr. F. Evans
Popillius Lenas.....Mr. N. Decker
Servius.....Mr. W. F. Burroughs
Flavius.....Mr. B. F. Williams
Lucius.....Miss Fanny Prestige
1st Plebeian.....E. A. Eberle
2nd " .....O. S. Fawcet
3rd " .....A. E. Anderson
4th " .....S. F. Oliver
Porcia.....Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau
Calphurnia.....Mrs. C. Walcot, Jr.

Guards, Lictors, Matrons, Virgins and Plebeians.

Mr. Stuart trusts those of the public who have paid high prices for their seats will remember that in addition to the value they receive in intellectual enjoyment, they are contributing to a great national work, and not to the personal advantage of any individual.

The Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Robert Stoepel, will perform:

Overture, "BEATRICE," Bellini; Selections from "LA JUIVE," Halevy; "STRUENSEE," Polonaise, Meyerbeer; Grand March from "LOHENGRIN," R. Wagner; "DINORAH" Mazourka, Meyerbeer.

SATURDAY, NOV. 26, OPENING NIGHT of the engagement of EDWIN BOOTH.

Mr. Stuart begs to announce that on Saturday Evening, Nov. 26th, Mr. EDWIN BOOTH will make his first regular appearance this season, in the play of HAMLET.

The piece will be put on the stage under the immediate direction of Mr. Booth, by Mr. J. G. Hanley, stage manager, in a style, it is hoped, combining splendor of production with strict historical correctness. The play has been in active preparation for the last three months, and no expense or effort has been spared in the endeavor, by a more strictly pictorial arrangement of the ordinary stage resources, and by the fidelity and superior execution of the several means of scenic illusion to carry out the spirit of the play into the most minute details, and thus advance the drama as a branch of classical literature and art. The scenery, music, costumes, properties and machinery will be entirely new, and, to give a perfect completeness to the cast, engagements have been made with MRS. J. W. WALLACK, Jr., one of the most gifted actresses who ever graced the stage; Mr. EDWIN VARREY, Mr. CHAS. KEMBLE MASON, and the eminent comedian Mr. THOMAS PLACIDE, all of whom will make their first regular appearance for many years on the New York stage on this occasion.

Seats may now be secured for Saturday and every evening.

BAKER & GODWIN, PRINTERS, No. 1 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

as Juliet, and a playbill of the Tremont Theatre, Sept. 10, 1833, announces Charles and Fannie Kemble in "Much Ado About Nothing." Mr. Kemble died in November, 1854, and Fannie in January, 1893.

A souvenir is displayed in a bill of the debut of Joseph Proctor at the National Theatre, Nov. 29, 1833, when he acted Damon, and another of his fiftieth professional anniversary, Dec. 30, 1883, at the Boston, when, with Lawrence Barrett he gave an act from "Julius Cæsar." It is an incident that Mr. Proctor and the late Mrs. E. L. Davenport played together the last time either appeared in public, at the Globe Theatre for a benefit to the Vincent Hospital. Mrs. Davenport died in July, 1891, and Mr. Proctor in October, 1897.

There are several finely-colored pictures of the interior of the London Covent Garden Theatre, and a large print of the last performance in America of the famous Jullien Orchestra at the Music Hall, May 12, 1854.

Early minstrelsy in Boston is brought to mind by a programme of Ordway's Aeolians in Harmony Hall in 1853, and the noted Morris Brothers show a few years later.

In addition to these and many other notable features there are scores of small souvenirs, old tickets, invitations, door checks, passes and other memoranda of events, incidents and occasions of more or less import —all worthy the attention of those interested in contemporaneous dramatic matters.

TO A LILY.

BY MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.

All rainbow tints thou hast assimilated,
O fair white flower reposing on the water's breast;
So doth pale Death unto Life's colors mated,
Blend them to lily whiteness on his couch of rest.

AT THE BREAKING OF THE DAWN.

BY JOSEPH J. MURPHY.

The moonlight falling on the tall front of the studio had a wintry chill in it. The clouds were thickening and hinted of snow. Carriages rolled up to the canvas tunnel, which had been thrown across the sidewalk, and eddied away toward the corner and swirled about the statue of Lafayette looming dark against the gray sky.

Groups of Washington women—proverbially brilliant in the evening—attended by men in the conventional black and white, broken occasionally by a diplomatic or military uniform, hurried through the wide hall into the well-lighted studio. Hanging opposite the entrance was Crawford's much-discussed picture "The Glory of Youth." It was an admirable bit of work, and all but dimmed the impressionist sketch hanging next to it. Scattered through the studio were delicate wintry marines and skeptical little blue-hilled landscapes drenched with cool sunshine, done in the modern manner, void of inspiration, but full of technical excellences. In one corner was a picture with a rare piece of old tapestry draped over the top of it. There was a distinction about it that raised it above the level of those around it. It was the portrait of a girl, of a dark Spanish type of beauty. She wore a light dress open at the throat, with a black lace scarf falling over her head and shoulders. She was standing on a balcony. Her hands rested lightly on the rails and her full figure carried her head gracefully. Behind her was the vague faded sheen of a silk curtain, undefined, and losing itself at the bottom. The face was candid, the eyes laughing and full of a pretty archness. Hanging from its frame was a simple bit of cardboard stating that it had received the grand prize at the Salon a few summers previous. The name "Melville Merton" was inscribed in the lower corner.

There was a lamp or two in front of the picture that threw a dusk over the face. Throughout the room great huddling shadows were a-dance upon the walls and ceiling. The dim light brought out the lustres in the sweeping embroideries, and cut the busts and statues into threatening shapes. On the wall directly opposite Merton's picture a sheet of canvas had been hung in preparation for a shadow-dance to take place later in the evening. A flood of light coming from a calcium in the back of the studio inundated it. In front of the canvas a hollow semi-circle of floor space had been set apart for the dancer. About it a row or two of men in evening dress knelt or squatted in Oriental fashion upon rugs. Behind them the ladies, clustered into little groups, sat on improvised divans. The studio was beginning to be comfortably filled, and the late comers from the theatres fluttered in with a great rustle of silks and murmur of talk.

"There's Merton now," said Harry Keene, who wrote clever articles on music and the drama for the Sunday papers, "the tall, handsome fellow standing in front of the picture there. Strange what a fascination his picture has for him, isn't it? But there's a history back of the picture and of him, too. Married a pretty French girl, you know—a dancer at one of the theatres. The affair began in Paris. His people were horrified. The old gentleman was particularly put out about it. Threatened to cast him off entirely. But the girl solved

the difficulty by running away with a broken-down and bankrupt adventurer from South America. The fellow had been president of one of the paper republics down there, I believe. A sudden revolution put him out of office, and the rascals of the other party banished the rascals of his party from the country. Merton's wife fell a victim to his past glory, or his cynical humor, or something or other, and she left Merton and took their little one with her. Merton was passionately devoted to the child, and followed them through Europe, but to no purpose. Then he came home and shut himself in his studio with his paints and canvases and aspirations. His friends wondered why he was not more productive. He broke his silence occasionally by lovely little bits—little lyrics in color, but nothing worthy of himself and his talent came forth. At last the portrait appeared. It made a sensation. The critics raved about it, and burnt big blocks of incense before it. It was the portrait of his daughter as he hoped and prayed and dreamed she might be. The figure's extraordinarily vivid, don't you think?" Thus Keene rattled on about a dozen topics in half as many minutes, until catching his host's eye, he plunged towards him through the crowd.

As Keene said, the tragedy in Merton's life had cast an enduring gloom over him. His natural sternness of temper had developed into moroseness. It was not that he cared so much for the woman whom he had called wife. It was true he had loved her, but the love was founded on impulse, and soon evaporated. He had married her believing her to be as good as those who threw up their hands in horror at the idea of his marrying an actress. He gave her every opportunity in the world to prove herself the noble woman he believed her to be. She had all that a man's whole thought and love and money could buy. But she abused her chances, and when she left him Merton had an obscure sense of liberation, which, however he might smother and disown, was still there. He could not help being aware that he had long relinquished tastes, purposes and ideals to gain a love that ever struggled with what was noblest in him.

It was for his child that his heart hungered. He knew that she would grow into the woman her mother had been, and lead the same life she had led. The tiny fingers seemed to stretch out appealingly to him. He thought of her future with a keen sense of pity and sorrow. He shuddered at the evil knowledge and temptations that would mar the beauty of her quaint, sweet face and shadow the clearness of her great deep eyes. The thought overpowered him. He almost cried out when he thought of the girl—his child—and the strange, wild life she would be thrown into. Year after year he mourned for her. He haunted the cafes chantants of Paris to catch a glimpse of Pepita, but with no success.

He seldom went out. As the years went by he had grown more and more painstaking and careful in his methods of work. He had put the best part of himself in his picture—his one great masterpiece—and on that account it received extravagant praise from the critics. They extolled the exquisite modeling of the face, the exceeding fineness of the touch and the light, free security of the execution. But after all had been said, they were at a loss to tell why the picture of a young girl on a balcony with the summer sunlight falling mistily behind her, should make so deep an impression, and tempt

them into lyric appreciation. Merton had placed his noblest feelings in it, and it borrowed something of tenderness from his brush. There was the same reverence in it that he felt for the little life he had called into the world. He had often sat before it, and told himself that for one moment's meeting with her he would give his life. As years went the desire framed into a great passion.

On the night of this first studio-dance—the last before Lent—the picture had been the focus of interest. Before the lights were turned low the crowd had gathered in front of it in admiring groups. Merton was only languidly interested when his thoughts were broken in upon by the whir of the calcium in the back of the room. A bar of light pierced the darkness and rested on the broad sheet. The buzz of conversation was partly hushed, and Merton heard someone ask above the soft murmur of many voices if the dancer had arrived. Before an answer could be given a black figure stepped into the arc of light. It was the dancer. Her face was delicately moulded, with full red lips, and white teeth that flashed out when the lips were parted. Her hair was tossed back archly on the head and her figure was thrown into distinctness by the light that fell on it. On the fingers of both hands were many gems. She wore a tight-fitting velvet bodice, and a sweeping skirt of some black material covered with lace. There was a rose in her hair. For a moment she stood, her figure looming dark and sombre against the white background, and watched the audience with amused tolerance.

She sang, in a voice strongly flavored with a foreign accent, one of the popular songs that the boys were whistling in the streets and the orchestras were playing between the acts in the theatres. It was a voice rich, flexible, untrained, but full of artistic capabilities. A dance filled in the interlude between the stanzas. It was simple, graceful and modest. Slides of many colors were put into the calcium, and fell upon her with bewildering effect. Now she was a rose, and now an American flag, and now a butterfly with gorgeous wings.

As the complexity of the steps increased and the dancer wove herself in and out of the light, Merton noted a vague resemblance between the dancer and the picture on the wall. Others remarked it, too, and a murmur went around the room.

"Why, you'd think the picture over there had stepped out of its frame, there's the same hair, the same superb coloring and the same fleeting, intangible smile. Wonderful, isn't it?" pretty Mrs. Willoughby said.

"Oh, these dancers look very much alike. They are types, not individuals. Divide them into pretty blondes and prettier brunettes and you have them all. Perhaps she's the twenty-third cousin on the uncle's side to the girl who posed for Merton."

At last the music rose and swelled out melodiously in the finale and then died softly away. A long, despairing cry of the violins, the throbbing, pathetic notes of the guitars,—and flushed with triumph the dancer sank into a chair and inclined her head again and again to the plaudits that rang out. The voice haunted Merton like a word that we know which half eludes the grasp of the tongue. There was something familiar in it that he could not define or analyze. He might have heard it, he thought, in Paris, or London, or Vienna, or any of a dozen Continental cities.

"A marvelous voice has the girl," Merton heard rise above the dull level of whispered conversation, "and there's dramatic splendor in those

eyes of hers. See how they change with each emotion!"

"She has gifts of a high order, and she has mastered the technique of her art. When you see her you are not surprised that the origin of the dance was religious."

"Where did she come from and where will she go?"

"What is the parentage that brings such faces and figures into the world? There's a great life-drama back of her, I suppose. Why don't you work up the raw material into a story, Merton, and illustrate it yourself? You could use your prize winner as a model."

Merton smiled as one that but half comprehends, and the rest of the evening he sat in abstraction, thinking of the dark beauty and the quick splendor of her eyes and her strange resemblance to the one he loved.

* * * * *

The streets were nearly deserted as Merton left the studio. Now and then a clattering market-wagon from Virginia rumbled by, and occasionally the rush of a train across the Long Bridge sounded faintly through the night. Huge in the half-light of the dawn the Washington Monument loomed. It was blackly outlined far to the south and its vast bulk caught the moonlight and threw it back from its blank, mask-like windows, winking like eyes far up in the heavens. The Virginia shore lay like a dark frame-work to the picture. The broad sweep of the Potomac was broken at the ferries by clusters of lights, which glowed a sickly yellow in the distance. To the north the city showed a flicker of lamps, and the bridges above it looked like so many spiders' webs woven fine against the night.

But Merton saw nothing of this; he was thinking of the dancer at the studio. Suddenly the current of his thoughts was arrested. From directly in front of him he caught the sound of voices. They were confused and rather muffled, but there was a menace in the voice of the man, and a mocking unconcern in that of the woman. Merton listened. The couple had stopped and were standing in the shadow of the trees. The leafless branches let in the moonlight on their faces. Merton recognized the features of the girl who had sung at the studio.

He could see her eyes shining fixedly in the moonlight. There was silence for a moment and then the man's voice rose hoarse, strident. Merton observed the girl's face grow white in the shifting light. Her lips quivered and she laughed weakly. Then she turned and started rapidly away. The man's voice broke in a sharp climax of anger, and there was fierce rage in his tones as he called her. She turned and found herself looking along the gleaming barrel of a revolver. The dawn was staining the east, and the freshening light showed the man's face seared and drawn. He looked into her eyes for a moment and then fired. The changing light affected his aim and the bullet flew wide of its mark.

Merton rushed forward and struck the upraised arm far into the air. The man stood rigid for a moment and gazed at him with evil, wide-open eyes. Then with a cry his arm rose quickly into the air, and the butt end of the revolver came down with crushing force upon Merton's head. He staggered for an instant, and then fell heavily.

The dawn was creeping up the sky, and the moon, a pale crescent, hung far down the western heavens. The air was damp and there was a menace in the wind that smote the bare branches of the trees. The noise of the town was hushed. The heavy

breathing of the injured man was the only sound that disturbed the stillness. Merton lay in a little pool of blood. The girl bent tenderly over him and opened his shirt-bosom and fanned him with his hat which had fallen to the ground.

Five minutes later when the ambulance arrived she pressed into the hand of the surgeon a card, and hurried away. It bore the name: "Madamoiselle Pepita Merton."

* * * * *

For weeks Merton hovered between life and death. At the hospital sweet-faced nurses moved quietly in and out of the room where he lay tossing in delirium, and spoke in low, apprehensive whispers.

The days of winter were passing and hints of spring were in the air. The buds were forcing their way out of their green prisons, and the peonies were sending up long wistful arms yearning for the sunlight. Slowly the fever left Merton, and the tide of life ebbed back into the blanched, sunken cheeks. He began to take an interest in the things around him. His mind was growing clearer, and the faded patch of sunlight that crept through the half-closed blinds showed that his cheeks were rosier and his eyes brighter.

When the trees were beginning to put forth their fresh spring greenery he was wheeled to the broad piazza. The warm, wine-like sunshine was sweet and invigorating, and the misty air was soft and golden over the city that stretched away in a crescent beneath him. Merton soon found himself growing tired and drowsy. To throw off this feeling he picked up a newspaper that had been carelessly tossed on the chair next to him. It was an old sheet, and had evidently been used for wrapping a bundle. Merton smoothed out the creases, and then glanced at the date—Feb. 18th.

He looked languidly through the columns. Suddenly his eyes rested on a flaring headline, and the blood slowly left his face. He read:

"After Many Years".

"Father and Daughter Reunited by Assassin's Pistol."

"Miss Clarisse Merton, the well-known danseuse, held the centre of the stage last night in a tragedy that was not billed for any of the theatres. The early scenes were laid in Paris, and the chief actors were a fascinating little dancer of the concert-halls and an artist who has since won international recognition as a portrait painter. His 'Picture of the Spanish Girl' brought him the grand prize at the Salon a few years ago," etc., etc.

The paper fell from Merton's nerveless grasp, and his mind grew confused. When he opened his eyes a Sister was standing beside him, and beyond her outline, against the flush of the sunset stood a girl. Merton looked at her for a moment, at her dark hair waving over the forehead, at the strange deep eyes, and then Paris and the past and the little one he had searched for so long flashed before his mind's eye, and he understood all. He understood the resemblance of the dancer to the picture he had painted; understood the newspaper reference. Events had marvelously unraveled themselves and in his moment of clear vision he saw all. With a slight cry the girl rushed upon him; threw her arms around his neck and kissed him again and again. Merton put out his thin, wasted hands, waved back the thick, clustering curls, and looked into the face he had yearned for so long. The perfume of the lilacs came to them, and as he bent and kissed her the waving splendor of the twilight rested upon her like a benediction.

HYMNS OF THE CHURCH.

BY MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

The Church is a richly dowered bride. All of the arts have brought their treasures to her feet, painting, sculpture, what Madame de Stael calls the "frozen music of architecture," and by no means lastly music itself.

Music was the first born of all the arts. Before even there was light there was sound, and in that Voice of the Almighty making creation out of chaos must have been melody and harmony indeed!

"A Voice to light gave being,
A Voice will banish doubt and dim foreseeing,"

says Wordsworth, in one of the most beautiful of his odes.

Music coming straight from God, it is just she should hold high place in the Church of God. And she does. The hymns of the Church, early, mediaeval, and modern, are indeed a fund of musical lore.

The hymns of the Old Testament were the heritage of the infant Church, from the first hymn recorded in the Bible, the song of Miriam in celebration of the deliverance of the Israelites from their Egyptian pursuers, which Handel has made the subject matter of that splendid fugue, "Sing ye to Jehovah, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea," down through the song of Lamech, the song of Moses, the song of Deborah and Barak, the song of Solomon, of Jehosophat, and the many songs, psalms, of that great singer, David, whose musicianship Browning has celebrated in that majestic poem, "Saul."

The statement of Garrett Horder, therefore, in his work on the "Rise and Growth of English Hymnology," that the earliest history of the chosen race is practically without song seems unwarranted in its inference.

"We read of altars and prayers and accepted intercessions," he says, "and we feel sure that those who walked in the light, like Enoch or Abraham, must have had their hearts kindled with music, but from the green earth rising out of the flood, from the shadow of the great rock at Mamre, from the mountains and valleys and upland pastures of the Promised Land, where the tents of the patriarchs rose amidst their flocks, from the prisons and palaces of Egypt, we catch no sound of sacred song."

Which is beautiful writing, but, according to the fashion of beautiful writing at times, seems not wholly regardful of facts. It reminds one of Newman's satire on the way in which men sometimes allow one science to usurp the place of another.

"Gibbon argues against the darkness at the Passion," he says,* "from the accident that it is not mentioned by pagan historians; as well might he argue against the existence of Christianity itself in the first century, because Seneca, Pliny, Plutarch, the Jewish Mishna and other authorities are silent about it. * * * On this score we ought to deny that the round towers of this country had any origin, because history does not disclose it; or that any individual came from Adam who cannot produce the table of his ancestry."

The first hymn recorded in the New Testament is that wonderful "Magnificat" of the Virgin Mother, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." This song, combining as it does the promises of the past with the assurance of

* "Idea of a University."

present realization, is a prelude preparing for the great symphony of Christian song which comes swelling down through ensuing ages. The "Magnificat" was the first of a noble triad, the song of the priest Zacharias, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," and the song of one who, standing on the outermost edge of this mortal life, cried out, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

All of these songs have stirred the great musicians of the world to their noblest efforts, and naturally so, since they tell of the very deepest, most sacred emotions of the human heart.

The hymns of the early Church are for the most part shrouded in obscurity, but much has been written of the mediaeval hymns. Some of them are new editions, as it were, of earlier hymns, as the "Pange Lingua" of Saint Thomas Aquinas, in which the opening lines are identical with that composed by Venantius Fortunatus in the sixth century. The "Pange Lingua" of Saint Thomas, which celebrates the glory of the Blessed Eucharist, may be regarded as one of the last great songs of the unmutilated Church, when dogma was not, as Luther tried to make it, distorted into the mere fancifulness of symbolism, and the heart of Christanity had not been lacerated by the wounds of conflicting sects.

In view of the great and wonderful heritage of music possessed by the Church, it would be indeed a pity that her choirs should ever spend themselves on music that was frivolous and unworthy. For if, as Ruskin says, the purpose of music is to say what you mean deeply in the strongest and clearest possible way, then church music should be now, as it has been in ages past, the noblest, most inspiring music in the world.

MAGDALENS.

BY REV. WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

From cloistered clouds of gray
Adown the aisled way
The maiden snow-flakes fall.
As pure and white are they
As nuns who come to pray
Into the chapel stall.

But how the earth now taints
This sisterhood of saints,
Erstwhile immaculate;
Their vesture soiled with sin,
Their hearts now melt within —
The snow-flake Magdalens.

A DESTINY OF GRAY.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

From the French of Joe Rasco.

It was her misfortune to be born in a castle of the Vendee and to be a girl when an heir was expected. In chagrin *monsieur le marquis,* her father, merely remarked: "A daughter—how awkward!"

Nevertheless, approaching his wife most courteously, he kissed her on the forehead, with kindly words and wishes. The gentle mother said only that she was happy.

Later on there did arrive an heir. *Monsieur le marquis* wrote to Charles X, placing the life of the newly-born child, together with his own services, at the feet of His Majesty. His Majesty had not time to answer; he was signing the Ordinances.

A few years more, and *monsieur le comte's* dogs, *monsieur le comte's* horse, *monsieur le comte's* man-servant, *monsieur le comte's* tutor, and *monsieur le comte* himself created great hubbub in the castle.

She was then at the convent, whither her gentle mother occasionally wrote her timid, tender, little letters. *Monsieur le marquis,* a good father in his own fashion, was economizing to raise a noble lady's portion in order to give it to the convent the day his dear child would take the veil. It was with indignation that he learnt that parents were not free to do as they pleased; for children were now declared so, and only took the veil when it pleased themselves.

It was thus she returned into Vendee, for her taste was not for the veil.

Her tender mother died and the outraged *monsieur le marquis* saw that lawyers ruled everything and that the claims of *monsieur le comte* were only equal to those of his sister. It caused him to change his methods.

She was twenty years old and in love. Her father in tears gave her to understand that she was the sunshine of his disenchanted life—the true mother of *monsieur le comte,* as yet a youth, and was willing to take her sobs for submission. Marriage was mentioned no more.

Her youth passed by quickly; pale, dried up, a little hard like those on whom a hidden sorrow wears perpetually, she took care of her father, now grown very old, in the sad old castle; for *monsieur le comte* now led the gay life of Paris—that gay life under the Second Empire.

One evening *monsieur le marquis* in great weakness, but still sensible, made her promise to keep undivided in their family the patrimony handed down by their ancestors. "Do not fear," she said, "my heart is dead." He passed away satisfied.

And then, the lawyers; gay life is costly. The new marquis paid his debts out of his inheritance, and drawing on his sister's share left her nothing but a leasehold worth three thousand francs.

But he did not sell the castle; he sold his name in marrying the daughter of a millionaire grocer. Marquis and marchioness—they led a gay existence; only there were no children and the name died out.

She has dragged through life for seventy years. She died yesterday. Why did she come into the world?

NIGHT UNTO NIGHT.

BY HERBERT M. SYLVESTER.

Boom, — boom—boom, — boo-o-oom.—

It is a pregnant sound in the night-time. One hears it like the far-off roar of a freshet. It rises and falls like the cadence of the wind. It dies away completely or comes nearer with overwhelming impetuosity, when it becomes a Titan-like pounding and a hammering of mighty forces.

As if the veritable Crack-o'-Doom were impending, one halts to assure one's self of his equipoise. This subterranean thundering suggests anew the tragedies of Lisbon, Ischia and Mendoza. It is only one of the compulsory processes Nature serves upon the individual to loose the door-fastenings of the brain and to quicken the pace of the blood. It has the quality of weirdness, of foreignness. It stops one's breathing the better to set the tympanum to sense the slightest vibration of the frost-keyed atmosphere. Almost inaudible, it grows more palpable to the hearing, like the low key of the wind, or the noise of the surf at the foot of the marshes, irregularly, like the beat of a jagged pulse, or not at all.

It is a discordant note in the harmony of the spheres, for this futile rebelling of the pent-up winds under the ice of the big pond is akin to the snapping of the nails in the old house. It is a literal translation of the most trenchant of Nature's lines. Æolus has hurled his spear against the hollow caverns of Jack's hill and the cohorts of the wind have rushed from every vent to roll along under these acres of crystal to growl and roar and thunder their impatience at this bondage.

Across the fields stretch the levels of the untrodden snows. The stars hang their blinking lights across the sky without, and within our hibernacle of wood the beechen forestick reddens the hearth with halcyon suggestions of the poetry and mystery of the benumbed woods.

This cracking, pounding and roaring of the ice is a night sound. The sun up, the winds are up with it. The auricles are assailed with other and sharper speech. The weeds shiver and rattle and shrill their complaining, and the detritus, scoured by the winter gale from the glittering crust afield, pelts everything with a thin note of defiance that is not a far remove from the rustling of dead leaves. The thin, brush-like tops of the pasture birches thresh the air impotently. They moan and sigh their resentment audibly to mix and blend their sibilant voices with the low musical soughing of the pines in the wood's edge.

It may be that the gnomes under Jack's hill are holding high carnival, or that mother Earth, disturbed by her unruly children, is indulging in a yawn while she waits for the south winds to open the blue water to the sunshine and the laugh of the loon, and set the tiny smelts to running up the overbrimming brooks. And here is an illustration of Nature's economies. These small fry are the food of the larger fish. About a week after the run of the smelt, the lubberly sucker and the larger fish run up the same brooks, but the smelts have made their spring explorations and are back in the deeps of the pond waters, out of the way of those that come after. They are saved by the skin of their teeth. It is, however, a curious episode in fish life that the

smallest and weakest of the tribe should be the first to test the strength of the roily snow-fed waters of the brook. It is as if they were the pioneers, the scouts of the big trout and pickerel. Like the bluebird, they are harbingers of spring and are a nocturnal happening to fill out the day with the plowman afield.

This deep bass note is like none other in Nature, unless it is the dulled crash of the thunder beyond the hills across the valley. It is a voice from the depths, solemn, prophetic, as if the stops of a huge organ had been inadvertently opened. It is the prut of a rifle,—a fusilade of musketry,—the boom of a signal-gun,—a note of alarm,—a cry of distress,—a moan of despair. It is all things to all men. It touches the tense string to pass over the loose one.

Not every man is keyed alike. Not every vision is sharp-set and capable of photographic detail. Not every ear is attuned to the delicate vibrations that mark the harmony, the rhythm of the deep utterances of Nature.

This pounding of the imprisoned air is not all one hears when the stars blink in the sky and the north winds blow piping cold across the chimney-top, and the incense of the house-fire lends something of pungent flavor, the smell of burning wood, with here and there a glowing spark of red to suggest the hearth-glow. The wind goes down and the cold steadily stiffens. Out of the still air off some far hillside, or out of the deeps of the bleak, black woods, comes another weird and jarring note.

It is the hysterical bark of a vagrant fox. It sounds near, but the thin air makes it seem nearer than it is. It may be down on the old M. P. lot, or across the valley and on the slopes of Porcupine hill. The foliage is off the trees and their brush of winter woods offers less resistance to this suggestion of the days when the howl of the wolf and the human-like wail of the panther dominated the wilderness of silence. In these days the bark of the fox is complemented by the hoot of the owl or the scream of a stray bob-cat. The coat-of-arms of the fox is a brush of buff and black on a field of pure white. It is not a far cry, this bark of the fox, from the wilderness of our forefathers, with all its rebellious unrest and discordant suggestion concentrated in a single exclamation. It bespeaks the skulker, the thief, and as dame Partlet would have it, the house-breaker, if its larder was empty and its stomach sore with gnawings of hunger. When the snow is on the ground the fox is usually on short commons unless he is fortunate enough to find a grouse embargoed in the snow, when the story of a woodland tragedy is writ in the lee of some low-branching fir or spruce with the debris of a few feathers. All the wild things in Nature are depredators of some sort. If the grouse has become food for the half-famished fox, there will be all the more buds to bloom in our farmer's orchard with the returning spring, for the grouse is an epicure and is not averse to taking its orchard fruit in embryo. It is a great lover of apple-tree buds, and almost any winter night as the red sun goes down in a flurry of drifting snow one sees them in the apple-tree tops making a succulent meal, the only animate things under all the winter sky. I never saw them but I felt there was something of recompense in this bleak outlook. They were message-bearers of good cheer and companionship. It was as if the roughness of this winter setting had given their coming into the orchard something of camaraderie. In the glow of the red sunset, I saw

them dip toward the alder swamp, and I followed their flight clear to the woods, where I have no doubt they had a snug domicile, out of reach of the wind, and where when the sun came up in the morning it shone into their arched doorway of drooping limbs. These snow-thatched lean-tos are cosy places, and the rabbits are not averse to their kindly shelter. Nature seems to make ample provision for her children, though her table is at times a somewhat meagre one, garnished with sleet and the dry sifting snow.

The grouse usually makes its domicile on the sunny side of the woodland, in the edge of the pasture or meadow, or under the lee of the wooded capes that jut out into the pasture like headlands into the sea. When the snow comes it finds a clinging lodgment on the scraggy scrub pines and the closer-knit firs and spruces that make an embroidery of evergreen filigree or edging to the brawny beeches and maples of the farm wood-lot. The pitchy spills of these evergreens are moist with their superabundance of sap, and each green needle becomes a tiny lance or stalagmite of emerald, and each densely-foliaged bough a veritable spray of ice. These boughs are the rafters of the rudimentary roof, and each storm adds its largess of wind-driven pellicle, and the roof is well thatched, and is storm and wind-proof. The limbs bend under the weight until their tips are lodged upon the ground. On these soft-wood trees the limbs stretch out from the trunk in whorls and they are resilient to a degree. On the storm side they bend gracefully lower and still lower, to make the perfect hiding-place for our grouse. It is indeed a snug harbor, and its floors are carpeted thickly with the soft dry chives and yellow spills, the accumulations of as many years as the tree is old. So warm a covering is it that the brown earth beneath does not freeze for the entire winter.

When the sap in the maples begins to run and the fires are alight under the kettles in the sugar-camp, the saw-whet, vociferous fellow, is very neighborly. Whether it is the syrupy odor of the steam from the flaring kettles that tickles its nostrils, the pungent smoke that blows away from the fires under them, or its affiliation for human companionship, one's vigil is well-kept and the fires well-tended, and the saw-whet makes a good long visit with every nightfall and keeps to its sharpening of imaginary saws the while, only broken by the baying admonition of the snow-owl to the small-fry to make less noise. But noisy as the saw-whet is, as the nights grow milder and the atmosphere is more thoroughly saturated with the moisture of the melting snows, its discordant notes are shorn somewhat of their ragged tonic quality, and heard from a distance are not disagreeable, but pleasantly suggestive.

Around the moon is a luminous ring, an aureola that glows with all the subtle suggestion of a prismatic spectrum to remind one of the dyes of the October foliage. There is something of the same coloring in the brush of the woods that makes the floor of the Sokokis valley and the levels of the fields where the weeds have not been obliterated entirely. Beyond the lowland and along the trend of the silent river is the same deepening purple that swallows up the glory of the twilight and alike drowns the brilliance of the dawn in its mellow mystery.

The winds have gone to sleep. The cold does not bite with such stinging reality. It is less insidious, and in the widening of this aureola of the

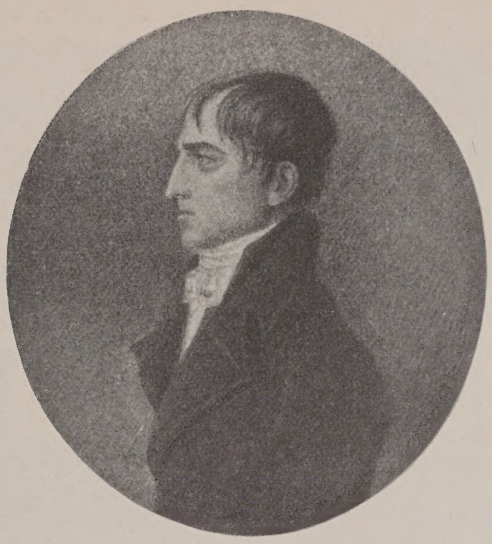
moon there is a hint of mercy, of kindly abating of this hitherto unyielding ban of black frost. There is moisture in the air. The woods exhale threads of mist that one can hardly discern, that untwist and flatten out against the gloom as they climb higher into the sky.

A walk afield as the winter night falls is a revelation. The landscape takes on a different garb. Familiar things are only half-recognized or identified. The snow gives something of luminosity to even the darkest night. It catches the stars when the moon is down and gives back into the sky something of its mild splendor. Even when the storm shuts down over the horizon, the night is still illuminated as if the falling snow brought something of the glimmer of the stars above the storm along with them to light their way to the old house roof.

When the night is clear, the smoke from the house-chimney mounts straight into the air to tower like a pillar, into invisibility. The house is ensconced under the hill,—a huddle of buildings and low, flat roofs, black, and of faint outline. They look larger than under the light of the midday sun. The smoke of this dusky-hued conglomerate of patchwork set deeply in its mat of white drifts and framed in the gray tops of the leafless orchard is like a hamlet of coal-kilns. This thread of smoke is not to be misunderstood. It is a pledge of warmth, hospitality, shelter, safety. It is a silent invitation to warm the heart and light the eye with a new greeting. I have seen the smoke curl upward from the tops of the woods across the valley of the Northwest Branch, a feeder of the Upsaloquoitch that finally finds its outlet through the Metapediac and Restigouche into the Bay of Chaleur. It was only a hunting trip, but a month away from civilization makes a distant camp-smoke a wished-for Mecca. Following the signal of that smoke I have plunged through the wilderness only to find a deserted spot and my dream of human companionship only a pile of smouldering ashes, a cold, gray remnant of the things most wished for. It was as if I had lost a friend, and my sense of loss was never more emphatic.

But the smoke still spins its slender thread into the cold night air, and there is something about it all that hints of strangeness. The most familiar things take on unfamiliar and uncouth shape to arouse the timid mind to a most lively apprehension. Objects easily recognizable by day, shrouded in the hood of night, become creatures of the brain, hob-goblins, and scare-crows. Circe was not more potent in her magic than this semi-opaqueness of dusky night. The ear is as keenly set to sounds as the vision to its revelations. A rustling among the witch-knots of the hazel by the highway, and it may be nothing more than the shivering of a dead leaf, strikes one's scalp as a raw, chill wind, and one's feet are lighter and more alert.

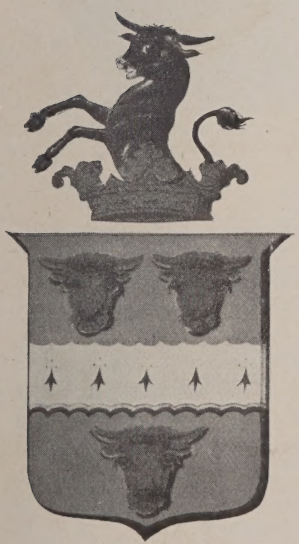
The moon sails through the sky always into the new day. The snow crystals fret and glisten until that self-same moon fades into a pale white patch on the blue of the western sky. There is a tell-tale rime of frost on the fences. In the dooryard the old wooden pump is frosted with a dull coating of silver. There is an unusual bustle among the barn-roosts. Chanticleer clamors for the break of day. He scents the relaxing cold and is telling his harem that he will take them out to walk among the barn-yard drifts when the sun is up and the cattle are let out for their morning airing in the southern exposure of the barn-sheds.



Robt Emmet

ROBERT EMMET.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.



ARMS OF THE EMMET FAMILY.

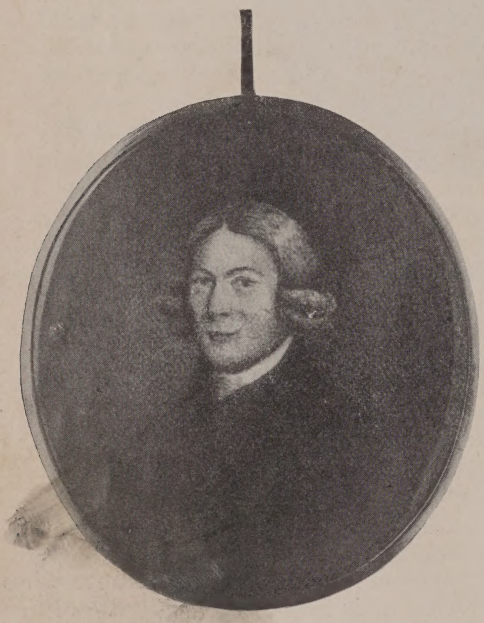
IN the gallery of Irish patriots young Emmet stands for saint and martyr. So ideal were his qualities that it almost needs his unhappy love affair to prove him human. Yet he was a fighting saint and martyr, with a genius for strategy, a grasp of organization, a brilliant aptitude for conspiracy; all the qualities, in fact, for a great and successful leader, if only he could have fused those who were with him in the white fire of his own passion.

His simplicity and faith he kept untainted to the end. He was so unconscious of his own heroism that he placed above him men unworthy to be named in the same breath with him. The fine gentlemen who had lured him to France in the sacred name of Motherland were found missing when he led his forlorn hope, and when his holy,—yes, his holy blood,—was lapped by dogs in the channels of Thomas Street. Hear how he spoke of these in his immortal speech from the dock.

"I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate

The plates illustrating Mrs. Hinkson's paper have been reproduced from "The Emmet Family," the author, Thomas Addis Emmet, M. D., New York, having kindly placed at our disposal a large number of the illustrations that accompany the text of his valuable and most interesting history of his family and the events of national interest with which the name is associated.—Ed tor.

my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as it has been expressed, the life and blood of this conspiracy. You do me honor overmuch; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of the superior. There are men concerned in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conception of yourself, my Lord; men before the splendor of whose genius and whose virtues I should bow with respectful deference."



DR. CHRISTOPHER EMETT.

MRS. REBECCA TEMPLE EMETT.

GRANDPARENTS OF ROBERT EMMET.

This, though he was on the road to the scaffold, while they enjoyed their titles and estates; this, though they had left him alone to carry out his tremendous enterprise. Simple and credulous, is it not? For the children of this world are yet wiser in their generation than the children of light.

What strange, what resplendent virtues those must have been that moved all manner of men and women to tears! Norbury, the Irish Judge Jeffreys, with almost uncontrollable emotion sentenced him, who had just arraigned himself, in invective that scorches and burns. When Emmet was returned to Kilmainham gaol, heavily ironed, his English jailer, seeing that the manacles had cut through his silk stockings and wounded his feet and ankles so that the blood flowed, burst into tears. As he went to execution, the warden who had charge of him, and who had conceived for him a strange passion of love and loyalty, stood in the prison corridor, sobbing bitterly. As Emmet passed, he leant forward, his hands being ironed, and kissed this man on the cheek. The man, with amazement as of one who sees Heaven opened, suddenly swooned before the radiant face of the young martyr, and fell like a stone.

Trevor, the brutal governor of Kilmainham, embraced and kissed him, and the embrace and the kiss were returned. It has been given as a proof

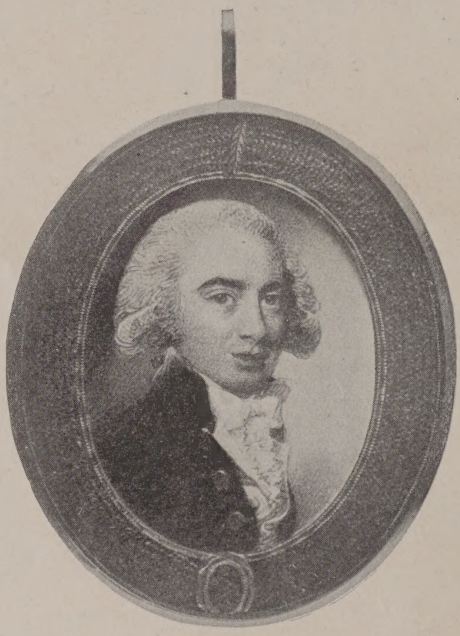
See page 162.

College of Surgeons, Stephen's Green, Dublin.

Residence of Dr. Emmet and Son.

of the man's duplicity and horrid hypocrisy. For my part, I prefer to believe that such a man as Trevor was raised for one instant to heights of pity by the spectacle of an Emmet going to die.

Even the English newspapers that would have taken away his right to Heaven, as well as to earth, were obliged to bear unwilling testimony. "The clergyman endeavored to win him from his deistical opinions, but without effect," says the voice of the liar. "In short, he behaved without the least symptom of fear, and with all the effrontery and nonchalance which distinguished his conduct in his trial yesterday. *Even as it was, I never saw a man die like him.*"



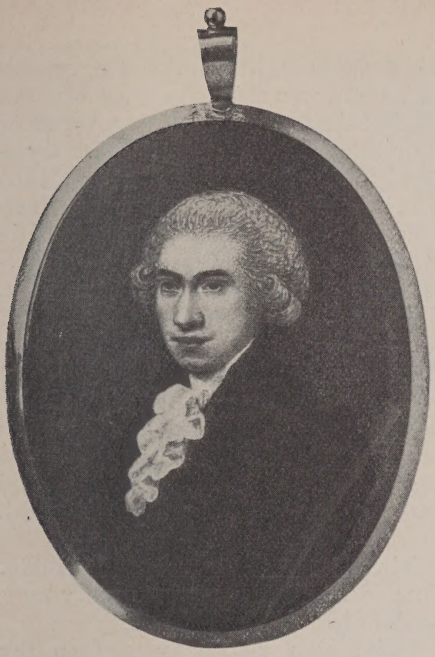
DR. ROBERT EMMET.
Father of Robert Emmet.

Emmet, as a matter of fact, lived and died in the Christian belief and profession. The day before his execution, he expressed his anger that his jailers should have thought it necessary to take precautions against his committing suicide. His hopes of salvation, he declared solemnly, were founded on the mediation of the Saviour Who died on the Cross; and with this hope and this faith it would be impossible for him to commit suicide. His declaration on the scaffold was that he died in peace, feeling only love and kindness towards all men.

Yet with all his saintliness of character, Emmet was one of the most dangerous enemies the English rule in Ireland ever had. His conspiracy was actually far more dangerous to the English domination than the more wide-reaching and bloodier rebellion of 1798. If there had not been incredible carelessness, folly and wickedness among those he trusted, the English in Ireland had gone packing, bag and baggage, from those green shores that 23d of July, 1803.

Unlike what happened in 1798, the insurrection found the government of the day absolutely unprepared. Nineteen counties were ready to rise; but, again, unlike the plan of the Rebellion, there was no cumbrous and easily-betrayed system of county direction and organization. The threads of rebellion were all in the young leader's hands. The informer was guarded against by the line of demarcation observed between the several bodies of rebels. Arms and ammunition were in abundance. The English government at home and abroad had its hands full, and the eyes of the Irish administration were the eyes of a mole.

Alas, and alas! The stars in their courses once more fought against Ireland. The fabric of rebellion to which Emmet, Russell and others had given their hearts and intellects, their love and their lives, crumbled like a sand-castle. Once again the history of Ireland lies the way of madness and despair.



CHRISTOPHER TEMPLE EMMET.
Eldest Brother of Robert Emmet.

ANNE WESTERN TEMPLE EMMET.
Wife and Cousin of Christopher Temple Emmet.

Emmet foresaw that when he was gone it would be said of him that he had ventured rashly. Therefore he left behind him the story of his plan, that should retrieve his memory from the charge of foolhardiness. As it brings together the various features of his enterprise, I cannot do better than quote some of it to show the fabric which withered in an hour,—actually in an hour.

"The plan was comprised under three heads: Points of Attack, Points of Check and Lines of Defence. The Points of Attack were three—The Castle, the Pigeon House Fort and the Artillery Barracks at Island Bridge."

The Pigeon House was to be first attacked by a body of two hundred. A rocket sent up, after the fort was surprised, was to be the signal for the attack on the Castle. The Castle was also to be attacked by two hundred men. The matter was to begin by Emmet and some of his most trusted adherents entering the Castle yard in hackney coaches, as though they were on their way to dine with the Lord Lieutenant. Once inside, the whole party was to alight and turn back to the guard-house, seizing the guard. At the same time they would be reinforced by men swarming in by the windows of houses overlooking the Castle yard. The Lord Lieutenant and principal government officials were to be seized, and in case the attacking force was repulsed, were to be carried quickly into the mountains of Wicklow, where Michael Dwyer would answer for their safe keeping. The third attack was to be on the Island Bridge Barracks. The fourth was to be on Cork Street Barracks. The signal for the attack having been made, in each case, was to be three rockets going off, to be followed by a shower of rockets in case of victory, or a single dumb rocket in case of repulse. Various buildings were to be seized and occupied by armed men.

The streets were to be defended by lines of chains, barricades consisting of drays, beams, and the coaches of the hackney men, and the butchers' blocks from Ormond Market; the houses over the chains to be occupied by persons armed with pistols, hand-grenades and stones. The bridges were to be laid with planks of wood, spiked and nailed, to prevent the passage of cavalry.

Everything for the fight and for the retreat, if necessary, had been planned and thought out. Robert Emmet had a passion for the study of military strategy, and in his plans the strategist, born as well as made, is evident.

The plan was finally simplified to the taking of the Castle, and the lines of defence.

"I expected three hundred Wexford men, four hundred Kildare, and two hundred Wicklow men, all of whom had fought before. The county of Dublin was also to act; the number of Dublin people was to be three or four thousand. I expected two thousand to assemble at Costigan's Mills. The evening before, the Wicklow men failed through their officers. The Kildare men, who were to act particularly with me, came in at five o'clock, but went off again from the Canal harbor, on a false report that Dublin would not act. In Dublin itself, it was given out by some treacherous or cowardly person that it was postponed till Wednesday. The time of assembly was from six till nine; and at nine, instead of two thousand, there were eighty men assembled."

The carelessness was incredible. One can well believe that the young leader died broken-hearted.

"The man who was to turn the fuses and rammers for the beams for-

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* Dr. Emmet leased a house in Molesworth Street on first settling in Dublin, but which one could never be determined, as the houses in that street were not numbered until long afterwards. In 1777 he purchased a large house on the corner of Stephen's Green, West, and Lamb's Lane. On the opposite corner, and taking up the whole space between Lamb's Lane and York Street, the building for the Royal College of Surgeons was subsequently erected. Robert Emmet, Jr., was born in the Molesworth Street house, and it was just after his birth that the family moved to Stephen's Green. On the marriage of his son Thomas, the doctor divided the house by a partition wall, into two separate dwellings, keeping the corner house for himself. His son took possession of the inside one, and there his children were born. After the arrest of Mr. Emmet many old friends and acquaintances drifted away in consequence of the family troubles, so these houses were rented, and the family sought retirement in their country place.

For years before Dr. Emmet's death he devoted much time to improving the grounds and garden at Casino. The writer had the good fortune to see the place in 1880, and before any material change had been made. A Mr. Meldon, who died shortly afterwards, owned it at that time. He had come into possession of the property some fifty years before, the place having undergone little, if any, change, as the previous owner had purchased it from the family and had taken care to preserve everything intact. So in 1880 the appearance of the house and grounds was essentially the same as when occupied by the family, with the single exception that the window-frames in the front of the house, having become decayed, new ones filled with plate-glass had been substituted for the old. The garden had been preserved just as Dr. Emmet had laid it out; for when the greenhouses had become decayed, new ones in facsimile had been put up in their place. The wall-fruit, too, which the doctor had planted and trailed, was all preserved by building new trellis about it where necessary. It was stated that even the vegetables were of the same stock as had been found on the place and occupied the same locality. The parlor was still covered by the tapestry paper as of old, which no doubt had been a source of delight to the younger generation of the past.

After the death of Mr. Meldon and the expiration of his lease the house was pulled down and the whole grounds were built upon within the last few years, and that Casino has now become incorporated with the suburban portion of the city of Dublin.

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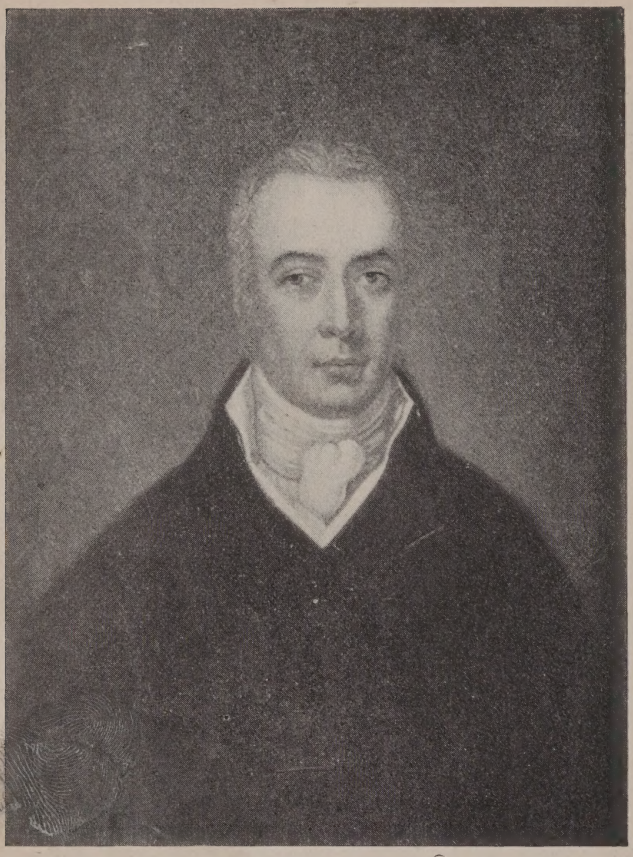
* From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M. D.

See opposite page.

CASINO, THE COUNTRY PLACE OF DR. ROBERT EMMET.



THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

got them, and went off to Kildare to bring men, and did not return till the very day. From the explosion in Patrick Street, I lost the jointed pikes that were deposited there. . . . The persons who had the management of the depot, mixed, by accident, the slowmatches that were prepared with what were not, and all our labor went for nothing. The fuses for the grenades he had also laid by where he forgot them, and could not find them in the crowd. The cramp-irons could not be got in time from the smiths, and the scaling ladders were not finished, but one. Had I another week, had I one thousand pounds, had I one thousand men, I would have feared nothing."

Emmet does not dwell on the folly which went so far to wreck his insurrection. Despite all his plans of isolation, whereby each little centre of conspiracy kept to itself, and knew nothing of its neighbor; despite this, if the government had not been as blind as a bat, its eyes must have been opened.

On the 14th of July, nine days before the rising, bonfires were lit in the streets, and before the houses of conspirators, at which much sedition was talked and acted.

Then think of the acts of personal folly! At half-past six on the evening of the insurrection, the Castle Yard stood open to the public, with no gates, no guards; as though inviting Emmet's entry. It waited in vain. The Privy Council, which was sitting, and the members of which it was part of Emmet's plan to capture, sat and separated in safety. Henry Howley, who had been deputed to fetch the coach in which the leaders were to enter the Castle Yard, stopped on the quays, as if his mission mattered nothing at all, to see fair play in a fight between a countryman and a soldier. Presently, a military officer coming along and interfering, as Howley thought, unfairly, Howley shot him; and then, hearing the guard coming, fled, leaving the carriage behind him.

THE PARLOR AT CASINO.

It is heartbreaking reading. All Emmet's carefully planned design gave way at every link.

He waited in vain for his coaches. The reinforcements, ready to pour into the Castle Yard after him, also waited idly. About nine in the evening, when it was brought home to him to a certainty that all his plans had failed, Quigley, one of his men, rushed into the depot in Marshalsea Lane, crying out that the army was upon them. It was a false alarm, but Emmet believed it was true; and not to die like a rat in a trap, donned his uniform and sallied out with about eighty men. His intention was, even then, to attack the Castle. As he went on he was joined by about eighty others, most of them, says Madden, if not intoxicated, at least under the influence of drink. The young leader marched at the head of this motley crowd, which straggled, in spite of the efforts of the few trained men to keep it together.

Most unhappily, some of the stragglers in the rear came up with the coach of Lord Kilwarden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench: a just judge and a noble and humane man. The coach contained his Lordship, his daughter, Miss Wolfe, and his nephew, a clergyman. They were on their way to Lord Kilwarden's house at Newlands in the County Dublin, a strange, rambling old place, with as many rooms below ground as above. Kilwarden, strong in his knowledge that he had deserved the enmity of none of his countrymen,—why, a few years before he had done all man could do to save Wolfe Tone!—stood up in the coach and called out: "I am Kilwarden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench." "Then you are the man we want!" cried out a man of the crowd named Shannon; and straightway he was dragged from his carriage and piked to death before his daughter's eyes. The same fate befell his nephew; and the distracted Emmet reached the scene only in time to carry the unhappy Miss Wolfe to a place of safety.

From that moment, the bitterness of death was past for Emmet. Within an hour the rout was general. Lord Kilwarden, dying of his wounds in Vicars Street watch-house, heard Major Swan threaten to hang every prisoner brought in. "What are you going to do, Swan?" he cried. "To hang these rebels, my Lord." "Let no man be put to death except by the operation of the laws of his country," commanded the dying just man.

Emmet and some of his followers meanwhile fled to the lonely house in Butterfield Lane, which he had inhabited under the name of Mr. Ellis. The Lane is a lonely country road, winding through green fields, below the blue, blue hills of Dublin.

They reached the house at eleven o'clock. Anne Devlin, the Irish peasant heroine, who was Emmet's domestic servant, and who will be remembered so long as Emmet is remembered, was, at the moment, engaged in sending a man off with a consignment of powder. When she saw them she realized that the rebellion was over. "Bad welcome to you!" she cried out; "is the world lost by you? Cowards that you are, to lead the people to destruction, and then to leave them!" Emmet answered her patiently: "Don't blame me, Anne; the fault is not mine."

The party remained at Butterfield Lane that night and all next day, till ten at night. Then it made for the mountains. The reason of the delay was that Emmet expected Michael Dwyer from the mountains; but Dwyer never came. Emmet's messenger to him had failed, too, and Dwyer waited vainly, till he heard that all was over in Dublin.

A day or two later Anne went up

The Garden at Casino.

See opposite page.

NEWGATE PRISON, DUBLIN.

to the mountains, to convey letters to her mother. She found Emmet and the others sitting on the hillside in their uniforms, for they had no other clothes. When she was returning, Emmet, in spite of the protestations of his friends and followers, returned to Dublin with her. He went to Mrs. Palmer's at Harold's Cross, and took up his abode there. From there Anne carried a letter from him to his love, Sarah Curran.

A day or two later, a troop of yeomen, accompanied by a magistrate, came and searched the house in Butterfield Lane. Anne Devlin was seized furiously on their arrival, and while the search proceeded she was surrounded by yeomen, who kept the points of their bayonets actually touching her body.

When the others returned, she was examined as to Emmet's doings and whereabouts. She protested she was only a poor servant-maid and knew absolutely nothing about "the gentlemen." Threats and persuasion alike having failed, the magistrate ordered her to be hanged.

In the yard was a cart, which they tilted up and swung a rope to it by a band of leather. While they made these preparations, others of the yeomen pushed the girl against the wall, and while they prodded her with their bayonets till the blood ran down in streams they kept asking her: "Will you tell us where Mr. Ellis is now?" Her constant answer was: "I will tell nothing. I have nothing to tell."

They asked her again when the noose was about her neck. Her answer was: "You may murder me, you villains, but not one word about him will you ever get from me." Then, as she cried: "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" they swung her up.

She was, however, only half-hung; they hoped yet to reduce this magnificent contumacy of hers, and so her life was saved. After she had been suspended for three minutes she was cut down, and on recovering was sent into town to Major Sirr.

The Major adopted other methods with her at first. He tried flattery and soft words, and finally offered her five hundred pounds just to say where Mr. Ellis had gone to, adding that all the others had told the truth, and why not she?

(To be continued.)

"Newgate was the Bastille of Dublin, and likewise was pulled down on account of its infamous notoriety. Over the top of the door was a stout iron hook, to which Major Sirr, and Trevor, the jailer, strung up many a patriotic Irishman to save the necessity of erecting a gallows. The window to the right just above the entrance opened into the cell in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald died." From "The Emmet Family," by Thomas Addis Emmet, M. D.

On the site of this old prison there is today a public park, called St. Michan's formally opened December 22d, 1898. Here the children, particularly the children of the poor, will play happily unconscious of the grim associations of the place, once the scene of many evil deeds.

There is a circular plot in the centre, which is to be the site for the erection of a memorial to the memory of the patriots who suffered incarceration in Newgate Prison

The subject will be continued in the March number of Donahoe's. Among the engravings in that number will be views of the house where Emmet was arrested; the room with the secret recess; the court-room where he was tried; facsimiles of the Hibernian Journal containing the account of his trial, and the examination of witnesses; the statement issued by the British Government after the trial; portrait of Anne Devlin; her grave in Glasnevin; the supposed grave of Robert Emmet in St. Michan's church-yard; Dr. Madden pointing out that other grave in Glasnevin where some claim the patriot is buried; the seal of the United Irishmen.

A TALE OF LONG AGO.

BY MARY LEE HORTON.

CHAPTER I.

It was a June afternoon. The west sun lighted the tall poplars which threw flickering shadows on the lawn at Epidaurus. Beneath a magnolia was a group. Seated on the ground with her turbaned head resting against the trunk of the tree was an old negro woman; around her stood the dark-eyed children of a Southern planter.

Blackma had told an uncanny tale of hobgoblins that lived in a deep, dark valley beyond—nobody knew where. There was silence for a moment. Anthony, a boy of six, nestled at Blackma's knee; baby Bella stole one arm around the old negress' neck, and she, faithful creature that she was, folded in her arms the tender child of "young missus." Blackma was once Bella's grandma's maid. Susan, the eldest, had thrown aside her book to listen to the weird tale.

"I don't believe in ghosts," she said, "but there is a spirit in everything—mother says so—that's why we love flowers," and she plucked from the grass a primrose.

"Oh, do hush, Sue," cried Josephine, a younger girl. "I hate ghosts, spirits and everything that is not real. I like Uncle Tom's stories—his fairies turn out to be good girls. He tells about brave warriors, dark dungeons and great women. When I grow up I mean to be great." Hardly were the words spoken when she bounded like a deer to the low stone wall, scrambled to the top, stooped over for a moment, then, looking over her shoulder, beckoned for Susan.

"Look," she whispered, as Susan reached her side, and bending over, the girls saw, crouched close to the outer side of the fence, a boy fast asleep. Quietly they stole down and stood beside him. His head rested on his arm, his face was turned slightly towards them; at his side lay an old blue cap; the brown breeches were frayed at the ankles, his feet were bare; on his forehead the black hair was matted and tangled; his face was tanned.

Josephine thought he might be dead. Presently he opened his eyes,—great black eyes,—and the blood mounted to his cheeks as he stood up; he was just a little taller than Susan. The first to speak was Josephine:

"Are you a boy out of a story book?" There was no reply. "Maybe you are a beggar."

The boy's mouth trembled.

"No, I'm not," he said, and tears were in his eyes.

"Oh, are you sick? Where do you hurt?" asked Josephine in alarm. The boy shook the tears from his lashes and was moving off when Susan ran and caught him by the jacket sleeve.

"Come, we will take you to mother. She will make you feel better."

The girls led him through the big gate, down the carriage drive. Blackma had gone, but the mother, sitting on the gallery, saw the children and went out to meet them. This mother was a frail woman who wore her golden-glinted hair in plaited coils around her shapely head.

Josephine ran forward. "O mother! we have found a boy! May we keep him?" Then pulling her mother down she whispered something in her ear. The mother smiled. Josephine ran into the house. Mrs. Depew, with an amused yet kindly

smile, asked the young stranger his name.

"Jack," said he, looking up with fearless eyes.

"Well, Jack, this is Susan, and yonder comes Josephine, bringing our tea. You will drink tea with us, will you not?"

"If you please, but I should like to wash my hands."

Susan took him to the old well which worked with a windlass. When they got back they found Blackma and Josephine arranging "good things to eat" on a white cloth spread upon the soft grass.

Susan and Josephine did homage to the ragged boy as if he were some knight-errant. Mrs. Depew, by her gentle talk, drew in fragments from the boy his simple story.

He had never known a father; his mother was dead. He had worked for a man who used him badly; he had heard that the river boat wanted a cabin boy; he was on his way to the landing when he lay down in the shadow of the wall to rest and fell asleep.

When Jack had finished his lunch he arose and stood beside Mrs. Depew. Though his jacket was torn there was no shame in his face as he looked into hers:

"I must thank you, madam. You are my fairy-godmother, and when I'm a man may I come back?"

"Yes, god-child, and if the boat does not take you away, come back to us tonight."

"You had best come back," cried Josephine; "Captain Aleck is all French, and very fussy."

"I like the French," laughed the barefoot boy; "I always say my prayers in French. My mother taught me how."

"Captain Aleck is kind and you will like him. I will give you a note to take to him," said Mrs. Depew. She went into the house to write the note; when she came out she was followed by a negro boy who was to guide Jack to the landing, which was about a mile down the river.

When the children had said good-bye, Mrs. Depew took Jack's hand in both her own. "God-child," said she, "never speak nor act a lie, and God will care for you."

The boy bent his head and kissed the hand that held his. He turned and walked down the broad drive. Vincent, the negro, slouched behind. When Jack reached the gate he looked back; the mother and the girls stood watching him; Blackma sat upon the ground smoking her short-stemmed pipe. Jack lifted his cap and shouted, "Au Revoir."

CHAPTER II.

A blithe girl leans against the fence at Epidaurus shading her eyes from the western sun. A horse with its rider gallops up the road. In a few minutes the rider dismounts, leaps over the wall and stands beside the girl.

"O Tony! what news?"

"Why the boat was an hour late. I have brought the mail. Perhaps there's a letter from Josephine. Let's take it to mother."

As the boy and girl pass under the trees, Vincent, now a groom, leads his young master's horse to the stables.

The mail is opened. Mrs. Depew, the same sweet woman, lightly touched by time, stands in the west window of the sitting room as she reads a letter, and over her shoulder read Anthony and Bella:

"Dear Mother: Really going home. How sweet it sounds! I whisper it to myself. . . .

"Mother, you will love William. Will you not, dear mother? He follows me to Epidaurus in the early fall. Forgive me, mother, but last night

when the house was filled with guests, I felt so proud of William. He seemed to move a prince among men. We have planned that our honeymoon shall be spent in Havana. We will go in his newest vessel, the Josephine. Sweet mother, do not frown, wait until you see him, and in truth you will love him.

"Best love for father. Love messages for Anthony and Bella. Goodbye, dear mother.

"Your affectionate daughter,

"Josephine Fitzgerald Depew."

"P. S. Have a trifle for each of the home blacks, from Uncle Hiram and Blackma down to Rose and Vincent.

"J. F. D."

Mrs. Depew folds the letter. A sigh escapes. All too soon the birdlings will have flown. Last winter Susan married and went to her far home in New York.

The next steamer brings Josephine. Epidaurus rings with mirth. But by and by Epidaurus puts on her best dress—a visitor is expected. Anthony has gone to the landing. Just as the straight rays of a setting sun shoot across the lawn and play on the window panes, William Ashton and Anthony Depew drive in at the big gate. Scarcely do they reach the stone steps when Mr. and Mrs. Depew come out to welcome their guest; Josephine soon follows, with her heart in her eyes. "Will they love him?" she thinks.

The happy days flew by. One day soon after noon dinner, Bella called from the stairs to Anthony who was whistling in the hall; "Say, Tony, do we hunt the fox tonight?"

"Yes, have been over to the Weatherfords; they are going. The hounds are in trim. Get yourself ready for a fast ride."

"But, Tony, I don't know my Virgil, and Mr. MacGroty will be here in less than an hour. Do help me."

"Well, come down."

They entered the sitting-room. "Look," whispered Bella, as she caught sight of Josephine and William Ashton on the lawn. "What a magnificent man Mr. Ashton is!"

"What an iceberg!" chimed Anthony.

"Well, but Josephine seems to thaw him."

"Oh, well, come on. Where is Virgil?"

"But, Tony, father and Mr. Ashton were cloistered in the study all morning. I wonder what it was about."

"Well, I can tell you. It is all settled. Josephine and Mr. Ashton are to be married next month and winter in Havana."

"Oh, dear me, Tony, so soon!"

"Yes, and if you don't get at Virgil you will not get the fox-tail."

They bent their heads over the book, while across the lawn, 'neath the old magnolia, was Josephine, seated on a bank of gray moss, a pretty picture in her blue merino frock. Ashton lay stretched on the fallen leaves. She was saying:

"This reminds me of long ago when Blackma used to tell us stories. This was our favorite spot. William, tell me a story," she laughed with childish glee.

"Well, listen, love." He changed his position so he could look into the depths of her dark eyes; "Years and years ago a lone boy went forth to seek Dame Fortune; the way was rough; the brambles tore his flesh; the stones cut his feet; the sun shone upon him in waves of burning light. The weary boy sank by the wayside and slept, and as he slept a sound like music came and waked him. Beside him stood two fairies—they

smiled upon him, poured healing balm into his wounds, bade him come, they would take him to their queen. To the fairies' court they went; the queen the stranger welcomed. At her word luscious fruits passed before him. He ate, and when he arose the queen gave into his keeping a priceless pearl, most wondrous rare. 'Keep it,' she said, 'with it no evil can befall you. All good will follow you.' The lad went forth. In his bosom bore he this purest pearl. He would lose it and all was dark, he would find it and light returned. In time the pearl brought to the wandering boy strength, courage, friends. Wealth came, but the greatest gift the jewel brought was the love of a gentle woman. Ah, dearest, canst read my story right?"

Tears shone in Josephine's eyes. "William, was the boy named Jack? Was mother the fairy queen, and her advice the priceless pearl?"

William was at her side, and the tears—though glad tears—were kissed away.

Thus runneth the story told by the grand-daughter of John William Ashton.

REGRET.

BY JEAN VINCENT.

Life is at most but a few short years,
Crowded with pleasures, with hopes and fears,
Days that we never forget.
There are long, dark days that are bitter with grief,
And bright, sunny days that are all too brief;
There are days we remember with sighs of relief,
And days that we always regret.
We pause and look back o'er the path we have come,
With a sigh for the duties we left undone,
For the coveted laurels we might have won,
But heedlessly thrust aside.
There were loving labors we might have wrought,
There were talents wasted through lack of thought,
And bright beginnings that came to naught,
That might turn a whole life's tide.
There were many lessons we might have learned,
And many graces we might have earned,
And perchance some life we might have turned
From the wrong path into the right.
There were thoughtless words, better left unsaid,
That blighted fond hopes and left instead
A spirit darkened with doubt and dread,
That before had been peaceful and bright.
There were loving favors we slighted so,
There were aching hearts we would not know,
That are lying now under drifting snow,
Whose sorrows we cannot forget.
We would gladly recall all the bitter words said,
With aching heart and grief-bowed head;
But our tears fall in vain on the graves of the dead,
And too late, all too late, comes regret.

HON. NELSON DINGLEY AND THE DINGLEY TARIFF.

"It is evident that he has been a public man and a public servant not because he sought for or desired office or fame, but because the people who knew him best believed that he had capacity for affairs and that it would be exerted faithfully and honestly, and that it would increase with exercise. As farmer's boy, school teacher, temperance reformer, lawyer, writer, editor, his industry and thirst for knowledge, together with a capacity for assimilating knowledge to the advantage of his neighbors, early indicated him as a person of character and leadership."

These words, a friend's tribute to the memory of Hon. Nelson Dingley, who died at the national capital, January 13th, tell with all the strength of brevity and simplicity the story of his life and the secret of his success.

Few men burdened with advancing years would be willing to enter on the labor of framing a tariff bill and meeting the strenuous opposition such a measure logically roused into aggressive life.

In this connection it is interesting to recall some forecasts of the influence of the bill on commercial and agricultural interests. At the time when the proposed tariff created so much earnest and anxious discussion Donahoe's obtained from men versed in the study of political and economic questions expressions of opinion relative to the working of the Dingley tariff if it became law. Viewed in the light of experience these predictions are most interesting and are therefore republished in part.

"The Dingley Bill Will Kill Several Branches of Profitable Business."—Thomas G. Shearman.

The enactment of the Dingley tariff will, of course, give considerable profits to a small number of judicious speculators, including manufacturers, who purchase their materials in advance and reserve their products until the rise in prices, made to some extent inevitable by the increase of duties, shall take place. This will produce a temporary activity in these lines of business, which may for a short time so far extend its influence as to seem like a general improvement. Of this, the present great activity in importing is an illustration. . . . The Dingley tariff will kill several branches of profitable business; but that is what a tariff is for. It will compel the great masses of half-poor people to do without many of the decent comforts of life. It will retard the return of prosperity, although the industry of our people is so great that nothing can entirely destroy prosperity. It will bring about a crushing defeat of the party responsible for its enactment; and, so far, that is a good thing. But it is extremely difficult to see how, with that defeat, it is possible to avoid a free silver triumph; and that is a bad thing. When the business world become convinced, as it probably will by the summer of 1900, that the establishment of a silver standard is coming, as the certain result of the Dingley tariff, it is probable that there will be a commercial panic in the East, equal to that which was feared, but for a time avoided, in November, 1896.

"American Producers Will Be Benefited."—Senator W. H. Gallinger, New Hampshire.

My answer to the interrogatory "Will the Dingley bill revive business?" is in the affirmative.

Impartial history teaches the lesson

that high tariffs have always brought prosperity to the people of the United States, while low tariffs have invariably disturbed business, prostrated industries and brought suffering and want to the laboring masses of our people. There is no escape from this conclusion. . . .

Believing that history will repeat itself, I entertain the profound belief that under the bill that will soon become a law prosperity will be returned to the people of this country. It will not come at a bound, the present condition being of a chronic nature, the cure of which will necessarily be somewhat slow. When the bill shall be passed American storehouses will be filled with foreign goods, imported in anticipation of the new law, and the American producer will not find a very ready market for his products until our storehouses have been emptied of their stocks of European and Asiatic goods. However, it does not require the spirit of prophecy to discover the fact that when foreign goods are partially excluded by a higher rate of duty than now exists all classes of American producers will be benefited. Our mills and workshops will be opened, American laborers will be employed at good wages, there will be a home market for the product of the American farm, and all classes of our people will share in the renewal of a condition of prosperity and happiness.

"It Will Not Be Necessary to Raise Money by Borrowing."—Curtis Guild, Jr.

The existing Wilson tariff is an injury to the country, both because it does not raise sufficient revenue and because under its operation certain industries are left absolutely exposed to the competition of cheap foreign labor, labor being the basis of all industries.

The Dingley tariff may be counted upon to remedy these defects. That is all. It cannot bring about the millennium. No legislation can. It can, however, raise enough revenue so that it will not be necessary for us to raise money by borrowing to pay our running expenses. . . .

With a tariff that will admittedly transfer employment from European to American factories, that will to that extent increase American consumption of staple commodities by increasing the purchasing power of the laboring man, that will absolutely stop any question of credit by giving us enough money to pay our bills, the country will undoubtedly be better off than it was.

The mere defeat of silver has already prevented national bankruptcy and made business at least better than in 1896. It is no longer impossible for the great cities to borrow money for public works. It was last summer.

"Prosperity will not be Returned to the Country."—Hon. Marion Butler.

The Republican party has promised to give the country prosperity with its policy of protection and the gold standard. It is an impossible task. Free trade and the gold standard go together. They have promised to protect American industry and American labor against the pauper labor of foreign countries. I would be glad to see them carry out this pledge in good faith, but the Dingley bill falls far short of their protection promises. Nine-tenths of the protection which it will afford will be for a few specially favored manufacturers. Even the labor employed in such factories is guaranteed no protection, save such as the generosity of their employers may see fit to grant. Besides, farming, which certainly must

be included in the list of American industries, is not protected at all against foreign competition. There are only about four millions employed in manufacturing, while there are over nine millions employed in the cotton fields of the South and the wheat fields of the West. These men are certainly as much American laborers as those engaged in the factories, yet the Dingley bill does not even propose to protect a single one of this vast number. These laborers are forced to meet the competition of foreign pauper labor just the same as the labor in the factories. It is true that the great agricultural industry, and the nine millions of laborers employed in it, cannot be protected by an import duty, because the products of their labor are exported, but they can be protected by a different method. Protection is the principle for which the Republican party stands, and to which it is pledged to the American people.

"The Dingley Bill will not Produce Prosperity."—Hon. John F. Fitzgerald.

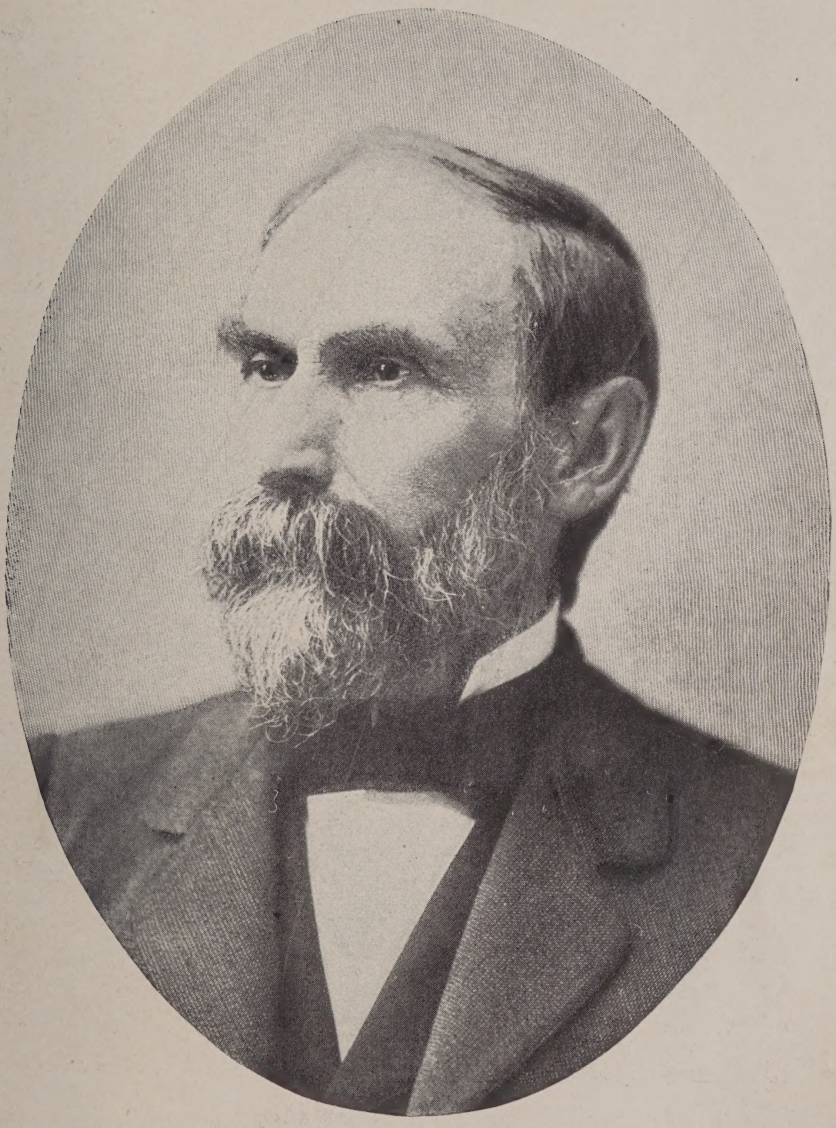
The Dingley bill, in my judgment, will not produce permanent prosperity in this country. The measure is not framed in the interest of the people of the country. It is put together in the interest of manufacturers, trusts and combinations of capital.

If the people of the West and South are not receiving fair prices for their goods, they cannot obtain purchasers for the manufactured products of the East; and when the small dealers in the West and South are not purchasing from the wholesalers, then the wholesalers are not purchasing from the manufacturers; and when the manufacturers are not selling, the mills are not running. It is, therefore, my opinion that a bill which increases the prices of manufactured goods to the great bulk of the population of the country, giving immense profits to protected industries, but affording no wider markets for the agricultural interests, cannot bring continued prosperity to the country.

"There will be a Revival of Business."—Col. Albert Clarke, Sec. Home Market Club.

As the bill left the House it was the most scientific and equitable measure for raising sufficient revenue and affording adequate protection to every domestic industry that is exposed to foreign competition that was ever framed. As it has been reported by the Senate Committee on Finance, its proportion is sacrificed to the necessity of gaining certain senatorial votes, and no man can tell what it may be when enacted. It is a national misfortune to have either branch of Congress so close politically that the party in power cannot put its policy into law.

However, assuming that whatever tariff is enacted by this Congress will be more generally protective than the present Wilson tariff is, no believer in protection doubts that it will revive business. Under the tariff of 1890, which the people hastily condemned without trial because free trade orators and writers denounced it without truth, business prospered as never before. The non-partisan reports of the Treasury Department and of the several State Bureaus of Statistics show that in 1892-3 more people were employed in all leading industries and at better wages than ever before, and that both our internal and external commerce was largely increased. Like causes produce like effects; hence the inference that under a similar tariff and without material change in the currency there will be a revival of business as soon as the present free trade or low tariff conditions can be recovered from.



The Late Hon. Nelson Dingley.

"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of Mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto Me."

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Rt. Rev. John L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria.

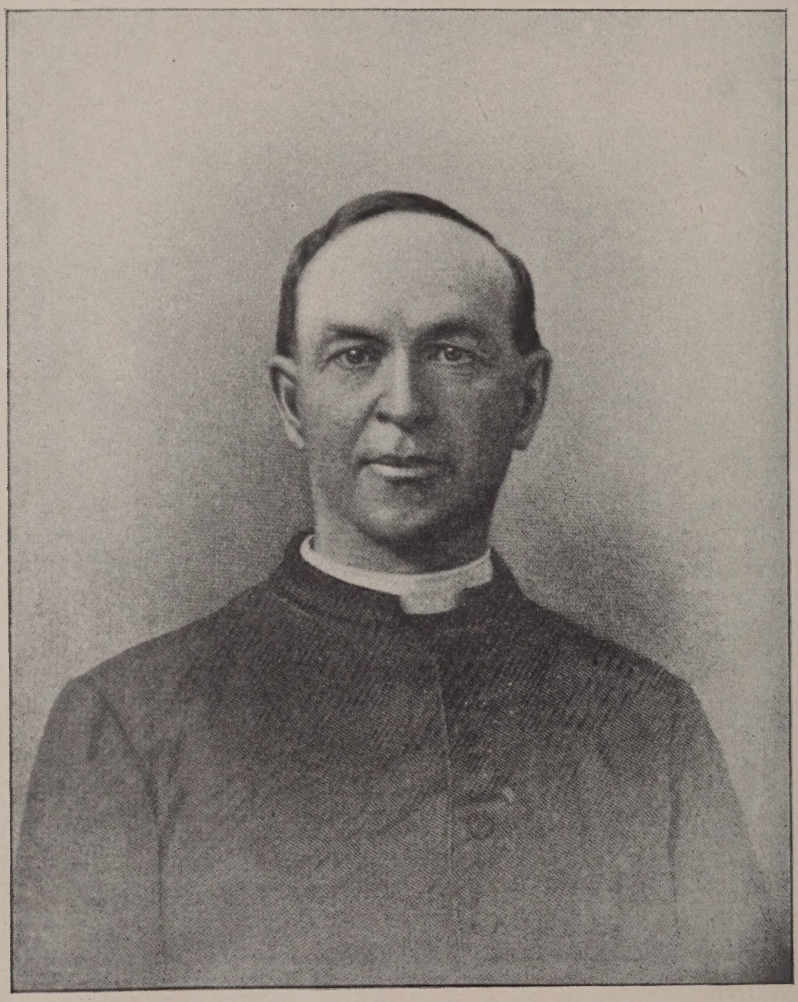
Bishop Spalding's address in Washington on "The Higher Education of Women" was certainly a masterful effort, and it will do much toward advancing the cause of Trinity College, in whose interest it was uttered.

In the matter of education, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Peoria is an authority, who always commands the respect of thinking men. At the Indiana State Teachers' Meeting, the Bishop declared that the teachers are the school, and he followed

out this line throughout his address. He did not underestimate the value of the science of teaching, for, he said, there was a right way to do everything, but he insisted that the teacher's personality was, after all, the life of the school.

thing for me; where I would forget my individuality."

The bishop made a strong plea for the teaching of morality in the schools, and for the better understanding of the duties of the teacher in this regard. Politeness,



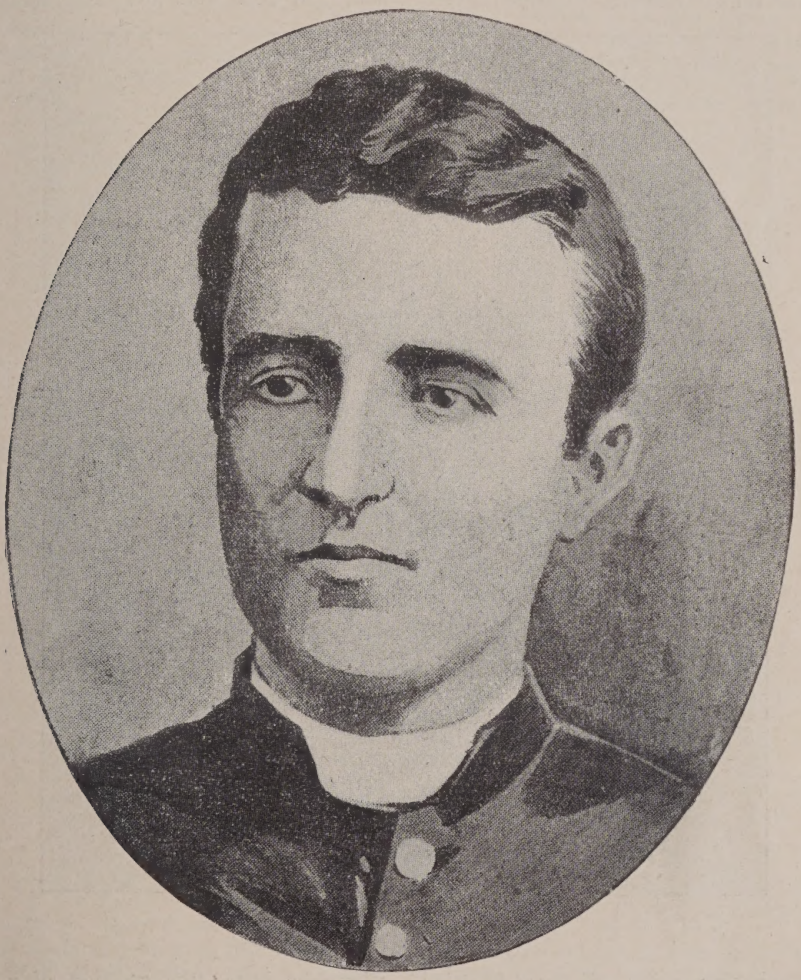
Rev. Michael O'Brien.

Bishop Spalding declared himself against the proposition to furnish free text books to children. "Socialism may come," he said, "but let it not come through the schools. The parents are already shifting too many of their burdens. They should not be allowed to do it. For myself, I should not care to live in a country where the government did every-

love of music, love of truth and morality, veneration and national pride were suggested as proper subjects to be taught in the public schools.

An important event in the history of Catholic Lowell will be the celebration of the golden jubilee of the Rev. Michael O'Brien, who for thirty-two years has

been the honored and beloved pastor of St. Patrick's Church. Fifty years devoted to the service of God and His Church have won for the venerable priest high place in the esteem of all who have felt the influence of his noble life, and the occasion of his jubilee will afford opportunity for a fitting demonstration of public feeling, all classes uniting in their efforts to do him honor.



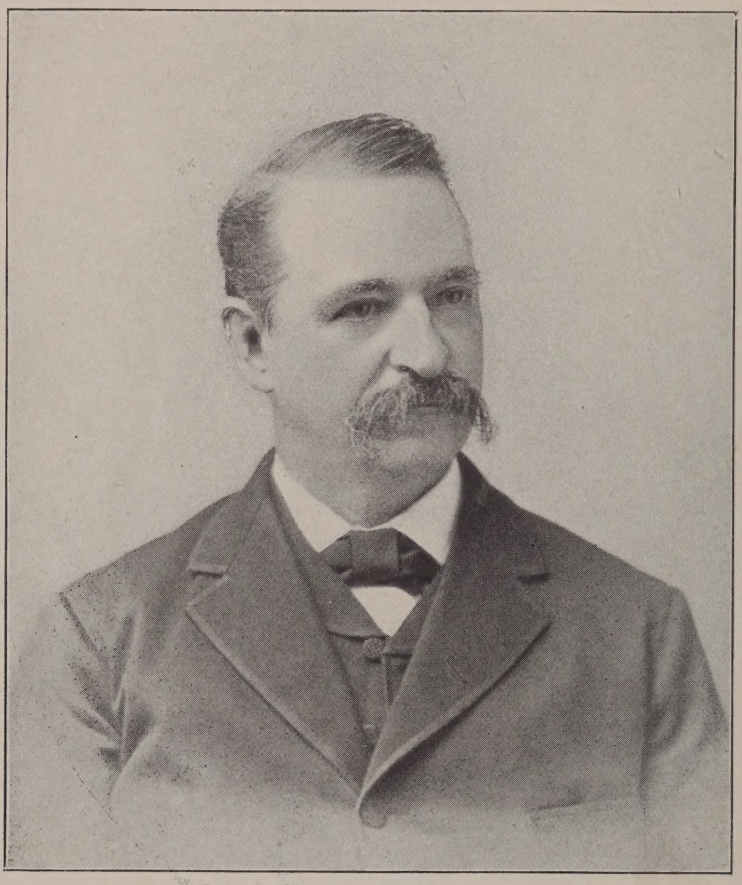
FATHER LORENZO PEROSI.

Rev. Michael O'Brien has had an eventful career. He was born May 1st, 1825, at Ballina, County Tipperary, Ireland, and came of a family devoted to the service of God, giving many priests to the Church and numerous members to the religious orders. He began his education at Killaloe, and studied for the priesthood at All Hallows College, Dublin, where he remained four years. Wishing to devote himself to the American mission, he came to this country in 1848 and was ordained at Buffalo, N. Y., on February 17th, 1849, and shortly after entered upon his missionary work. He was given a wide territory in New York state, a district little better than a wilderness, thinly populated by struggling Irish immigrants. Enduring indescribable hardships, Father O'Brien labored among these people for three years.

Catholic settlers following the extension of the Erie Railroad to Hornellsville induced the zealous missionary to begin

preparations for building a church there. A hostile element opposed to "Popery" met the priest, after his journey of forty miles through a rough country and in a storm, intending to tar and feather him. Happily this was saved him by the friendly protection of Chief Engineer Emmet of the Erie road. Nothing daunted by his discouraging reception, Father O'Brien persevered in his work and soon built a brick church. A frame church at Scio was afterwards erected, and a site for a church purchased at Angelico. Father O'Brien was then transferred to the parish of Geneva. Here his eminent success led to a call to the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church, Rochester, where his talent for organization produced most notable results. His first work was to provide a school for the boys of the parish, and under the control and management of the Christian Brothers of Montreal it became one of the most flourishing in the state. He also founded St. Mary's Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of Charity.

In June, 1859, he was appointed Vicar General of the Diocese and removed to Buffalo, remaining there a year and a half, and then returned to Rochester, where he began the erection of a large granite church. About this time the solicitations of his uncle, Father John O'Brien, prevailed, and Father Michael O'Brien was given permission to go to Lowell to assist in discharging the onerous duties of so large a parish. His subsequent career is closely identified with the material growth of Lowell, as well as in the promotion of the spiritual interests of his flock. No measure of improvement sought in vain his approval and support.



EDWIN FOREST DURANG.

Though relieved of his more active duties, Father O'Brien still directs the affairs of the parish. In the exercise of his fine hospitality his home is always open to the worthy stranger as well as to his intimate friends. He is a deep theologian and a forceful and logical speaker.

As priest and public benefactor well has he merited the magnificent testimonial of the people's regard that will crown the close of his half century in the service of his Church.

Edwin Forest Durang is one of Philadelphia's notable Catholics. He is a leading church architect and a prominent member of social and religious circles in the Quaker city. And there is an historical significance attaching itself to the name of Durang. It is intimately associated with the origin of the national song, "The Star Spangled Banner."

THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.

It is not often that the musical world is shaken by the appearance of a new composer who is worthy of a seat among the immortals of harmony. But this happened in Rome the other day. An oratorio was given, and all of musical Rome and half of musical Europe was there to hear. Verdi was present, declaring that it was the day which he had feared not to live to see. The composer was Father Lorenzo Perosi, who is only twenty-six years old. The oratorio is: "The Resurrection of Christ,"—a remarkable production. It begins with the Agony and the Entombment and ends with the Resurrection, and the words are from the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John. The characters are the Narrator, Christ, Magdalen, the Virgin Mary, Pilate and a choir of two hundred voices. On the occasion of the production an ebony baton, inlaid with gold and with initials wrought in brilliants, was given to the composer.

Mr. Oscar Durang tells the following interesting story: "We all are conversant with the events that caused Francis C. Key to write 'The Star Spangled Banner.' In 1814 my grandfather was on a travelling tour with his family, and when they arrived at Harrisburg they heard the news that the British were about to bombard Baltimore, and a call was made by our State to organize militia and go to the defense of Baltimore. My father, Charles, and my uncle, Ferdinand Durang, enlisted in the Harrisburg Blues, proceeded to Baltimore and were assigned to Fell's Point. The British abandoned the bom-

bardment and sailed off. The excitement in Baltimore over the event was great and my father and uncle came up from the point and naturally strayed into a cafe, frequented by actors and public characters thought would answer. Finally, Uncle Ferd suggested the French hymn, 'Anacreon in Heaven,' and it was found that the words and music fitted, and in the little back room, with several of their friends,

Mrs. Thomas H. Carter.

on Fayette St., in the rear of the Holiday Street theatre. Here they met many acquaintances and some one brought in a printed copy of 'The Star Spangled Banner' (it was printed in ballad form and sold on the streets). My father called uncle's attention to the matter that the poem would make a popular song. Then they hurried over several airs which they sang 'The Star Spangled Banner,' when it was then suggested that they go on the stage of the Holiday Street theatre and sing it. They did that night, and sang the verses, while the audience arose and joined in the chorus. The same thing took place night after night for several weeks. The enthusiasm displayed over the song became so great that 'The Star Spangled

Banner' was sung from one end of the Union to the other."

Mr. Edwin Forest Durang, the subject of this sketch, is married to a sister of the beloved Augustinian, Rev. James T. O'-Reilly, of Lawrence.

The rapid growth of the American-Irish Historical Society is due, in a large measure, to its energetic secretary-general, Thos. Hamilton Murray. It has at present more than one thousand members, including some of the most prominent people in the country. Secretary Murray is a newspaper man of eighteen years' experience. He was born in Brookline, Mass., May 25, 1857, his parents being Robert and Margaret (McGinnis) Murray. His career in daily journalism began on the Boston Globe in the days of Palmer, Frost, Jordan, Montague, Reynolds and other brilliant men. He remained with the Globe four or five years, and has since filled editorial positions on leading dailies in Providence and Pawtucket, R. I., Bridgeport, Meriden and New London, Conn., and in Lawrence, Mass.

Mr. Murray has made a special study of the history of the Irish element in the United States, and is considered an authority on the subject. He has read papers on subjects in early American history before the New England Historic, Genealogical Society, the Rhode Island Historical Society, the Phi Kappa Sigma of Brown University, the Charitable Irish Society of Boston, and other bodies. Among his introductions have been "The Private Libraries of Boston," "The Irish Soldiers in King Philip's War," "Some Patricks of the Revolution," "Storied Rhode Island," "By Narragansett Shores," "The Old Schoolmaster of Boston," "Constitutional Elements of the American People," and many other papers.

Mrs. Thomas H. Carter, wife of the United States senator from Montana, is one of the leaders of society in Washington, prominent in all Church work, and enthusiastic in behalf of the higher education of women, as evinced by her lively interest in Trinity College. She is a very charming woman.

Born in the vicinity of Puget Sound, most of her life previous to and since her marriage has been spent in Helena, Mont. It was there she first met Mr. Carter, who was practicing law in that city. Her marriage to him took place in the winter of 1886. Nellie Galen, as she was called by her intimates, was educated in the Convent of Notre Dame, in Indiana, where she was graduated in 1880. In 1882 she finished the academic course, and was awarded a medal for excellence in the French language. In addition to these accomplishments, Mrs. Carter is a capital shot and an expert horsewoman, having acquired efficiency in both these branches while yet a mere child running about on her father's ranch.

The Carter home in Washington is gladdened by the presence of two sturdy boys, John and Hugh

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PURPLE VIOLETS.

BY EDWARD B. KENNA.

All violets were white as snow
When love was constant, leal and true;
But love was false, and in their woe
They donned the sombre mourning hue.

THE INDIANS.

BY RT. REV. JAMES McGOLRICK, BISHOP OF DULUTH.

The recent outbreak of the Indians in Northern Minnesota has helped to call public attention to two facts; one, the bad treatment to which these "Wards of the Nation" are often subjected; the other, the influence for good exerted by the faithful and self-sacrificing Catholic Missionaries.

In various parts of the Diocese, the Indians have their religious needs supplied by the Benedictine, Franciscan and Jesuit Fathers.

These good priests speak and write the Chippewa language, visit the Indian Missions with all the attendant difficulties of long distances, bad roads and inclement weather and have succeeded in forming really good Christian Communities.

The Benedictine Sisters with much devotion have schools for Indian children at White Earth and Red Lake reservations.

It has been my good fortune to see those children confided to the care of the Sisters, growing up well instructed in the Christian Doctrine, leading pious, even holy lives, and not likely to lose in comparison with well-educated white people.

The schools at White Earth and Red Lake have been built by private charity. Mother Katherine Drexel has earned the prayers of the Indians, indeed, of all lovers of humanity, for her charities in this direction, the children educated in these schools are an honor to their teachers and to the founders of the schools.

In the new order of things these same schools built at great expense and well-furnished are soon to be deprived of any government aid, and the children are to be sacrificed to the craze for what are called non-sectarian schools.

Long ago Senator George G. Vest of Missouri who made himself thoroughly acquainted with the Indian question—a man totally unprejudiced —declared publicly "that the only schools that have ever done the Indian any good are those conducted by the religious."

Though this was wisdom crying aloud in the streets, yet the cry was to deaf men, for many would rather see the Indian damned than that he should be saved by Catholic influences.

Sad experience has shown that without a careful religious training, the so-called educated Indian is worse than when in his savage condition; both time and money are wasted. Some of the children come back from these non-sectarian schools to their homes well skilled in sneers at the Catholic religion and its practices, loud in their contempt for confession and able to quote Scripture for their purpose. Soon enough, though, the usual consequences are at hand, the girls become the prey of the impure white man, and the boys, the slaves of the meanest of all white men,—the whisky seller.

One is reminded very forcibly of Our Lord's words to the Scribes and Pharisees, "Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because you go round about sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, you make him the child of hell twofold more than yourselves."

It is the fashion now to keep from the public anything that redounds to the credit of Catholicity, but to seize with avidity on every scandal and on every lie that is half the truth and to put it in glaring headlines before the reader.

I take this opportunity to offer my sincere thanks to the holy and earnest men and women missionaries who in the Diocese of Duluth have done such honest work for God's glory and the salvation of souls. Their names are not in the mouths of men, but are, I hope, written in the Book of Life.

When the government places the Indians under the management of United States officers such as are educated at West Point—men free from the taint of bigotry and prejudice—men above taking advantage of the weakness and ignorance of these poor people, then we shall have some hope for the future Red Man.

Up to this the record has been stained and befouled by much that is mean and dishonorable, frequently, too, when the government itself had the very best intentions.

DREAMING.

BY N. A. M. ROE.

I can smell the scented snowflakes
  Softly falling at my feet;
Hear the bees that sip the honey
  From the cherry blossoms sweet.
I but shut my eyes to see them,
  Orchard, meadow, brook and well;
I can hear the cattle coming
  Down the lane with tinkling bell.

See the clouds go swiftly sailing,
  Summer zephyrs fragrant blow,
Where the sunset and the river
  Meet and fade in golden glow.
There are moss encrusted pebbles,
  Where the robin dips his wings
In the brook whose rippling music,
  Of my boyhood ever sings.

Happy boy whose careless whistle
  Echoes through the vanished years,
Now a dreamer in the gloaming,
  Looking through a mist of tears.
That the light and this the shadow,
  Days like passing visions seem,
Till I whisper in the twilight,
  That the real, and this the dream.

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

BY SOPHIE HAMMOND.

Being Maisie's brother, I was honored with a good deal of their company. In my heart I think I preferred Croyden; but Maisie didn't, which rather settled it.

The army, fighting each inch of the advance, was closing in upon Santiago. From the batteries, and from the great ships outside the harbor, the air was vibrating with the roar of artillery, as I left the colonel's tent, detailed with Croyden to escort a prisoner to the rear.

"Who is it? One of the Dons?" Croyden asked, carelessly, as he joined me.

I turned on him sharply.

"Don't you know? Lew Marsh was found asleep on guard last night —they say he'll be sentenced to be shot."

"Marsh!"—Croyden paled, and then flushed, under his tan—"And I one of his guards! What will he think of me!"

"Oh, he knows you well enough not to take it hard," I said, too upset over the affair myself, on Maisie's account, to give much consideration to his scruples. And then we came upon the guard-tent, where Marsh, his face in his hands, sat by the door.

He looked up as we stopped before him, showing us a most despairing face.

We held out our hands—what could we say?

"All right, old fellows; I know you're sorry for me," he said thickly. "But"--fiercely—"I couldn't help it—I'd been awake for forty hours—in the trenches most of the time—and I'd have gone to sleep if a pistol had been at my head!"

He was stumbling along between us, blindly, in his excitement. I tried to answer something, but the words stuck in my throat.

"You—you'll clear me as much as you can to Maisie?" he asked presently; but I could only wring his hand.

We were passing behind some rifle-pits, where a company of regulars lay jesting and smoking. Suddenly a shower of bullets pattered about us.

"Get under cover, men!" an officer shouted; and there was a general skurrying. We dodged into the nearest tent, and found ourselves in the presence of two of the leaders of the army. They were seated at a little map-strewn table—one small and wiry, and one enormously large.

"That's right," said the little one, looking up genially. "Best to keep out of sight when they get the range —not that they ever hit anything."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a shell, whizzing through the tent-opening, dropped among us. There was an instant, to me an eternity, through which my whole life flashed, before Croyden, stooping, picked it up, and hurled it back into the enemy's lines.

"You'd better keep it—you'll be getting short of ammunition," he called with a laugh. It burst before it touched the ground, scattering confusion.

We straightened ourselves, breathing again. The little general drew himself together.

"What's your name, young man?" he asked with a gasp.

Croyden turned around; glanced at our prisoner; and hesitated.

"Lew Marsh," he said doggedly.

"What rank?" asked the general, with a doubtful look.

"Private in the —— Volunteers, under arrest for sleeping at my post."

The general's jaw dropped in surprise. The two commanders exchanged glances. Then the smaller tore a leaf from his note-book, and wrote hastily.

"Here, guard," he said, handing the paper to me, "take the prisoner back to your colonel with this note. It orders a suspension of his sentence until a pardon can be obtained, and promises a recommendation of promotion. The army," he added, grasping Croyden's hand, "can't afford to lose so much courage in a lump."

And then we found ourselves outside.

Marsh turned his haggard face on Croyden.

"What did you do it for?" he asked hoarsely. "I have no claim to any sacrifice from you."

"Nonsense, man, you're more in need of recommendations than I am," Croyden said cheerfully. "It comes to the same thing—you might as well have done it as I."

"He's right, old fellow," I put in. "It's a bit of generosity you can't afford to refuse—for Maisie's sake."

The story got about, of course, and the boys of the regiment couldn't make enough fuss over Marsh—poor fellow, to do him justice, he found it hard to swallow. And after awhile his pardon came, sugared with a promotion to a second lieutenancy.

On the evening of the first day he performed his duties as an officer he came into the tent which Croyden and I shared.

"I can't stand it any longer!" he said, flinging himself down on a box, and covering his face with his hands. "I've done masquerading in your place, Croyden. I'm going to the general tonight to make a clean breast of it and give myself up!"

In vain Croyden expostulated and argued, and I entreated him to be sane. Ten o'clock found the three of us in the little general's tent.

Between Marsh's terse bitterness, and Croyden's excited interruptions, —"It was his own affair if he chose to deny picking up the shell"—"a sentence would be an outrage!"—"he would write an account of the whole case to the president!"—it is a wonder their listener made head or tail of the story.

When they had finished, the general made two futile efforts to speak, and ended in violently blowing his nose.

"What business had you, sir," he blustered, "practicing a fraud on your officers? A nice mess you've got me into! And I warn you if you write that petition I'll—I'll—indorse it!"

"Thank you, sir," said Croyden gravely, saluting. He was leaving, Marsh, with a face of hopeless dejection, following, when the general touched the latter on the arm.

"Don't take it so desperately, my boy," he said with gruff kindness. "The president won't hesitate about the pardon. Your offense was a very serious one, but the temptation, I know, was terrible—terrible." And then Croyden drew the boy outside.

In our tent, that night, Marsh wrote an "account of the whole case," not to the president, but to someone of not less importance to him.

"Of course he'll offer to break the engagement," I observed gloomily, sitting down beside Croyden, in the starlight. "I hope she'll prove stanch, but the test will be a severe one for her, poor little girl."

"You haven't studied your sister's character very closely," said Croyden dryly, tossing away his cigarette.

LIFE: A PARABLE.

BY ELIZABETH B. GRIMBALL.

I.

A young girl stepped over the threshold of womanhood into the World Beautiful. It was a Garden of Eden. Flowers bloomed at her feet, birds carolled overhead, sunshine flooded all the great garden. Her heart sang within her. Her eyes only reflected beauty in their innocent depth. Her smile seemed a bit of sunshine. A warm crimson dyed cheek and lip. On she ran, on and on down a flower-strewn path of pleasure, on to the golden haze which veiled the beyond. And Love was with her. Through all her being it rushed. She lifted her glad eyes to God's Heaven. "This," she cried with joy, "this is Life."

II.

A woman passed through the Gate of Sorrow to the path of suffering. She walked slowly, for she was weary, and the way was steep and narrow. The fierce sun beat pitilessly on her drooping head. Before stretched a rough and lonely road. Behind closed forever the iron gate which led back to her Garden of Eden. Her long hair hung all unkempt, and here and there in its length glistened the silver marks of grief. Where was once the bloom of youth on her cheek were purple shadows, and in the blue of her eyes brooded eternal misery. She clasped her hands over her heart, and from its bleeding depths rose a broken moan.

"Ah," she cried in agony, "this is Life."

III.

A Pilgrim, old and worn with Life's struggles, lay dying in the dear Valley of the Shadow. Her faded eyes gazed into the deepening gloom, and dimly descried afar off a Cross towering over her. Its arms were outstretched, as if in beckoning. Slowly and painfullly she crept towards it. Her hands and feet were torn by the cruel stones. Her failing breath came in great gasps.

As she drew near, she perceived a strange effulgence which shone around the top of the cross, in the form of a golden Crown. She raised her face with a low moan, and a tiny ray glided down in the darkness and touched to gold again her hoary locks. She sank down at the foot of the cross. A cold mist closed about her, and a darkness as of night descended upon her. She strove in vain to pierce beyond the wall of blackness, and with a mighty effort rose and clung to the arms of the cross.

Suddenly the majestic figure of Death stood before her. She shrank in agony of fear. But he placed his hand upon her forehead, and bade her look up. A smile broke upon her face. She raised her outstretched hands to Heaven, and then, turning to Death, she sank into his arms, crying in ecstacy of emotion: "O God, this is Life!"

SENATOR VEST ON IMPERIALISM.

That intrepid statesman, Senator Vest of Missouri, who proved himself such a fearless advocate of Catholic education for the Indians, has come out with an equally courageous statement of his "Objections to Annexing the Philippines," published in the North American Review, from which we quote the following paragraphs:

"The idea of conferring American citizenship upon the half-civilized, piratical, muck-running inhabitants of 2,000 islands, 7,000 miles distant, in another hemisphere, and creating a State of the Union from such materials, is so absurd and indefensible that the expansionists are driven to the necessity of advocating the colonial system of Europe, against which the American Colonies revolted when its application to them was attempted by the King of England. . . .

"It is incredible that the men who fought and suffered for seven years in resisting the colonial system of Europe, should have then formed a government whose constitution recognized and adopted the oppression against which they had successfully struggled.

"It is a travesty upon history, and an insult to the memory of the glorious dead who suffered and died that we might be free. . . .

"The Supreme Court of the United States has repeatedly determined that the Federal Constitution, with all its provisions, applied to all territory under the jurisdiction of our government.

"But, if the constitutional power to hold the Philippines as proposed were undoubted, I would oppose annexation if, instead of paying $20,000,000, we should receive five times that sum for taking them. . . .

"Nothing but foreign complications, ruinous expenditure, social and political deterioration, and the destruction of free institutions, can come from annexation. . . .

"The Fourteenth Amendment declares that 'all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States'; and the Fifteenth Amendment enacts that 'the rights of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State.' It being certain from these amendments that the children of the Filipinos will be citizens and voters, in case of annexation, it follows that they must be educated and civilized in order to fit them for the duties imposed by our jurisdiction over their country.

"The official record shows that we expend each year more than $30 per capita in educating and governing the Indians, and if one-third this amount is expended upon the Filipinos the annual expenditure would be $100,000,000 with no certainty of making them law-abiding and intelligent citizens. . . .

"The principal argument of the expansionists is addressed to the greed of our merchants and exporters, in the assertion that large profits will accrue to this country from the trade of the Philippines and of China and Japan, which can be secured through our people in the archipelago. We will be fortunate if China and Japan, which are now raising cotton and importing the best machinery for manufacturing cotton goods, do not become our most dangerous rivals. . . .

"We are assured that American capital and labor will rush to our new possessions, and that the enormous mineral and agricultural resources of

the islands will soon change them into American communities.

"No intelligent man can be made to believe that our laborers can be induced to make homes in the tropics, amidst a population like that of the Philippines, and where the wages and comforts of the temperate zone are impossible."

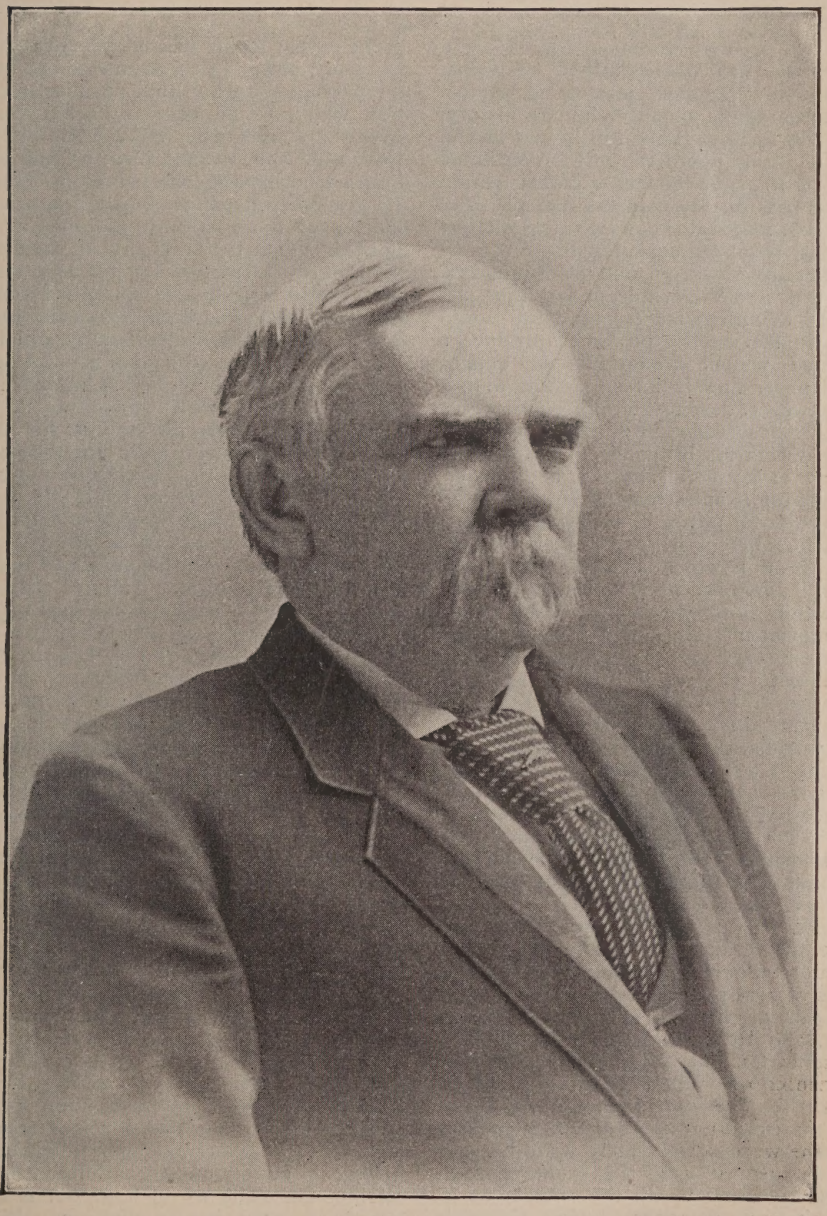
Senator Vest's frank, vigorous denunciation of imperialism is just what might be expected of the man who was honest enough and brave enough to say in the United States Senate:

"I do not choose to give utterance to my religious convictions in order to influence any human being, but I shall say, for the purpose of showing that I am entirely disinterested so far as religious denominations are concerned, that I am a Protestant and have not the slightest sympathy with any of the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church. I was born and reared a Protestant, and expect to die one. I am exceedingly sorry that I am not a good Catholic, for I think that some of the best people I have ever known are members of that denomination, and I have no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church has done more in the form of practical charity than any other denomination that has ever existed.

"I have not the slightest sympathy with that detestable prejudice based upon the idea that any church can attack the liberties of the American people. Such an opinion comes, in my judgment, either from cowardice or ignorance. There is no danger so long as there is free discussion and freedom of conscience in this or any other country. . . .

"I assert here now that there is not a single day Indian school upon this continent that is worth one dollar to the Indians or to the cause of civilization and religion. They are travesties upon education. I found them with eight or nine hundred scholars upon the books, and with no attendance exceeding a half dozen, except upon ration days, when beeves were killed and meat was distributed to the tribe. I found old, broken-down preachers and defunct politicians sent there to teach these Indians, who never saw them, and, upon examination, I found that the Indian children, for whose education we were paying thousands of dollars every year, were ignorant of the very first elementary principles of the commonest education in any school that we had. I found that the only schools that have ever done the Indians any good are those conducted by the Jesuits. They have devoted their lives to them. It is impossible that a Protestant minister or a Protestant teacher should turn his back upon civilization, and for a thousand or twelve hundred dollars a year discharge the duties in an Indian tribe of bringing them out of barbarism into the sunlight of civilization and Christianity. You may call it fanaticism, but it does the work. The ceremonial of the Catholic Church attracts the Indians. They are devoted to the 'black robes,' as they call the priests. I have found it so everywhere and it will be so. . . .

"If I had control of this thing of Indian education, I would give it to the people who could do it best and cheapest; I would give it to those who had studied it, who had taken the young Indians away from the tepees, segregated them from their fathers and mothers, kept them under immediate supervision, and taught them the religion of Christ, even if the cross was the emblem of that religion. I would infinitely rather see them Catholics than see them savages. I do not belong, thank God, to any sect that would rather see a human being damned than in the Catholic Church."



Senator Vest of Missouri.

BOOK REVIEWS.

In two octavo volumes Mr. Marion Crawford, the distinguished novelist, writes upon the most interesting subject within the whole range of human history, and gives forth to the world his wonderful story of Rome under the title "Ave Roma Immortalis." To collect together within the compass of two volumes the wealth of historical material in which the subject abounds required consummate skill and the exercise of a ripe and discriminating judgment, and the whole undertaking demanded dauntless courage and full confidence in his literary power to produce a narrative which, while full of details, would never flag in interest. The author has, however, despite the difficulties which beset him, succeeded in giving a picture of Rome, which for brilliancy of description, richness of historical allusion, keen understanding of Rome's position in the world and wonderful power of bringing together into one coherent whole the many vicissitudes through which she has passed, has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. A picture, too, which glows with color, is full of life and movement, so that the centuries of Rome's history pass before us in a series of brilliant views which leave such a deep impression that we almost fancy ourselves participants in the scenes depicted and in the world's momentous events. Mr. Crawford has not disdained to make use of the labors of the many distinguished scholars who have written on this same subject, but his work both in its design and execution is original and unique. The position of Rome in the history of humanity is unlike that of any other city. No other city has exercised almost universal dominion for centuries, and lost it, only to regain it in a more enduring and splendid way than it was at first possessed. Rome was once monarch of the world in the political order, and Rome is today, and has been for centuries, the ruler in the spiritual order. No one who fails to take into account this two-fold dominion of Rome over the world and the relation of the one to the other can adequately write her history, because he lacks that comprehensive breadth of mind which the subject by its very nature demands. Mr. Crawford knows Rome too well and is too intimately acquainted with her history and the lessons which it teaches to take a narrow view of her. His view is broad and comprehensive. Rome has breathed into him her spirit and long acquaintance has inevitably brought to him that peculiar fascination which Rome never fails to exercise over those who really know her. She has woven her spell around him and has given him a true insight into her many charms. He can never range himself under the banner of those who would narrow her position down to the capital of an Italian kingdom. He recognizes her as a world-power, and it is in this spirit and temper of mind that he writes her chronicles. This explains the brilliant unity which all must see in this work and the wonderful coherency into which he has moulded the diverse elements which constitute its materials. Her sturdy beginnings, her wars, her internal struggles were but the preparation for her political primacy among the nations. Her spoliation by ruthless barbarians, her loss of empire, but emphasize the spiritual primacy which she has held and still holds, which is above and beyond merely worldly power. Imbued with this idea of Rome's position, and loving her because he knew her, Mr. Crawford was singularly equipped for the task to which he set himself and has succeeded in presenting the story of Rome in a most admirable way. The opening sentence, "the story of Rome is the most splendid romance in all history," sets before the reader's mind a high ideal, and we think we can say nothing better of Mr. Crawford's effort than that he realizes this ideal throughout the whole course of his narrative. The preliminary chapters are devoted to a general survey of the history of the city. The author summarizes in his brilliant way the course of events culminating in the accession of Julius Cæsar to the throne of the world. The following chapters are devoted to the record of events under the empire and during the middle age. The author then enters upon the work of giving in detail the history and description of the city by traversing the fourteen regions or wards into which the city is divided and taking up one by one their different points of interest. The work, however, is topographical only in its division. Places, events, personages of every age crowd upon the canvas. History, description, philosophy, are blended together to form one harmonious ensemble. Three con-

cluding chapters speak of Leo XIII., the Vatican and St. Peter's. No one can read this work without being impressed with the author's comprehensive grasp of the facts of Roman history, their relation to each other, and their effect as a whole. The literary power displayed surpasses anything which Mr. Crawford has yet done—and that is saying a great deal. His story of Rome impresses the mind with its tremendous significance. The publishers have spared no expense, as may be judged from the numerous and excellent illustrations with which the work abounds. Few who have lived in Rome will be found, we think, after reading this fascinating and instructive work, to dispute the eloquent conclusion with which the author ends his studies and reflections on Rome: "For a man can no more say a last farewell to Rome than he can take leave with eternity. The years move on, but she waits; the cities fall, but she stands; the old races of men lie dead in the track wherein mankind wanders always between two darknesses; yet Rome lives, and her changes are not from life to death, as ours are, but from one life to another. . . ." So he who loves Rome, and leaves her, remembers her long and well, telling himself that he knows how every stone of her walls and her streets would look again; but he comes back at last, and sees her as she is, and he stands amazed at the grandeur of all that has been, and is touched to the heart by the sad loveliness of much that is. Together, the thoughts of love and reverence rise in words, and with them comes the deep wonder at something very great and high. For he himself is grown gray and war-worn in the strife of a few poor years, while through five and twenty centuries Rome has faced war and the world; and he a gladiator of life, bows his head before her, wondering how his own fight shall end at last, while his lips pronounce the submission of his own mortality to her abiding endurance—Ave Roma immortalis, moriturus te salutat. McMillan & Co., New York. $6.00.

The art and literary grace which James Jeffrey Roche displays in making an Eastern story the vehicle of his satire on the foibles and weaknesses of humanity in present conditions must command admiration. "Her Majesty the King, a Romance of the Harem" is the title which the author gives to his book, and with good reason, as the reader will realize, as he follows the progress of events in this singularly novel and interesting tale. The author's power of invention, and his ready faculty of adapting the different incidents of the story to satirize fads and sentiments of the present day, with which he is not in sympathy, prove that he is a man of originality who knows how to use a deft and clever pen. But Mr. Roche's satire is not biting; it is good natured. It destroys what it is aimed at by making us laugh at it, by making it appear ridiculous. Whoever will not be amused by the author's clever treatment of the management of the war department in the late war or the Anglo-American alliance in its Eastern setting, has little sense of humor and small perception of the ridiculous. Old Shacabac the Wayfarer astonishes us by his abundance of worldly maxims, many of which cleverly pierce some prevailing impressions. Altogether, Mr. Roche has given us a bright and clever book in which he has combated some hobbies of the present day in the most effective way. Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston. $1.25.

"Ships and Sailors" is a beautifully illustrated volume of songs which are popular in the navy. Many of the illustrations are rich in coloring and all are appropriate, especially at this time when the victories of the navy have brought so much glory to the American arms. The musical accompaniment is well done and the illustrations are by the well-known artists, R. F. Zogbaum and James Barnes. An excellent gift-book. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York; DeWolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston. $5.00.

"Letter and Spirit," by Cora Maynard is, if anything, a story of illicit love. We must decline to become interested in the love of a married woman for a man who is not her husband, and the whole interest of the book is centred about this very thing. Miss Maynard, who is evidently a modern in the worst sense of the term, takes occasion to rail continually against a system of definite, dogmatic teaching, but if her system of free and untrammelled thought can produce no better morality than that which is revealed in these pages, we certainly prefer the old style to the new. The hero is sent off in exile, and during the course of his wanderings comes under the instruction of the Indian mahatmas, and returns to America with wonderful precepts of the morality of the school of Buddha. It is surprising that these wonderful discoveries might have been ascertained, if the trouble were taken, by consulting the simple catechism, which every

Catholic child knows by heart Books, such as the one before us, must be borne, we presume, as an affliction. They will certainly never be popular with judicious minds, who prefer solid, definite teaching to sickly and unrestrained emotion. New York. Frederick Stokes Co. Boston. Little, Brown Co. $1.25.

"Let No Man Put Asunder," by Josephine Marie, is an antidote to the preceding. The Catholic position on marriage is strongly upheld in this novel, and we venture to hope that it does not in the least destroy the interest of the story. At any rate, it leaves a better taste in the mouth. The heroine, a young French girl, finds herself married to a base deceiver, who suppresses the truth about a report of the marriage of his brother, with whom he knows our heroine is in love. She bears her cross, and, loyal to the principles of her faith, she succeeds in bringing a measure of happiness to all concerned. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Benziger Bros.

The general public is well acquainted with the thoughts of Mr. Dooley of Chicago upon the great questions of the day, especially upon those which were the outcome of the recent war. The author, Peter Dunne, has sent them forth in book form, and they will, no doubt, be received with satisfaction by the large clientage, which he has already secured, as well as by the general reading public. Mr. Dunne is a humorist and a philosopher and has opened up a new field in the domain of American literature. Mr. Dooley, with his Irish humor and American hard sense is a new type in literature, and his quaint sayings amuse, while they give us, at the same time, much food for reflection. His is a gentle satire, but beneath all the humor there is a world of common sense and sound reason. The brogue is not always all that can be desired, but in the abundance of good things to which he gives utterance, we can afford to overlook any minor failing. We predict for this work a great popularity. Boston. Small, Maynard & Co.

"Miss Erin," by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell) is a novel in which love finally overcomes national prejudices. The heroine, a young girl, born in California, of Irish parentage, is brought to Ireland, when a baby, by the friend of her deceased father and committed to the tender mercies of a miserly, bachelor uncle. She inherits his fortune while she is completing her education in Belgium. Her mind is strongly inclined to things Irish, and from pondering over the wrongs of Ireland, her whole heart's sympathy goes out to the cause of that oppressed land. Into her life comes a young Englishman, a member of Parliament, and an ardent Tory, who has no sympathy with her views, but who falls deeply in love with her and becomes a suitor for her hand Thenceforward there is a struggle between this scion of England and the fair Home Ruler, which finally ends with the capitulation of the ardent Nationalist. We are inclined to believe that not all will agree with the author's treatment of the question, as her sympathies are naturally English; however, she tells her story well and in a way that sustains interest. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Benziger Bros.

"A Lover's Revolt," by J. W. DeForest, should be called a history of the American Revolution from the battle of Lexington to the siege of Boston, with a little romance thrown in. We wonder how Mr. DeForest has ascertained that most of the British soldiers, who were flogged on Boston Common for misdemeanors before the breaking out of the Revolution, were the "wild Irish" who were in great numbers in Gage's Army, according to our author; or that other precious piece of information, that most of the deserters from the American lines to the British, during the progress of the siege of Boston, were also Irish, who wished to speak their "lingo" with compatriots in the British ranks. If we remember rightly, the countersign in the American army the night before the surrender was St. Patrick, which Washington selected in compliment to the Irish in the Continental army, a fact which seems to be at variance with our author's information. Outside of these evident historical blunders and the animus which they convey, the book is readable enough. New York. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

No one can read "More Cargoes," by W. W. Jacobs, without realizing that he thoroughly understands sailor nature. In a series of short sketches, he holds up to our delighted view the foibles and superstitions of sailors, and he must be stoical indeed who can refrain from smiling at the whimsical tales which he reels off, apparently, without effort concerning the ex-

periences of life at sea. We hope to see more cargoes of the same kind. These short stories are healthful and amusing, and a sure antidote to weariness. New York, Frederick A. Stokes Co. Boston, De Wolfe, Fiske & Co. $1.00.

In his "The Town Traveller," George Gissing introduces us to the middle and humbler walks of London life, and some very admirable characters we find there. Only one personage of the whole story belongs to the nobility, and he is no credit to his order. The principal character is, of course, the commercial traveller, good-natured, generous, ever ready to help a friend or do a favor, level-headed in the ordinary affairs of life, but a very child in love-making, whose awkward efforts to reveal his feelings will surely provoke a smile; yet a character which steadily grows in power and winsomeness, as we follow his varying fortunes. Many differing types of London middle life are offered for study in this interesting novel. There are many humorous situations, which show forth the whimsical side of this class of society. It is a clean novel, with clever character drawing, interesting and amusing.

New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.: Boston: Little, Brown Co., $1.25.

We have received the first number of the "Book of the Popes," issued by the publishing house of J. W. Donohue & Co., of Chicago. For uniqueness of design and beauty of execution it can scarcely be surpassed. A striking likeness of each Pope is given on one page, while on the opposite page, enclosed in beautiful designs, is recorded in Gothic characters in English, French, German, Spanish and Italian a short sketch of his life. It is a veritable work of art and the publishers are to be congratulated on their splendid initiative.

In "The Changeling" the author, Sir Walter Besant, creates interest in his story as a study of heredity rather than through any strikingly original treatment. The plot itself is along very familiar lines, the death of the baby heir; the substitution of another child; the sustained deceptions; the later developments, when grown to manhood the changeling shows himself possessed of inherent base qualities; the coming together of the various elements tending to exposure of the imposition; the climax—all are known to novel readers. One chapter that stands out from the rest is that introducing the three cousins; and perhaps the strongest bit of work done by the writer is the scene where the real mother pleads with the pretender and forces the latter to a most unusual though strategic measure of defense. The book is pleasing reading for an idle hour, and affords opportunity for character study. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Price, $1.00.

Another charming little volume issued by the same publishers is "Braided Straws," by Elizabeth E. Foulke, who supplies some delightful children's stories. Miss Foulke, as she has shown in her "Twilight Stories," knows just how to reach and charm the childish mind, and the pure and wholesome stories found in this little book are well qualified to refine the child's thoughts and imagination. Price 40 cents.

The Columbian Celebration at Gartan, June 9th, 1897, has found permanent and fitting record in the handsome book recently issued by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.

For the convenience of the general reader, the editor briefly reviews the chief events of St. Columba's life. All the addresses delivered at the celebration are reprinted, the Irish ones in Gaelic characters. This is a feature of great interest to students of the language. Portraits of eminent churchmen, and a fine collection of half tone reproductions of landscape views, churches, abbeys and schools add much to the value of the record.

The following excerpt from the eloquent sermon delivered by the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, is in itself sufficient to lead thoughtful readers to a careful perusal of "The Gartan Festival," that they may know more of the life and work of St. Columba, the patron of learning.

"He is the patron of the exile, of the patriot, of the total abstainer. Above all, he is the patron of schools. In him we find love of learning and love of piety most admirably combined. . . . We cannot name any great cause of lasting moment to our people for which he may not be aptly chosen as the patron or advocate. But of that combination of lively faith and Irish feeling and highest scholarship which Providence may have in store as the great ideal and triumph of our people in the future, he is eminently the model. Moreover, if besides our Divine Lord the children of toil the wide world over have St. Joseph and St. Paul

to invoke as not disdaining to use their hands in manual labor, it is well that the workers of our country should recall that St. Columba and his monks combined occupations like their own with the highest literary and religious pursuits. In our day there are no limits to the influence of the press, and the Christian press is one of the most powerful factors in the proper education of the young. St. Columba was the greatest editor of his day, and every monastery he founded was as good as a printing house. Centuries before type was known, the monks multiplied the sacred Scriptures as fast as they could transcribe them, and it is a great lesson for us that to this work, when copies were hard to make, a man of St. Columba's genius gave his days rather than to original composition. He was engaged at it until he could work no more. You remember he finished with the words, 'They who seek the Lord shall not be deprived of any good.' "

The same firm of publishers have also brought out "The History of Clare and the Dalcassian Clans," by the Very Rev. Dean White, P. P., Nenagh. Price five shillings. Mailed for 5/6.

"The Voice of the Good Shepherd," by Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P., has just been issued by the Catholic Book Exchange (Paulists), 120 W. Sixtieth street, N. Y. The writer, a convert to the Catholic faith, depicts in a short, clear style the difficulties which came to him and furnishes the "clue which guided him through the labyrinth."

The most comprehensive arithmetic, which we have ever seen is "The Ideal Arithmetic," by L. B. McKenna, D. D., Quincy, Illinois. There is scarcely any computation, which is used in business life, which is not here treated with a clearness and brevity which compel admiration. It only needs to be known to have an extensive patronage. Cadogan-Hatcher Manufacturing Co., Quincy, Illinois.

The penny publications of the English Catholic Truth Society are too well known to need commendation. They are working incalculable good in England and we trust that America will soon have a similar organization for the publication and dissemination of good literature at a nominal price. Any of these penny publications may be had by addressing the Catholic Truth Society, 68 Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E. The following are some of the latest publications: "The Slatterys," by James Britten, K. S. G.; "The Iron Virgin of Wuremberg," by Rev. H Lucas, S. J.; "Catholics and Nonconformists," in six parts, by the Bishop of Clifton. Part I. "Breaking the Ice." Part II. "To the Law and to the Testimony." Part III. "One Baptism for the Remission of Sins." Part IV. "Searching the Scriptures." Part V. "Justification and the New Birth." Part VI. "Catholic Worship."

Two new books of much interest to young readers are "In a Brazilian Forest" and "The Leopard of Lancianus," by Maurice Francis Egan. Lovers of wonderful adventures and thrilling incidents will thoroughly appreciate the Brazilian tales, and those of more thoughtful mind will read with absorbing interest the story of Christian life in Rome. H. L. Kilner & Co., Phila., Pa.

Another charming book brought out by the same firm is "Prince Ragnal and Other Holiday Verses," by Eleanor C. Donnelly, who through this latest work adds one more to the many literary favors she has conferred on the reading public. The book is prettily bound, and though intended for the holiday season would be a most acceptable gift at any time.

A new publication with a noble mission is "The Little Messenger of Mary," published by the Redemptorist Fathers, Boston, Mass. Its object is to assist in spreading devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and to encourage a love of Catholic reading. Judging by the contents of the first number this little quarterly will do much more than "assist at least in some small degree in stemming the tide of pernicious and immoral literature flooding the country."

"The Miraculous Image of Our Lady of Perpetual Help" and "Our Lady of Perpetual Help in America" are papers that will be read with deep interest by the thousands who have cause to remember with gratitude the favors received at Our Lady's Shrine.

This Little Messenger wearing Our Lady's livery will bring the inspiration of hope to many homes, and we trust the time will come when instead of a quarterly it will be a monthly visitor in Catholic households.

Subscription price 15 cents a year.

A quaint conceit in giving permanent form to thoughts grave, gay, pathetic and philosophic, is "Bud Brier's Book" of fun and philosophy. In this little volume, Mr. Hopkins, more widely known as Bud Brier of the Boston Globe, has collected many of the bright paragraphs and epigrammatic sayings that have won for him such a high degree of recognition in his journalistic career.

As an instance of the author's quick appreciation of the beautiful in sentiment and expression we quote the following from his essay on the sea.

"Old ocean never betrayed a trust. He has been true to all. The confident navigator knows how dutiful are the trade winds of success; the fisherman finds a haven of rest after the heaviest philippic.

The placid, peaceful purr of the sea is unequaled even by a mother's lullaby. It is like a song the stars might sing—universal, eternal, soothing the scars of the most deep-seated sorrow."

"New Musical Drills and Humorous Action-Songs for Boys and Girls," by Richard Hardman (J. Fischer & Brother, 7 Bible House, New York), is a collection of novel, amusing and very effective Drills and Action-Songs for schools and entertainments, containing: The Topsy-Turvy Song, The Mirror Drill, My Uncle's Farm, Our Bootblack Brigade, Uncle Sam's Little Drumboys, etc., etc., altogether 15 numbers, all of them easy, with suitable words, pleasing and lively airs. Full directions and diagrams. The price of the complete collection is $1.00. Nothing better or more entertaining could be devised in that particular line.

We have also received from the same publishers a copy of a new musical work, entitled: "The Juvenile Entertainer," a collection of humorous choruses, action and tableau songs, suitable for class and concert. Compiled by G. Burton. 75 cents.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Blk., Rochester, N. Y.

Housekeepers dread the task of polishing stoves, but Enameline lightens the task. It is ready for use, makes no dust or odor. Is easily applied with a cloth, and with very little labor produces a jet black and very brilliant gloss. It has the largest sale of any stove polish on earth. Sold everywhere.

THE MARCH NUMBER OF DONAHOE'S

WILL CONTAIN SOME STRONG FEATURES.

THE STORY OF ROBERT EMMET WILL BE CONTINUED.

Among the Engravings will be:

The House where Emmet was Arrested
The Room with the Secret Recess
Court Room where he was Tried
Fac-simile of Hibernian Journal containing account of his trial
Statement issued by the British Government
Portrait of Anne Devlin
Her Grave in Glasnevin
Dr. Madden Pointing out Emmet's Grave in Glasnevin
Supposed Grave of Robert Emmet in St. Michan's

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS.

QUESTION BOX.

In our last issue, we answered in a general way the statement of "The Churchman," that we give to the words of some holy people "the kind of authority that the Gospels alone can have." Now, we will approach directly to the question itself and the devotion alluded to. The devotion is that to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the authority referred to is the statement of Blessed Margaret Mary.

This is the story: This religious, Margaret Mary, said that our Lord had appeared to her in visions, and had told her His desire to be loved by men. He had indicated to her that devotion to His Sacred Heart would "give them a most suitable object and instrument to develop in their lives a deep, solid love for Him." Now, as regards the devotion. It is not "like a bad dream." It tends to the love of God. It is founded on the memory of the Son of God's sufferings and death for us. It is the continual reminder of an ever living love in the Heart of Mary's Son. The human heart is the symbol of love, and the human Heart of Jesus tells of the infinite love of the Man-God. Moreover, we honor and adore the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is a portion of His Humanity, and by reason of the intimate and ineffable union of that Humanity to the Divinity in one Person, all that pertains to the Humanity of Jesus, belongs to the Divine Person, and is worthy of Divine honor. If Blessed Margaret Mary had never spoken, the honor to the Sacred Heart would be of the same nature as it now is. But she gave an impetus to this special manner of testifying to our love for God in the Person of the Son of God. She did not introduce honor to the Sacred Heart, no more than she introduced into the world love for God. She helped to specialize among the people, who could grasp the symbol, and follow out its meaning, their manifestation of love for God.

As to the authority of her words: Surely, no one will deny to God the power or the right to manifest His will to individuals, and through them to the world at large. Surely no one who believes in the Holy Bible will deny the fact of God having so acted. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days hath spoken to us by His Son." So St. Paul states it, writing to the Hebrews, chapter i, verses 1, 2.

Granted that God can speak to individuals, has spoken to them "at sundry times and in divers manners," the Church (when the affair comes before her), investigates most thoroughly every statement made by an individual regarding divine communications. Some she rejects at once as false, some she regards as hallucinations, the fantasies of a disordered brain, others she finds worthy of further study. In this last event, she strictly inquires into the character and the life of the person who makes the statements, she demands the minutest presentation of all the details that have any relation to the affair in hand, she removes all reason and probability, almost possibility, of deception, she appoints for the whole reviewing only men of established ability for truth, honesty, and judicial temperament. Then, when the decision is given, it is based upon evidence as strong as can be adduced for any historical argument. And there she stops. She does not hold the narrator to be inspired, nor his words or writings to be classed with inspiration. She does not compare his words with those of the Gospels. The Bible stands alone: Inspiration of the Holy Ghost, it must be believed. These other words are pious words, their accuracy is attested for on historical and carefully weighed evidence. If the evidence does not suit you, you are not a heretic for saying that you consider the narrator to have imagined many of his sayings. If you have a mind trained in the study of history, you will incline to receiving the statements of Blessed Margaret Mary as the words of a sane, pious woman, to whom God spoke really, and through whom He made known His will for the establishment of devotion to His Sacred Heart. This is the way in which Catholics receive it. They say: The Church holds her words as worthy of credit, not as matters of faith, and since the Church approves, we pass beyond mere credence to her words, to that of confidence in the Church's wisdom and judgment. If you are sceptically inclined, you may say: "Pshaw!" and still

remain a good Catholic by believing all that the Church believes and teaches, by holding to her doctrines of faith. And this being so, all apart from the words of Blessed Margaret Mary, you will believe in honoring the Lord Jesus Christ as God, and as Man, and so honoring His Sacred Heart, as a portion of His Sacred Humanity, and you will believe in testifying in varied ways of your love for the infinite Love, of which the Sacred Heart is a symbol and reminder.

To the Rev. James F. Mee, of Staten Island, New York, we are indebted for a very instructive article on the "Celibacy of the Catholic Priest." We regret that the limited space at command will not permit the printing of the essay in its entirety. But the author having graciously consented that we should use it in our best way, we shall endeavor to insert it so far as possible, knowing that it will serve to answer many queries likely to arise for the readers of the "Question Box."

There are two states or conditions of life—the married, and single or celibate. To one or the other of these two states each one is called by God. According to some Protestant commentators, the words of Genesis (i:38), "Increase and Multiply," as addressed to our first parents by their Creator, are a precept binding on all to enter the married state. These words, however, do not imply a precept; for God addressed the same words to the fishes and birds (v:23), who were incapable of receiving a precept; and are only the indication of the blessing of fruitfulness.

Before the advent of Christ, a celibate and Virginal life was held in contempt and dishonor; but He that was a Virgin and born of a Virgin Mother taught the world that celibate and virginal life was preferable and more excellent than a married one.

When the disciples of Christ heard Him tell the Pharisees that, henceforth, divorce under no consideration would be tolerated, and that marriage was to be brought back to its original institution, namely, of one with one and for life; terrified, as it were, at the inconvenience and burden of two, say ill-mated, having to live for a lifetime together, said to their Master: "If the case of man with his wife be so, it is not expedient to marry." In answer Christ explained to His disciples that a single was preferable and superior to a married life; but that it only belonged to the few to enjoy the privilege of a single or celibate life, as all are not called to it. "All men take not the word." Or, all cannot receive this word, because all do not wish it. "Yet," continued the Saviour, "there are those who 'take the word,' that is, embrace a single life, as more excellent, by making themselves 'Continent for the Kingdom of Heaven.'" (Compare Matt. xix:11-12.)

The Apostles following and interpreting the mind of their Master, counsel a single and chaste life as preferable to a married one. Hear what St. Paul says of a single and chaste life in his first Epistle to the Corinthians: 1. He states that it is preferable to a married one: "For I would that all men were even as myself," (vii:7) that is—single. 2. That it affords a greater facility for saving our souls: "He that is without a wife, is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God." (vii : 32). 3. He points out the superiority of virginity, as a state, over matrimony. "Therefore both he that giveth his virgin in marriage doth well; and he that giveth her not doth better." (vii:38.)

Another Apostle, St. John the Evangelist, a virgin himself, sees on Mount Sion "an hundred and forty-four thousand," following the Lamb and singing a new canticle, which none but they could sing: "Those are they who are not defiled; for they are virgins . . . . the first fruits to God and to the Lamb." Apoc. xiv: 1, 3, 4.

From the foregoing quotations from the Sacred Scriptures, it is evident that Christ and His Apostles counseled a life of celibacy and virginity. And they did not counsel it in vain; for before the last of the Apostles went down to his grave, there were found throughout the Church virgins and celibates, who, renouncing the sweets of all earthly love gave themselves with a chaste body to the love of Christ.

St. Justin, martyr and first Christian Apologist, who wrote about the middle of the second century, tells us of the large number of those who in his day led chaste and continent lives: "Among us a great number of persons of both sexes from sixty to seventy years of age, who from childhood have been instructed in the doctrine of Jesus Christ, persevere in chastity, and I am constrained to show them in every condition of society. (Apol. 1-15.) Hear another saint, St. Gregory Nazianzen, sing the praises of the celibate in the fourth century:

Then shone the glorious Celibate at length,
Robed in the dazzling lightnings of his strength,

Surpassing spells of earth and marriage vow,
As soul the body, heaven this world below,
The eternal peace of saints life's troubled span,
And the high throne of God the haunts of man,
So now there circles round the King of Light,
A heaven on earth, a blameless Court and bright,
Aiming as emblems of their God to shine,
Christ in their heart, and on their brow His sign,
Soft funeral lights in the world's twilight dim,
Seeing their God, and ever one with Him.

The Church, after the teaching of Christ and His Apostles has held and will hold that a single and chaste life is preferable and excels a married one. Hence she has commanded and insisted upon her priests in all the years of her existence that they lead lives of continency and celibacy, as more befitting their high calling and representatives of Christ in this world.

The practice and law of celibacy began with the Apostles in the Church. "The Apostles," says St. Jerome, "were either virgins, or continent after election." So have been ever since their successors—the bishops and priests of the Catholic Church. The ancient canonical rules in the Church, relating to celibacy of her clergy. come down to us from the days of the Apostles. The Papal decrees, the decrees of synods and councils, promulgated, as far back as we have any record of them—all presuppose the canonical law of celibacy as already established in the Church and binding on all her clergy in Sacred Orders. Even those clergy that fell, at one time or another, under the censures of the Church for violating their vows of celibacy in attempting marriage, never maintained that she introduced a new law to restrict their liberty. Their general defense was, They had the same right and sanction to marry as the priests under the Old Law.

It was not Gregory VII. then, as some hold, who first introduced celibacy into the Catholic Church. He only enforced with a strong hand the decrees already enacted for its protection; but which were in his time, owing to a laxity of morals, falling into disuse; particularly, in the nations of France, Germany, Italy and England. Before Gregory VII. two hundred councils and synods had upheld the obligation of clerical celibacy in their decrees. Yet, despite all this evidence, non-Catholic writers and non-Catholic teachers in the public schools and colleges will maintain, the one in their writings, the other in their classes, that it was Gregory VII., in the eleventh century, who first introduced celibacy into the Church.

It is objected that the Holy See allows the Eastern priests in her Communion to marry, and if so, why not the Western? The Holy See does not allow the Eastern priests to marry after receiving Sacred Orders. What she does allow in regard to them is, that if married before receiving Sacred Orders, they can continue to live with their wives. This permission, however, is not granted to bishops, metropolitans, patriarchs or the clergy of the higher order, who all must be single men; but only to sub-deacons, deacons and priests. As the Eastern and Western Churches were one, up to the fifth century, in discipline and law with regard to the celibacy of their clergy, a married clergy existing since that time in the Eastern Church, shows that she has transgressed the discipline of the universal church in relation to clerical celibacy. The Eastern Church, it would appear, acknowledges as much since she prescribes continency for her clergy at certain times when celebrating the Holy Mysteries.

Obstacles, arising from heresy and politics, have for ages prevented the Holy See from exercising to the full her beneficial influence over the Eastern Church, but now as there is hope of having to a greater or less degree, those obstacles removed, the Holy See will by degrees eliminate the abuse of a married clergy; and the East and the West will join hands in enforcing a celibate life on all her clergy, as they did the first four hundred years of their existence.

It may be asked, is a celibate clergy necessary for the Catholic Church? Absolutely speaking, no; ordinarily, yes; and as such clerical celibacy will ever be enjoined by the Church enlightened by the Holy Spirit. The priest must be solicitous for the eternal salvation of his people. He must "preach the Gospel in season and out of season." "There must be no obstacles in the way of his zeal in promoting the Salvation of the souls intrusted to his care." And to effect all there is nothing, after the grace of God, that helps the priest more than a life of celibacy and chastity.

Let him be tied to a wife and family, he will, in the language of the Apostle (1 Cor. vii:33), "be solicitous for the things of this world, how he may please his wife: and he is divided" between the temporal interests of his wife and family and the

spiritual interests of his people, the latter of which will inevitably suffer. Celibacy, then, for the priest is necessary as a means towards an end which he is called to fulfil. It is also necessary as an end itself. The priest partakes of the Priesthood of Christ Himself. He is His representative in this world, impersonates Him, if I may so speak, before men; and therefore, the priest ought to be another Christ, another Virgin. The Christian nations and people, have, instinctively, at all times associated celibacy and continency with the priest; and, whenever he lost the one and the other, he lost his honor and esteem. It is a well known fact that the married Clergy of the East do not command the same respect and esteem as the celibate Clergy of the West, and their people are shy in confessing to them.

But a wanton world tells us, it is impossible to be continent. Such teaching is of the libertine, degrades human nature and reduces man to the level of the brute animal, who, without freedom and through the blind necessity of instinct, must follow the evil bent of nature. Christ our Lord and His Apostle St. Paul have counseled celibacy and virginity (Matt. xix:12; 1 Cor. vii:38), and to say it is impossible for man to fulfil what they have counseled, is to give the lie to the Holy Spirit.

But, is not celibacy an unnatural condition or state? By no means. It is above the ordinary state and condition of man and nothing more. Marriage is not the only means to restrain the concupiscence of the flesh. There are prayer, fasting, works of mortification and flight from the occasion of sin, more efficient than marriage itself to bridle concupiscence; for experience teaches, there are more infidelities against the marriage vows than against those of chastity and celibacy in the religious state. No one forces the priest to a life of celibacy and chastity. He is free; and the moment before he takes Sacred Orders by which he is obliged henceforth to a life of celibacy, the Consecrating Prelate bids him consider once more the step he is taking, for once taken it is irrevocable. The fear that some entertain that the spread of celibacy will be detrimental to the human race, is altogether unfounded. Fourteen centuries ago St. Ambrose said: "The greater the number of Virgins, the larger the population; and fewer the Virgins the less the population." Experience bears out this saying: Take for instance the Catholic Irish, not a few of whom join the male or female religious orders of the Church, or enter the priesthood; and, yet, you will find there is no country more moral and prolific in its offspring than Ireland. While on the other hand, you take the Puritans of the New England States, who always had a "holy horror" of celibacy and religious orders, they are fast dying out and the number of their offspring becoming less. The population of a country will increase by its moral habits, and the celibate religious and priests are a powerful means to promote by their example those habits. Example is more powerful than words. Besides they, above others, are fit to reprove immorality and say to the Herods of this world, what the virgin and celibate St. John the Baptist said to the Herod of old: "It is not lawful." It was reserved for Luther—priest and monk—to condemn and cast to the winds the vows of celibacy and continency. But what has the world gained by it? Did not the so-called great Reformer lower the condition of the priest to a decent married man of the world; and made impossible (as far as in him lay) the counsel of celibacy and virginity, which Christ Himself said, "There were a few at least called to practice" (Matt. xix:11, 12). And, lastly, Luther scandalized Christendom by violating his vows contrary to the command of the Lord, which says: "And pay thy vows to the Most High" (Ps. xlix:14), and brought on himself the condemnation of the Apostle, who says, That all those shall be condemned, who, growing wanton, marry, making void their vows or "first faith": "Having damnation because they made void their first faith" (Timothy v:12).

Whatever may be the objection against celibacy, it is for the Catholic Priest his glory and crown. By it he is wed to one spouse, namely the Church; and to the Church and her children he can, without let or hindrance, administer in their spiritual wants; and often, too, in their temporal wants. Had the priest two wives—a daughter of Eve and the Church—he could not serve both. "No one can serve two masters," says the Gospel. By celibacy and continency the priest represents, according to the flesh, the virginal life of his Divine Master; and the world is forced to respect and often admire him. The Church, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, has ever regarded celibacy as the glory of her ministers, and, therefore, has she enforced it in the past and will continue to enforce it in the future, even to the "day of the Lord," when they neither marry nor are given in marriage, because "like the Angels of God."

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QUESTION BOX—Continued.

F H. asks: Is it true that the Catholic Church is opposed to cremation, and if so, what are the grounds of her objection?

It is true that the Catholic Church forbids the cremation of bodies. On this matter her decrees are positive. For her children, she not only does not countenance. but entirely prohibits the cremation of bodies. That she does not regard cremation as intrinsically evil is proved by even one example like that of the Viennese physician. This heroic doctor died of the Bubonic plague, and his body was cremated with permission of the Church authorities, that his remains might not be the means of perpetuating or spreading the germs of the dread malady. In matters where exception can be allowed, the wisdom of the Church can be trusted to make the necessary exceptions to the general law.

It has been always the Christian custom to bury the bodies in Mother Earth. "Dust thou art; to dust thou shalt return," seems to find a more fitting fulfillment by burial than by cremating. Our Divine Lord Himself permitted His Sacred Body to be placed in the sepulchre, and, while that Body was not to know corruption, but to rise glorious from the tomb, it is becoming that our bodies that shall decay, be placed in the earth as was His, and that their dissolution be not sudden or violent.

According to the expression of the Holy Scripture, we are temples of the Holy Ghost, and with reverence the Church treats such temples, and even after we are dead, she tenders to our bodies her marks of respect. These bodies that were once the temples of the Holy Spirit are brought into the temple of God which the hands of man have builded, and there before the altar of God prayers are offered for the repose of the soul that once gave life to the body which now is lifeless. Because of what they were, because of what God intends them to be in the resurrection, the Christian bodies are sprinkled with holy water and blessed with incense. From the Church the remains are conveyed to their final resting place, to ground made holy by prayers and consecration. They are consigned to earth, dust to dust, to await the summons of the Angel on the Great Day, when soul and body shall be again united.

So, the Church in her reverence for Christians, has no desire to return to the pagan custom of cremation.

STEAMSHIP "NEW ENGLAND" OF THE DOMINION LINE ON HER LATEST TRIP FROM BOSTON BOUND FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.

THE DICE THROWERS.

IN THE SHADOW.

See page 1225.

DR. MADDEN POINTING OUT THE SUPPOSED GRAVE OF ROBERT EMMET.

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GAELIC GREETINGS AND BLESSINGS.

BY REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY, OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE.

(The numbers refer to explanatory notes at end of article.)

The Faith which St. Patrick planted so deeply in the hearts of the Irish people has left an ineffaceable impress, not only upon the character, but upon the national literature, and even the very language of our race. Previous to St. Patrick's coming, the teaching of the Druids had lost all its definiteness, and their religion was unable to satisfy the spiritual longings of the Gael. The Christian Faith, coming at this providentially opportune moment, was eagerly and almost universally embraced, even within the lifetime of the national Apostle. St. Patrick himself, in his Confession, marvels at the enthusiasm of the newly converted nation. With consummate prudence the early missionaries labored to bring the traditions, customs, laws and literature of the people into harmony with the new religion. Hence, as the extent and value of the native Irish literature are revealed to us by the work of devoted students, we are more and more struck by its spiritual and religious tone, inspired by

"That Theistic instinct great,
"New worlds that summons from the abyss
"The balance to redress of this."

In the old Gaelic manuscripts, be the subject what it will, the scribe will find some way of reminding you, either in the text or on the margin, that he views things from a spiritual standpoint. The Four Masters voiced the spirit of the whole Gaelic literature when they dedicated their work "to the glory of God and the honor of Erin." Nay, even the very language of the Gael has become saturated with the same spiritual savor. "It is a common, but a huge mistake, to think that it was only in our salutations that these higher thoughts and wishes found familiar expression. They informed almost every utterance. They seasoned every turn of conversation. They were a vital part of every expression of joy or sorrow, joke or business (1)." But, while the whole language has this spiritual note, it is in our everyday greetings and occasional phrases de rigueur that this note is most audible. Even in Scotland, in districts where the old Faith has been in abeyance for three centuries, occasions of grief or excitement will still call forth Catholic expressions that in calmer moments are sternly repressed. In Ireland, it would be impossible for a non-Catholic Gael, speaking Irish, to avoid betraying his foreign faith,—for gallda, foreign, is the ordinary word for Protestant (2). A friend of mine, one of our best Gaelic scholars, has to go to some

trouble in order not to attract attention to his un-Gaelic religious belief.

There is very little resemblance between the speechless wits and philosophers of Drumtochty, as depicted by Ian MacLaren, and the people one meets in an Irish speaking district, where every one, man, woman, and child, will address you. The ordinary salutation of persons meeting is: "Go mbeannuighidh Di dhuit," literally, "May God bless (everything) for thee;" and the usual answer is "Go mbeannuighidh Dia agus Muire dhuit," "May God and Mary bless (everything) for thee." In Munster, the shorter forms, "Dia dhuit!" "Dia 's Muire dhuit!" are used, and in parts of the Southern Province, "God and Mary bless thee," with the answer, "God and Mary bless thee, and Patrick." Local Saints are sometimes introduced: thus, at the Gartan celebration the greeting most commonly heard was "God and Mary and Colum to thee;" "Dia agus Muire agus Colum agat" (3).

These salutations are so intimately associated with the Gaelic tongue that one misses them very much in the Highlands of Scotland, where the trite "la math," "good day," seems a very poor substitute. What a contrast, too, they are to our "How d' ye you?" "There you are!" or the "Hello" which seems to mark the climax of our Anglo-Saxon social culture. These greetings are expected of every one (4) and particularly of strangers, so they supply the opening wedge of conversation, and no doubt had a share in producing that affability of character which marks the Irish Gael. In other countries salutations of a like kind were used, though not to the same extent, in Catholic times, and some of these are retained to the present day in Spanish, Polish, Breton and German. In English we have yet, at least in parts of Ireland, the familiar "God save you!" with the answer "God save you kindly!" along with "morrow to you" (or, "morrow, neighbor!") and "morrow kindly!" this latter greeting, indeed, has been adopted into Gaelic after a slight Catholicizing process; the forms "mora dhuit!" and the answer "Mora 's Muire dhuit!" "Morrow and Mary to thee!" being usual. "He put morrow on me" and "he bid me the time o' day" are familiar phrases in Anglo-Irish for "he addressed me."

Another phrase almost too familiar to mention is "God save all here!" said when you enter into a house and the answer: "God save you kindly." The Gaelic equivalent is: "God bless (all) here," with the corresponding: "may God and Mary bless (all) for thee." This phrase is so usual that the ordinary Gaelic word meaning "to call into, or drop into" a house, is literally "to bless into." (5)

Here I am reminded of an incident that occurred, if stories are true, about forty years ago, not far from my native place. It was winter, and a great snowstorm had covered the whole country. In places, the snow was piled in deep drifts, and many of the roads were impassable. A farmer's wife who found her tea and sugar all gone, sent the servant "boy," Pat, to the "town" for a new supply. Pat got there with much difficulty, and procured supplies, not forgetting himself. Pat then faced for home as night was coming on, but what with the blinding storm and perhaps something else in his eyes, and the great drifts of snow everywhere, he soon lost his way, and was, unknown to himself, walking on top of a snow drift that covered the roof of a little cabin. The next step he gave, down he went through the wide chimney and fell unhurt on the hearth, scaring the wits out of the five or six people who sat around the fire.

"God save all here!" said Pat, picking himself up before any of the family could recover themselves and recognize the stranger who had "dropped in." "Arr' musha, Paudeen Kelly!" said the woman of the house, coming to her speech, "would no way do you but through the chimley?" Unfortunately the Anglicizing spirit is driving these genial old salutations off the lips of the English speaking people in Ireland.

Corresponding to "Hail," is the phrase "Dia do bheatha," in one or other of its varied forms. The words originally meant "God guard thy life," and we may attach the same meaning to any of the modern forms (6). The appropriate answer is "go mairir!" "May'st thou live!" This salutation has the unique distinction of being the only one in which the plural pronoun is ever heard applied to one person. A priest is addressed, in Donegal and perhaps other districts of Ulster, with "Se mar Mbeatha," "God guard your (not thy) life!" The Se in this form is but the softened form of Dia; an approach to the same vowel sound may be noticed in the Munster form "De bheatha!" A fuller form of the greeting is "De bheatha 'd shlainte," "God guard thy life and health," I heard in Munster. This corresponds to the "health and benediction" used in letters, and indeed is so used in Gaelic (7). This old form of blessing has almost disappeared from Scotland, except in some isolated districts in which the clans have clung to the old Faith, and with it have kept the old Catholic phraseology. A learned Presbyterian Highlander was much puzzled by this very phrase, which he had heard in a Catholic Highland glen repeated by those approaching Holy Communion. Perhaps this ancient rhythmic prayer, which he asked me to translate, and which has never been published hitherto, may be of interest, bringing us back as it does to the days when Scotland and Ireland, "The East and the West," formed one Gaelic Nation with the same race, language, and religion. It is strange to find this little Communion Hymn remembered in the Highlands after the lapse of so many dark centuries, during which the old Faith was proscribed as in Ireland. The hymn is still in use in the beautiful Catholic valley of Strathglass, and is still recited by the Highlanders approaching Holy Communion. The prayer was noted down from the lips of a little child on the 21st of January, 1893. For the benefit of many who will be interested in the original we give both the original Gaelic words as well as a translation:

Urnaighe na Sacramaide.

'Nad choinne theid mi ghraidh,
A Dhe nan gras, a Dhe nan iochd!
A Dhe nam feart, 's a Dhe an aigh,
As leth Chriosta deun rium baigh,
A's na dealaich rium gu brath!

Dia do bheatha, a chuirp Chriosta!
Dia do bheatha, O Ri nam feart!
Dia do bheatha, a Dhiadhachd Naomh!
Dia do bheatha, a Dhaonnachd cheart
Dia do bheatha, a fhuil 's a fheoil!
Dia do bheatha, a phoir nan gras!

O na thoilich thu tighinn
Fo sgeimh arain, a Chuirp shlain,
Leighis m'anam o gach olc
Go mblaisim ort gun bheud, gun lochd,
Anois 's air uair mo bhais.

A Thrionaid Naomh, gan deireadh gan tus,
Na biodh t'fhearg rium nios mo;
Bath m'uilc am fuil do ghras
A Dhia-dhuine, failte dhuit!

"Prayer of the Sacrament."

My love, I go before Thy face,
God of mercy, God of grace,
God of might, and God of power,
Hear me, for Christ's sake, this hour,
Hold me fast in Thy embrace.

Hail! Body of Christ
Hail! Wondrous King,
Hail! Sacred Divinity,
Hail! True Humanity,
Hail! Flesh and Blood,
Hail! Source of Graces,

Since to come it pleaseth Thee
In form of bread, O Christ! to me,
That I may not eat in vain,
Cleanse my soul from every stain,
May it at death and now be free.

O Sacred Trinity! without beginning or end,
No more may Thy wrath on me descend;
Bathe my soul in Christ's precious Blood.
Hail to Thee both Man and God!

The phrase is now used in this meaning of "Hail!" in religious compositions as here, and colloquially as "God save you!" but especially as a phrase of welcome. This is its chief use at present.

The usual word for welcome, failte, means literally "gladness," and so the ordinary greeting, "failte romhat," "(there is) gladness before thee" (awaiting thee), is a very appropriate phrase for welcoming a visitor. Of course one welcome will not satisfy the hospitable soul of an Irish host; "a hundred welcomes" at least, or, more commonly, (8) "a hundred thousand welcomes" are "showered" before you. And the answer to this greeting also is, "May'st thou live." This prayer for length of days, in one form or other, seemed to the Gael, who looked on life cheerfully, and who suffered little from a morbid spirit or "that tired feeling," to be a most sensible one. Hence we have, "Long life to you," "May God make you long-lived." The equivalent of "Well you may wear!" is in Gaelic, "May you outlive it and outwear it!" (10). Then there are many wishes for good health, such as "God spare you your health," not to mention the "Good healths" of convivial occasions, of which phrases there is quite a variety (11).

Here we may mention the phrases of blessing which are associated with sneezing. It seems that several centuries ago an epidemic like our present influenza became rife all over Europe, the first symptom of which was violent sneezing. The Pope of the time prescribed prayers against the epidemic, and recommended certain short ejaculations, to be made when anyone sneezed in such a way as to show signs of having contracted the malady. Hence all over Europe we have these ejaculations, practically of the same character. In Italy, "Dio vi benedica!" in Germany, "Gott segne dich!" (also "Gesundheit! Health!"); in France, "Dieu vous benisse!"; among the Spanish speaking people of New Mexico, "Jesus te favoresca!" here in Arizona, "Jesus te oyude!" The English "God bless you," or "God bless us," corresponds to the Gaelic "Dia linn," "God with us!" Sometimes the response, "agus Muire!" "and Mary," is added, and in violent attacks, "agus Eoin Baiste," "and John Baptist." In New Mexico, they say to children sneezing, "Dios te haga crecer," "God make thee grow!"; an equivalent expression is used in Gaelic as a thank phrase (12), and I have heard people say in Ireland to a child sneezing, "God bless you, child, you're no fairy!" a semi-serious allusion to the possibility of children being changed by fairies, as the old legend had it.

In addition to life and health, a blessing much prayed for in Ireland is "luck." Perhaps we may see, in this tendency to speak of luck or fortune, a survival of pre-Christian fatalism. "It was to be," and, in Gaelic, "do bhi se i ndan," are phrases that smack more of Druidic than of Christian times; and it cannot be denied that there are often traces of this fatalistic spirit where one would hardly expect them. Perhaps we may find, in this lingering remnant of Druidic belief in blind destiny, a partial explanation of the way in which the Highlands of Scotland accepted and have retained the tenets of Calvinism,

a creed in so many respects abhorrent, as one would think, to the Celtic character. In Ireland, the economic history of recent centuries has been such as would tend to develop this trust in fortune, rather than in labor and thrift, which in the circumstances would have only supplied fresh material for robbery and confiscation by the ruling alien class. It was only by sheer good luck that a "meere Irishman" could hope to acquire or ever retain anything. Hence luck and success became equivalent terms. We have many phrases illustrating this. "May fortune go with you!" (13) "Luck and fortune to you!" (14) "May God send luck on you!" (15) and in Anglo-Irish, "The Lord may sind you the hoith o' luck!" all meaning "Success to you!"

A very usual word for success in our greetings is "Bail." "God bless the work! and you, too!" are the familiar translations of the Gaelic "Bail o Dhia ar an obair!" and its response (16). A common salutation is "Bail o Dhia ort!" "God bless you—and you likewise!" This is used not only when accosting a friend, and when leaving friends—in this case just as "So long!" in English—but also in cases where it seems almost superfluous, as its use is merely to express sympathy or pity. On a stormy day you arrive unexpectedly after a long journey. In English your friends would probably say, "Is it possible that you came from Galway today?" But in Gaelic: "And is it from Galway you came today, God bless you!" This phrase is also added after any reference to children or animals, to show that the speaker is well disposed towards them. No one would say, "That is a fine cow" without adding "God bless her!" A similar blessing is invoked on wounds and sores shown to anyone; indeed, in the Highlands on such occasions people make an elementary sign of the cross over the wound, although in ordinary circumstances they would never be guilty of such a Catholic practice. The very mention of injuries or accidents is accompanied by some short ejaculation to ward off similar evils from the speakers; in English, "God save the mark," in Gaelic practically the same (17). In the same way we have "The Lord between us and harm!" in Gaelic "God between us and all evil and harm" (18), or "Far from us all harm!" (19). In fear or alarm, "God save us and bless us!" "God forever with us!" (20), "Cross of Christ about us!" (21), "God with us and Mary and the Domhnach," the last word in this case being used, I think, in its sense of shrine for sacred relics, not in the meaning of the Sunday. In anxiety, "My soul to God and Mary" (22). This also is used in the Highlands (23). Best known of all is the call of grief or pain, "a wirra! wirra! a Mhuire! Mhuire!" "O, Mary, Mary!" and "a wirra is throoa! a Mhuire is truagh!" "O, Mary, how sad!" This confidence in the Blessed Virgin breathes through the whole language. In trials of the heaviest kind the ordinary phrase of consolation is, "God is powerful," and the answer—"and Mary," or as frequently, "and He has a good mother." (24) An invocation on beginning any undertaking (in addition to "In the name of God" and "With the help of God!" (25), or, as the Highlanders have it, "Dia 'na thoiseach, God is the front of it!") is "The keeping of God and His Mother on this!" (26). A most usual name for our Lord is "the Son of Mary." This phrase runs through all the literature —an ordinary equivalent of Heaven being "the Kingdom of Mary's Son" (27). No higher tribute could be found by the old Gaelic writers for St. Brigid than to give her the name of

"The Mary of the Gael" (28). Irish is the only language in the world that has two names for Mary—one, Muire, is restricted to the Mother of God, the other, Maire, is given to all other women.

In many of our blessings the name of God is replaced by the phrase "an Ri," "the King," especially in Donegal. "Heaven" is "The Kingly House!" Another equivalent phrase is "an Fear in irde," "the Man above." "A thousand thanks (literally, exaltation) to the Son of God!" (29), is a favorite ejaculation made in the West on meeting a priest, probably because he usually, in these Catholic missionary districts, carries with him the Blessed Sacrament.

There are numerous phrases of thanks and gratitude, although some particularly ignorant and malignant defamer of our race has asserted that we have no Gaelic word for thanks or gratitude. "Praise be to God," "Glory be to God," are well known (30). One of the most common expressions on the lips of the people is "Thanks be to God" (31).

For thanks there are two words; one like "gratitude" refers to the state of mind of the person benefited, the other, like "thanks," means the outward display of that state of mind. A third, a common, and a beautiful Irish way of thanking one, is to say, "May you have good!" (in return) (32), or "May God reward you!" (33), "May God increase you!" besides the phrases relative to health and long life already given. "May God increase your store!" "May God increase your milk and butter!" (34), are also heard. This reminds me of a curious usage observed in many parts of Ireland. You enter a house, and after the usual salutations, ask for a drink of water. As a rule you get a drink of our fresh new milk. Before drinking you say "Slan an bho, Health to the cow!" This is the Kerry phrase. In the West it is "Healthy be the cow and the woman of the house" (35), or in places, "She who gives the milk and she who distributes it." In Armagh the English phrase sounds poorly, "Good luck to your cows!" "Prosperity on your hand!" is another thank-word (36). Then there are many phrases of encouragement, sympathy, and pity. "God's protection to thee!" (37), "God's blessing on thee!" "God prosper thee!" (38), "God enable thee!" is said to anyone engaged in a serious undertaking, especially to students preparing for the priesthood (39), "God keep thee!" (40), "God help thee!" (in pity), (41).

The ordinary "How are you?" is usually accompanied by these blessings. A. "What way are you?" B. "Well; and well may you be. How is yourself?" A. "Well, thanks be to God!" B. "Seven times better may you be." (42). This is the stereotyped method, in the West, of "bidding a man the time o' day,"—of course after the preliminary "God bless you," as given above.

Blessings in Gaelic, to be heard at their best, should be heard from the poor. I do not mean tramps, who are a modern institution of civilization, but the well known and really poor who go to their more comfortable neighbors for help, like Goldsmith's "long remembered beggar." But the word "beggar" is not much used; the more friendly "poor man" or "traveling man"—in Gaelic fear siubhail—being commoner. "God's poor" is in English a well known phrase; in Gaelic "the poor man of God" and especially "the blind man of God" and "the stranger of God" are said (43). Here I may add the name given to the robin redbreast: "Mary's little one" (44), whom it is not right to hurt or kill. The legend

has it that when the Holy Family fled into Egypt, with Mary and the Infant riding on the ass (that accordingly has a cross on its back and is a privileged animal ever since) (45), they passed a meitheal or working party of men sowing wheat. St. Joseph asked the men, if strangers came inquiring whether such a party as they had passed, to say "Yes, when the corn was sowing." Sure enough, the emissaries of Herod appeared next day, pursuing the Holy Family, but no such persons had passed that way "since the day we were sowing the wheat," said the reapers, who were now cutting the corn, miraculously grown to its full ripeness during the night. The daol or clock (chafer) put in with its information "ne, ne, yesterday, yesterday" (the squeak of the chafer is somewhat like the Gaelic "ne"), but the soldiers did not understand. But ever since the people feel justified in capturing and destroying the daol. On the other hand, the robin had busied itself covering up with leaves the footmarks of St. Joseph, stained with blood from his toil-worn feet. Hence its red breast and the privileges the robin has from that day down. As we are on this subject, I must add that the Gael have a characteristic rendering of the crow of the cock, which, with us, is not a meaningless "Cock-a-doodle-doo" (as the Anglo-Saxon hath it), but nothing less than a prayer, first made by the cock that reproached St. Peter with its call of "Mac na hoighe slan—May the Virgin's Son be safe!"

"Farewell" and "Good-bye" correspond to two classes of like Irish salutations. In the first there is no religious element, just as in Gaelic we have "Slan leat!" or "Slan agat!" "Health with you!" (46). "Farewell!" The answer is "May you go safe (or well) home!" (47), or often, "God send you safe home!" also "Success to you," as already given, and "May your journey succeed with you!" (48).

"Good-bye!" is a shortened form of "God be with you," and indeed the longer form was more usual in Ireland until recently. It is sometimes amusing to see a family of old, middle-aged, and young people seeing off a party of friends, the chorus of farewells ringing from the "God speed you!" or "God be with you!" of the older people, to the "Safe home," "Good-bye," "Bye-bye" of the younger. Most of the old people still use on such occasions the Gaelic "beannacht leat!" "a blessing with thee!" corresponding to the adieu and adios of the French and Spanish. The more emphatic form, "God's blessing with thee!" or "God's blessing and God's victory with thee!" are also heard (49). These are said by the departing guests; those remaining answer "God speed you!" or "God prosper you!" "God work with you!" "God conquer with you!" (50). One can also sometimes hear "God speed him!" used in an ironical sense, intimating the speaker's wish that some one who has gone away "is no great loss."

The night salutation, besides "God give you good-night," is "Sleep safely tonight" (51) and "God bring you safe from the death-sleep of night!" (52). I have heard both these frequently in the Western islands, and they are also used in the outer Hebrides. The last one shows the Catholic desire to die after due preparation, not to be taken unawares:

"Bas Criostaidhe, ola 's aithrighe
Go bhfaghaidh ar n-anam bocht!
A Christian death, with unction and penance,
May our poor souls receive!"

is a frequent prayer. Then there are many beautiful Gaelic hymns to be recited when "raking the fire," and on other occasions. Some of these

collected by Dr. Hyde, myself and others, will appear in Dr. Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht." When the last candle is put out at night the prayer is "God be good to the souls of the faithful." The dead are always remembered in Ireland; no one would dream of passing a churchyard by the roadside without a short prayer for those who rest there, who in Gaelic phrase are "on the path of truth" and are numbered with "the host of the dead" (53). In the Highlands they say of a dead friend, "Rest and ease to him who lives not!" (54); in Ireland, when speaking English, "God be good to him!" or "God be with him!" in Gaelic "The blessing of God with his soul!" (55) and "The light of Heaven to him!"

From its use in these greetings the word beannacht, "blessing," comes also to mean salutation of any kind. "Tell him that I wish to be remembered to him," is in Gaelic "Tell him that I am sending him my blessing" (56), in Scotland "My thousand blessings to him!" If you convey such a message orally you will be rewarded with "Slan an sgeuluidhe! Well be the news bringer!" In the same way it comes to mean a farewell. When I was first studying Gaelic I spent several vacations in the Western islands, and was in the habit of talking a good deal to children, from whom one can learn much about language. One day I had set a number of little school boys racing down a hill after ha'pence, to get them talking. A wayward ha'penny left the road and ran into a pile of loose stones, and a little urchin, after trying in vain to recover it, shouted back to mé "Cuir do bheanacht lei, send your blessing after it!" meaning, "you will never see a sight of it again." Many a passionate "Slan agus beannacht" has been addressed to Ireland by generations of poet exiles from Columba's days to the present, and I think we may trace to the answering phrase "go soirbhighe Dia dhuit," the Highland Gaelic word "soraidh," or "farewell," with which many a Scottish Gael has recorded his love and yearning for his native glen.

Soraidh leat a ghleann mo gradh
Tha ridhte andiu nad leinidh bhais!

In another sense also the word blessing is used. "Mo bheannacht ort!" "My blessing on you!" is an expression of emphatic approval, and this, I hope, will be my meed for having collected these ancient Catholic greetings of the Gael.

Some perhaps there may be who are inclined to belittle or even despise these little salutations and blessings, or perhaps to deride them as "so very Irish, don't you know!" Irish they are, indeed, and intensely Catholic. They come to us from the hearts of generation after generation of our ancestors, instinct with centuries of earnest Irish faith, tender devotion and the most steadfast hope in even the most crushing trials and persecutions. For me, I confess, these little phrases of prayer and praise are not less sacred than the ivy-clad ruins of Aran, Iona and Clonnacnoise. The traditions with which they are entwined and the spirit with which they are filled give the language and thought of our Irish speaking people force and strength to resist the materialism of the age and enable them to pursue the highest and best interests of the race. As Cardinal Logue said at the Aonach of Tirconnell not long ago: "While the language lasts we shall have innocence and piety among our people, and we shall have devotion to religion and patriotism among the people. The language is a great bond which binds them all together and secures a united effort for everything that is for the glory of God and the

welfare of our country." Some there are who are attracted to the Gaelic movement by the language itself, the most ancient tongue in Western Europe and spoken by the Gael for who knows how many centuries. Others are tempted by its immense and unique written literature, extending over a thousand years. Still others see in it, as Mr. John MacNeill has well said, "an element, an instrument, a safeguard and a symbol of nationhood, in all these respects exceeding all things else," and as such to be maintained, defended and upheld. But who can deny that the Gaelic movement has also its spiritual value, and that it can be made powerful for high spiritual and religious interests?

And now, reader, who have so far journeyed with me into Gaelic customs and usages, I bid you a hearty beannacht leat!

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1. Rev. *J.* M. O'Reilly in New Ireland Review, Feb., 1898.
2. Gaedhil agus Albanaigh, Gael and Scotch, are used in Ulster for Catholic and non-Catholic (Presbyterian).
3. See Report of the Gartan Festival, p. 32.
4. In the days when people feared the Droch-shuil, or evil eye, they were very particular to utter these blessings, which, as they were convinced, warded off all danger.
5. Bheannuigh se isteach (Donegal).
6. We may see the phrase in an old form in a Ninth Century Text recently printed. "In beo do mhathair?" ar si. "Beo ecin," ar Aedan. "Isbennachda dun. Dia ar a bethaidh," ar sin. "God guard her life."
7. See O'Grady: Silva Gadelica, II, XIV. See also the story of "How Cormac got the Branch," where the phrase, d'fhag imchomairce beatha is slainte ag Cormac, is found. This is probably the origin of our fa thuairim do shlainte! "good health!" literally, "for the protection of thy health!" reading comairce for tuairim. Dia do bheatha, in Connacht and Ulster, Se do bheatha, are also used in the Hail Mary; in Munster an old impersonal form, go mbeannuighthear duit, is heard; while in Scotland failte dhuit is used, as may be noted also in the last line of the hymn just quoted.
8. Mile failte or ceud mile failte.
9. Saoghal fada dhuit, or fad saoghail dhuit. Go saoghlaidh Dia thu, go mbuanaidh Dia thu, "go mbuanaidh Dia do chroidhe mor," said in thanks for any favor.
10. Go mairidh tu agus go gcaithidh tu e!
11. Slainte mhaith! Siud ort! etc.
12. Go meuduighe Dia thu!
13. Go n-eirighe an t-adh leat; hence d'eirigh lion, I succeeded.
14. Adh agus amhantur ort; the latter word from the French aventure.
15. Go gcuiridh Dia an t-adh ort!
16. Which occurs in various forms, gur ab e dhuit, go mb' amhla dhuit, gur ab e do dhala e; of a sick person, ni'l aon bhail air, he is not doing well.
17. Slan an comhartha!
18. Dia eadruinn is gach olc is urchoid!
19. I bhfad uainn an anfhochain!
20. Dia go deo linn!
21. Crois Chriost orainn!
22. M'anam do Dhia agus do Mhuire!
23. Especially to children, Do Dhia 's do Mhoire thu, a chreatuir ciod tha ort!
24. "Ta Dia laidir"—"agus Muire," or "agus tu mathair mhaith aige!"
25. In ainm De, le congnamh De.
26. Cumhdach De agus A Mhathar air seo.
27. Righeacht Mic Muire.
28. "Brighid, Moire Goidel."
29. Mile altugad le Mac De!
30. Moladh go deo le Dia, Gloir do Dhia.
31. Buidheachas le Dia, altugad le Dia! often with, "Mile," a thousand.
32. Go raibh maith agat!
33. Go dtugaidh Dia a luach duit!
34. Go meuduighe Dia do stor, no, im agus bainne duit!
35. Slan maithreach an bhainne agus bean an tighe, no, bean a roinnte!
36. Sonas ar do laimh!
37. Coimrighe De dhuit!
38. Go gcuiridh Dia ar do leas thu.
39. There are many forms. Dia do do chongnamh! Go gcongnaidh (cabhruighe, cuidighe) Dia leat.
40. Go gcumhdaighe Dia thu, Dia do do chumhdach!
41. Go bhfoiridh Dia ort! also go bhfurtaighe . . . !
42. Ce chaoi a bhfuil tu? Go maith, slan a bheas tu, ce chaoi a bhfuil tu fein? Go maith, buidheachas do Dhia! In

Ulster Gode mar ta tu? In Munster Cannas taoi? Cionnus tair, etc.? "Middling" is measardha, reusunta, Thomond, meodhanach, cuibheasach, leath-chosamhail in Ulster, Connacht. Desmond, and Meath, respectively. Bad is go dona, from which the Anglo-Irish word "donney," and "very bad" is claoidhte.

43. Bochtan De, dallan De, deoraidhe De.

44. Spideog Mhuire.

45. "Is rud beannuighthe an t-asal." "The ass is a blessed thing," is a phrase I have often heard.

46. Slan is really an adjective, "healthy, well." The greeting was originally Slan! "(fare)well"; d'fhag se slan agam, he left (the greeting) "well" with me, he bade me farewell.

47. Go dteidhir slan a bhaile.

48. Go dtugaidh Dia slan a bhaile thu! go n-eirighe an t-adh leat! go n-eirighe do bhothar leat!

49. Beannacht De (agus buaidh De) leat!

50. Go soirbhighe Dia dhuit! go ngnodhuighe Dia dhuit! go mbuadhaidh Dia dhuit!

51. Slan codlata na h-oidhche dhuit!

52. Go dtugaidh Dia slan o bhas codlata na h-oidhche thu!

53. "Ta siad ar shlighe na firinne agus ar Sluagh na marbh."

54. "Fois agus tamh do'n te nach maireann."

55. Beannacht De le n-a anam! Compare Dia lem' anam! Lord have mercy on me! (God with my soul!) Solus na bhflaitheas do!

56. "Mo mhile beannacht do!" in the Highlands.

OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

A SKETCH.

BY REV. D. A. MERRICK, S. J.

(All those who have read or witnessed the play of Cyrano de Bergerac now know of the siege of Arras; few know that the gallant defender of that place was an Irish exile and a famous Catholic general. This sketch was written in the style and spirit of the times of which it treats.)

"Irish heroes have come off, it must be owned, but poorly before the bar of history," says the Hon. Miss Emily Lawless. "Comparing them with what are certainly their nearest parallels—the heroes and semi-heroes of Scotch history—the contrast strikes one in an instant, yet there is no reason in the nature of things that this should be. Putting aside those whose names have got somewhat obscured by the mists of the past, and putting aside those nearer to us who stand upon what is still regarded as debateable ground, there is no lack of Irish name which should be familiar to the ear as those of any Bruce or Douglas of them all. The names of Tyrone, of James Fitzmaurice, of Owen Roe O'Neill, and of Sarsfield, to take only a few and almost at random, are all those of gallant men, struggling against dire odds, in causes which, whether they happen to fit in with our particular sympathies or not, were to them objects of the purest, most genuine enthusiasm."

Without undertaking the perhaps complicated answer to the question why the deeds of Ireland's heroes should have been smothered, as it were in a kind of oblivion, it is the object of this sketch to endeavor to rescue from that fate, in an almost insignificant measure it is true, the memory of one of those mentioned by this lady, whose claims on the gratitude of his countrymen and his co-

religionists have not received the vivid recognition they deserve.

At the close of the year of grace, 1640, King Charles I appointed two chief justices in Ireland, bitter Puritans, to rule in the absence of the viceroy. The plain declaration of these men, with the expressed determination of their party in England, that, not only no priest, but even no Catholic should be allowed simply to live in Ireland, excited a general apprehension. The people of the North and West were already incensed by the spoliation of their landed property. In October, 1641, an insurrection broke out in the North, which soon spread over the whole island. The Irish episcopacy declared the rebellion just and lawful, and a general assembly of the nation was summoned to meet in the city of Kilkenny to agree upon a provisional form of government. "The confederation of Kilkenny," says Mr. Webb, in his Compendium of Irish Biography, was established on the 24th of October, 1642. Eleven spiritual and fourteen temporal peers, with 226 commoners, representing the Catholic population of Ireland, assembled, and swore to observe true obedience to King Charles, to sustain an Irish parliament, the free exercise of the Roman Catholic faith, and to obey the laws made by the Supreme Council then elected. A declaration of rights was issued, a government instituted, an army organized, a mint established, a great seal cut, and ambassadors were sent to foreign states. "In September, Colonel Thomas Preston, uncle to Lord Gormanstown, had landed at Wexford with three frigates and several transports, containing a few siege guns, field pieces and other stores, five hundred officers and a number of engineers; and, on the 6th of July, Colonel Owen O'Neill had arrived off Donegal with a single ship, a single company of veterans, one hundred officers, and a considerable quantity of ammunition. "General Neylle" as he is called by the author of the "Aphorismal Discovery" was a grandson of the adopted child of the first Earl of Tyrone, and a nephew of the famous Hugh. "Little is known" says Father Murphy, "of the earlier part of his life. He seems to have left Ireland in his infancy. An entry in the records of the college of Salamanca shows that he studied there; it states also that Eugenius Rufus O'Neill had been appointed to a sergeancy of halberdiers, the foot-guard of the Spanish monarch. He was transferred to the Netherlands, probably about 1625. He learned the science of war in that school of Mars, the Low Countries, and soon rose to distinction in the Spanish service." The very year before the breaking out of the Irish insurrection he made his name famous throughout Europe by his defense of the city of Arras. Besieged by the French under three distinguished marshals, it held out for several weeks. The Spanish general marched to its relief but was badly beaten, and the brave commander was left unsuccored in the face of his powerful assailants. Subsequently another general attempted, but failed, to give relief; for which he was court-martialed, but acquitted. The defenders, after exhausting every resource, finally surrendered the place on honorable terms, and marched out covered with glory.

"O'Neill, Owen Roe," says Webb "general of the Ulster Irish, between 1642 and 1649, son of Art O'Neill, who was a brother to Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, was born in Ireland about 1599. He was taken to the continent by his uncle when he fled in 1607, was educated in the Irish Franciscan convent at Louvain, entered the Spanish

army, where he was known as Don Eugenio O'Neill, and before long was elevated to the rank of Colonel. He married Rose O'Dogherty, sister of Sir Cahir. From the 19th of June to the 20th of August, with 1,500 foot, chiefly Irish, and 400 horse he defended Arras against a French force of 25,000 infantry and 9,000 cavalry; and, although ultimately obliged to capitulate, was permitted to march out with all the honors of war and retire to Douay. In April, 1642, he was waited upon at Brussels by a deputation of the Northern Irish, then in arms. With the cordial consent of Urban VIII, and by the advice of Luke Wadding, he accepted the offer of the command of the Ulster forces, and, with money sent him by the Pope, purchased a frigate, the St. Francis, and freighted her with arms and munitions. He sailed from Dunkirk about the 18th of June, with his sons, Henry, Bryan and Con, O'Cahan, Bryan O'Bryne, Owen O'Doherty, Gerald Fitzgerald, and many of his countrymen anxious to join in the struggle. Eluding the vigilance of English cruisers, especially dispatched to intercept her, the St. Francis dropped anchor at Castledoe, in Donegal, toward the end of July. Sir Felim O'Neill, with 1,500 men escorted him to Charlemont, where he was invested with supreme command in Ulster."

No wonder that this brave soldier was received enthusiastically in Ireland. The words of the poet (de Vere) must have been in the hearts if not on the lips of his countrymen:

"Owen Roe—our own O'Neill,
He treads once more our Land;
The sword in his hand is Spanish steel,
But the hand is an Irish hand."

The celebrated Father Wadding sent him from Rome the sword of his great-uncle. His election as general of the Northern army was ratified immediately by the Supreme Council of the Confederated Catholics.

About the same time with O'Neill, General Leslie, Lord Lieven, arrived on the opposite side. He had known O'Neill abroad—to his own cost be it told—and wrote to express his surprise that a man of his reputation should be engaged in so bad a cause, to which O'Neill replied that he had a better right to come to the relief of his own country than Leslie had to march into England against his lawful king. In another letter he advised his Lordship to leave Ireland, where he already began to display great cruelty; "for as the Almighty" says he, "gave me the victory over you one day in Germany, as you should remember, so this same Providence will be pleased to make me an instrument of lessening you by your head, fit payment of your unjust war upon this nation." Lieven did leave at once, and never came back again. Before returning home he urged Monroe (the Scotchman in command of the army of the English parliament in Ulster) to act with promptitude, for that he might expect a severe lesson if the new commander once succeeded in collecting an army. But Monroe proved deaf to this advice, and while the Scottish and English forces in the provinces would have amounted if united to 20,000 foot and 1,000 horse, they gave O'Neill time enough to embody, officer, drill and arm a force not to be despised by even twice their number.

O'Neill spent the winter of 1642 in disciplining his levies of Irish kerns, who were thus described by Rinuccini, the papal nuncio: "The soldiers of Ulster, and in some parts, those of Connaught, naturally accustomed to suffering, and habituated to the frosts of that Northern climate, have few wishes and few wants. Caring but little for bread, they live upon sham-

rock (he means potatoes) and butter. Their drink is milk, and as a great luxury, usquebaugh. Provided they have shoes and a few utensils, a woolen cloak serves for their covering —more jealously careful of their sword and musket than of their personal comfort. They seldom touch money, and therefore complain but little about it."

After several excursions and combats, he overwhelmingly defeated General Monk and Lord Moore at Portlester, Moore being killed and Monk flying back to Dublin. O'Neill now advanced, but—there is always a But in Irish history. The Irish had two enemies one an open one the united Puritans of England and Presbyterians of Scotland; the other, the perfidious Charles I and his equally perfidious lieutenant, Butler, Marquis of Ormond. Among the Irish themselves there were the old Irish, especially those of the North, who, it must be remembered, began the war, and were determined to fight to the end for their liberties, and the new Irish, the Irish of the pale,—that is the Anglo-Norman rulers, not the people, of course—and scattered lords in Munster and Connaught, including some men with very Celtic names, who were always looking for a compromise, and allowing themselves to be duped over and over again by those who only made use of them as tools. Unfortunately those men now controlled the Confederate Supreme Council. Many of them were relations and connections of Ormond, who should have been a Catholic himself. McCarthy, called Viscount Muskerry, the leading spirit of the party, was his brother-in-law. Provided their religion was barely tolerated, these men, who were especially concerned for their appropriated church property, desired no war. Once they had risen, the old Irish, were decided to fight to the end, for their rights as men, for their lands unjustly taken, but above all for the full freedom of their religion. The others only threw themselves into the arms of their Milesian co-religionists through despair. There was no hope from the British parliament; but they always did and continued to hope and trust in Ormond and the king, because they loved the king and Ormond. They had not had their goods confiscated yet. They believed in the final success of Charles against his enemies, and Charles might sequestrate their estates if they continued rebels; whereas, if the Catholics had complete success, though assured of the contrary, they feared that the Church would reclaim its stolen property. King Charles I was a trickster, promising everything while giving secret orders to the contrary, afraid to grant liberty to his Catholic subjects because always hoping to make terms with his Puritan parliament. And Ormond, well, Ormond seems to have cared principally for himself, except that he hated the Church in which he was baptized and brought up as a boy, and preferred as he showed, that Ireland should be subject rather to the parliament than that Catholics should be free. This is the explanation why on the 17th of September, 1643, to the horror of O'Neill and the native Irish, and the disgust of their friends in Europe, an armistice was concluded between Ormond and the Irish Council for twelve, which was afterwards extended to eighteen months.

But peace with the king did not mean peace with the parliament. Only it enabled the Irish to send a contingency of soldiers into Scotland. We must remember that great wars were raged in those days with armies, to our notion, ridiculously small.

Three thousand well provided Irish troops landed at Mostyn, under Colkitto (the left-handed) Alexander McDonnell, brother of Lord Antrim whose name is famous in Scotch story and in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and who was to die fighting for his fellow Catholics on an Irish battlefield. Following the banner of Montrose these regiments performed great things at St. Johnstown, at Aberdeen, and at Inverlochy, which have been eloquently recorded by the historians of that period. "Their reputation" says a cautious writer "more than their number unnerved the prowess of their enemies. No force ventured to oppose them in the field; and as they advanced, every post was abandoned or surrendered." The following resume of their deeds was found among the papers of the Duke of Ormond. "When they arrived in Scotland, within Argyle's bounds, they marched to Castleblair, in Athol, where they were joined by Montrose, who went on foot with his target and pike. On the first of September they were re-inforced by the bowmen under Lord Kilpunt, and encountered the Covenanters, who had an army of 8,000 foot and 800 horse, at St. Johnstown. The Covenanters were three or four to one, but the Irish routed them with such fearful effect, that men might have walked upon dead bodies to the town, being two miles long from the place where the battle was pitched. On the 13th of the same month they defeated 3000 foot and 500 horse, with three pieces of cannon, at Aberdeen. Then marched to Glengarry and Inverloughy Castle, which they stormed, routing Argyle and Aghenbracke, and taking their standards, arms, and ammunition. "Not one of these brave men saw Ireland again."

The Scotch commander, Monroe, still faced O'Neill in the North. Now did the council do a wonderful thing for which posterity may thank them; for it revealed to the world all the magnanimity and patriotism of O'Neill, at the same time with the fact that they, who had usurped control over the men who first raised the banner of liberty and religion, were willing to sacrifice the interests of the cause to their own selfish ends. They removed O'Neill from the supreme command, and placed over him a new general who had never known defeat because he had never fought a battle. O'Neill submitted, but the country soon had enough of the new general's generalship, and O'Neill was restored to his command.

In October, 1645, the Papal Nuncio, Rinuccini, arrived in Ireland. The sincerity and zeal of this prelate, who was now to exercise so great an influence in Irish affairs, all men have admired. As to his wisdom in the quarrels which followed, I will only say that, on his side, substantially were the mass of the Irish people and the hierarchy, most of the religious orders, and from first to last, Owen Roe Mac Art O'Neill. But what was Owen himself doing at this time? He soon let the world know. On the 4th of June, 1646, the armies of Monroe and O'Neill met at Benburb, on the Blackwater, six miles north of Armagh, near the Yellow-ford where the great Red Hugh had won his famous victory. "The battle of Benburb," says Thomas D'Arcy McGee, "has been often and well described." Thus he describes it. "In a naturally strong position—with this leader the choice of ground seems to have been a first consideration—the Irish, for four hours, received and repulsed the various charges of the Puritan horse. Then, as the sun began to descend, pouring its rays upon the opposing force, O'Neill led his whole army—five

thousand men against eight—to the attack. One terrible onset swept away every trace of resistance. There were counted on the field 3,243 of the Covenanters, and of the Catholics but 70 killed and 100 wounded. Lord Ardes and 21 Scottish officers, 32 standards, 1,500 draught horses, and all the guns and tents, were captured. Monroe fled in panic to Lisburn, and thence to Carrickfergus, where he shut himself up till he could obtain reinforcements. O'Neill forwarded the captured colors to the Nuncio at Limerick, by whom they were solemnly placed in the choir of St. Mary's Cathedral, and afterwards, at the request of Pope Innocent, sent to Rome. Te Deum was chanted in the confederate capital; penitential psalms were sung in the northern fortress. 'The Lord of hosts,' wrote Monroe, 'had rubbed shame on our faces, till once we were humbled;' O'Neill emblazoned the cross and keys on his banner with the red hand of Ulster and revived for his soldiers the title of 'the Catholic army.' "

The following is Father Meehan's narrative in his history of the confederation. "O'Neill had encamped at Benburb, between two small hills. The rear of his army was protected by a wood, and the right by the river Blackwater. He had also possessed himself of the bridge and concealed his sharpshooters in the crags and bushes. Owen Roe was well informed of Monroe's plans; and, in order to prevent a junction of George's forces with those of his brother, he despatched Colonels Bernard McMahon and Patrick MacNeny with their respective regiments to anticipate that design. This commission they executed to the satisfaction of their commander. But now, when everything that the ablest general of his day could devise to insure a glorious result had been carried into effect, there was a scene on the hill of Benburb solemn and stern. The whole army having confessed, and the general, along with the other officers, having received the most Holy Communion, the chaplain deputed by the nuncio to the spiritual care of the army, made a brief exhortation, gave them his blessing, and with loud cheers, they prepared for action. Monroe, having reconnoitred O'Neill's position, and seeing that he could not force the bridge or ford, convened his officers to consult on what course they should adopt; whereon it was resolved to march in view of the Confederate troops and pass the Blackwater at Kinard. As they advanced from the river they were met by Colonel Richard O'Ferral, who occupied a narrow defile through which it was necessary for the Scotch troops to pass in order to face the Irish. The fire of Monroe's guns compelled O'Neill's officer to retire. And now the two armies stood front to front; and never did two hostile hosts meet with more enthusiastic rivalry or deadly hatred. The Scots, impelled by gloomy fanaticism, beheld an army of idolaters before them—the Philistines, whom the power of Gideon was to overthrow. The Confederates, animated by the love of country and their religion, and led by a chieftain whose name was a spellword in their ranks, looked on the present as the moment to rescue their homes and altars from thraldom and disgrace. 'All our army, horse and foot,' says the Scotch general, 'did earnestly covet fighting, which was impossible for me to withstand without reproach of cowardice, and never did I see a greater confidence than was amongst us." Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham, having cleared the pass for the Scotch horse, the whole army advanced to dislodge Owen Roe; but a shower of

bullets from the crags and bushes, which covered O'Neill's infantry, checked them; and then the Scotch cannon opened its fire with little effect, as owing to the admirable position of the Catholic troops only one man was struck by the shot. In vain did Monroe's cavalry charge—with the river on their right and a 'marish bog' on the left, it was hopeless to think of stirring the Confederates. For fully four hours did the Fabius of his country amuse the enemy with skirmishing. During all that time the wind blowing the smoke of Monroe's musketry in the face of the Irish ranks, concealed the adverse ranks from their sight, and the sun had shone all day in their eyes, blinding them with its dazzling glare; but that sun was now descending and producing the same effect on the Scotch, when Monroe perceived the entire Irish army making ready for a general assault with horse and foot. It was the decisive moment. The Irish general, throwing himself into the midst of his men, and pointing out to them that retreat must be fatal to the enemy, ordered them to pursue vigorously, assuring them of victory. 'I, myself' said he 'with the aid of Heaven will lead the way; let those who fail to follow me remember that they abandon their general.' This address was received with one unanimous shout by the army. The colonels threw themselves from their horses to cut themselves off from every chance of retreat, and charged, with incredible impetuosity. Monroe had given orders to a squadron of his horse to break through the columns of the Irish foot as they advanced; but that squadron was panic-stricken by the terrible array of the Irish battalions, and retreated disorderedly through their own foot, pursued by O'Neill's cavalry. Nevertheless Monroe's infantry stood firm and received the Irish, body to body, with push of pike, till at last their cavalry reserve, being routed in a second charge, fell pell-mell amongst the infantry which, being now broken and disordered, had no way to retreat but over the river which lay in their front. Terrified by the fate of their fellows, who perished under their eyes in the Blackwater, the surviving Scots vainly sought to conceal themselves in the thickets that covered the country in the vicinity of the battle-field, nor was the darkness of the night able to protect them form their victorious pursuers. Pike and skein did what the muskets had left unfinished, till they were cut to pieces, and the lowest soldier of the Irish was wearied with carnage. The victorious army proclaimed that their success was attributable to the supplies given them by the Pope; and Sir Felim O'Neill, on being asked for the list of his prisoners, swore that he had not one, as he had given orders to his division to give no quarter to the Scotch." These fanatics gave no quarter.

"Sir James Montgomery's regiment," writes Carte, "was the only one which returned in a body. All the others fled in the utmost confusion, and most of the cavalry were cut in pieces....The booty was very great—two months provisions for the Scotch army, enough to serve the Ulster Irish, an hardy people, double the time." The account of the battle posted in the streets of London, described the bloody fight of Blackwater on the 5th of June, by the Irish rebels against Major-General Monroe, when 5000 Protestants were put to the sword, ending with the terror-stricken, yet reassuring exclamation that—'No Irish rebels are yet come into Wales.'"

(To be continued.)

ROBERT EMMET.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

(Concluded.)

SEAL OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.
See page 238.

But nothing could break the resolution of this great creature. Major Sirr only got the rough side of her tongue, the tongue which Dr. Trevor learned to hate and dread during her years of imprisonment afterwards. The latter punished her with all the malignity of which he was capable, but he never broke Anne Devlin's spirit, not even though all the members of her family were at one time inmates of the same jail.

Forty years after the rebellion of 1803, Dr. Madden discovered Anne Devlin in a Dublin slum, where she earned her living as a washerwoman. Together they made a pilgrimage to Butterfield Lane, and found the house, much altered, where she had served "Mr. Ellis" so faithfully. She went from room to room, recognizing familiar things. Presently they stopped at a room under the roof. Anne stood at the open doorway gazing into it, silent at last. Dr. Madden asked whose room it had been. She could not speak, but her trembling hands and the painful and difficult tears spoke for her. It was Robert Emmet's room.

And now think of the manner of man who could excite such fidelity at the time, such memory forty years after, in the heart of this rough and heroic woman of the people!

However, her fidelity did not long suffice to save her master. He had returned from safety (there was a vessel ready to carry him to France), to see Sarah Curran. On her way to her father's country house at Rathfarnham, she would pass his lodgings at Harold's Cross; and Anne Devlin, as I have said, carried letters between them.

Whether he succeeded in what he had risked his life for is not certain. Some will have it that they met in a summer house of the garden at Rathfarnham, but whether this is so will never be known.

Anyhow, but a very short time elapsed before Emmet was betrayed, whether by Leonard McNally, the barrister, by Lacey, a Wicklow man, or another, is not proven. Major Sirr had the very signal: the single knock by which to be admitted into Emmet's presence.

All Emmet's trap-doors and secret chambers,—he had a boy's love for such things, and had them fixed in all his places of refuge,—availed him nothing when Major Sirr walked into

The plates illustrating this paper have been reproduced from "The Emmet Family," by Thos. Addis Emmet, M.D.

his presence. He made a brave fight for it; but he was unarmed, and could do nothing.

Major Sirr did not know his prisoner by sight, but had a description of him, shameful to relate, from the Provost, Elrington, of that old College which had been a stony-hearted stepmother to Emmet as to many another Irish patriot.

After being lodged in Kilmainham, he was brought up for trial on September 18th, 1803. The trial lasted eleven hours, and darkness had fallen on the court when Lord Norbury, at ten at night, sentenced him to execution the following day. During all these eleven hours he had stood in the dock fasting; and it was not until after midnight when he was taken, heavily ironed, from the condemned cell in Newgate to Kilmainham, that food was given him, and then by compassion of his weeping jailer, Dunn.

ANNE DEVLIN.

At his trial he wore a black suit with black velvet stock and Hessian boots. Inside that stock was a tress of Sarah Curran's hair.

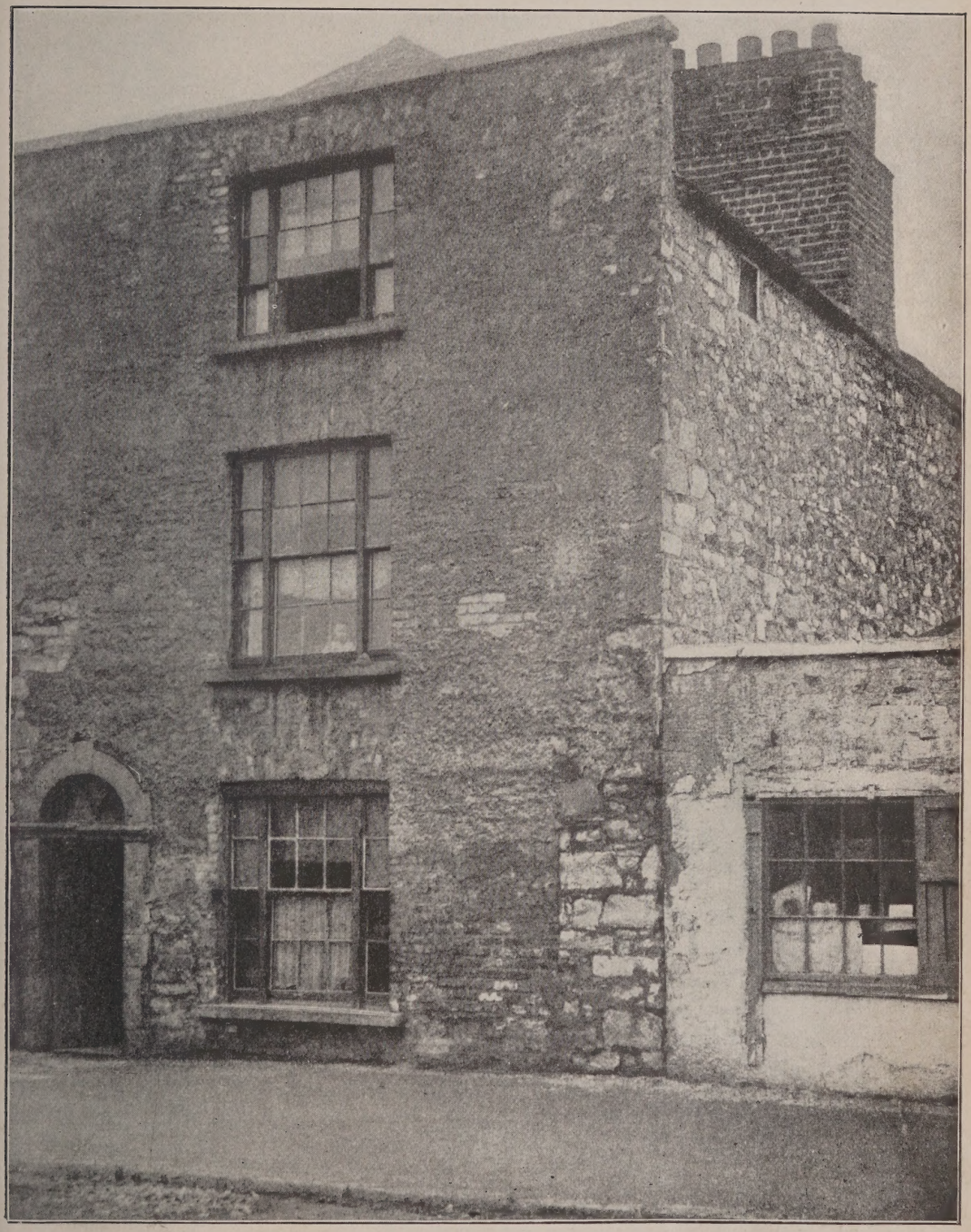
The hour before his execution Emmet spent in writing a letter to Richard Curran, which was as much, or more, a letter for Richard's unhappy sister.

"My love," he cries out in the course of it, "it was not thus I thought to have requited your affection. I hoped to be a prop round which your affections might have clung, and which would never have been shaken; but a rude blast has snapped it, and they have fallen on a grave."

Earlier in the morning, Leonard McNally had been admitted to see him. He found him with the prison chaplain, reading the Litany of the Church of England. He had momentous news for Emmet. Being left alone with him, "Robert," he said, "you would like to see your mother?" "Oh, what would I not give to see her!" "Then, Robert," pointing upward, "you will see her this day." For a moment or two, Emmet turned away his face. Then he said in a low voice: "It is better so."

This is the arch-traitor's account of the interview. The mother of the Emmets had indeed died, under the shock of her young son's fate.

At half-past one on the fatal 20th of September, 1803, Robert Emmet was taken in a carriage, accompanied by two clergymen, to where the scaffold had been erected opposite St. Catherine's Church in Thomas Street. The place had been chosen, no doubt, because there Lord Kilwarden was murdered; though Em-



See page 228.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH ROBERT EMMET WAS ARRESTED.

met and many a follower of his, of commoner clay, would have died many times over to have averted that slaughter. He wore the same clothes he had worn in court the day before. The carriage was preceded and followed by a strong escort of infantry and cavalry, and people who watched the cortege as it passed saw a lovely and pale young face at the carriage window, taking its last look on earth.

From the ignominious scaffold, a few planks stretched across barrels in the street, Emmet addressed in his silvery voice his parting message of love and good-will to his fellow-countrymen. A moment later he was swung into eternity: and after he had hung a few minutes he was cut down, and the executioner struck the head from the body. Then the head was carried along the platform with the usual formula, "This is the head of a traitor." So perished, at twenty-five years of age, Robert Emmet, the most sensitive and stainless soul of Ireland's holy dead.

And now, to turn to the unhappy girl who loved him. Curran,—and let none excuse him for it!—had the abominable cruelty and wickedness to drive from the shelter of his roof the poor, tender, lovely and clinging creature, who loved Emmet as singly and intensely as he loved her. She seems to have been a most beautiful character, with none of the hardness of heart of her father. Her figure was slight, her complexion clear and dark, her eyes large, velvety, and black as night. "Her look was the mildest and the softest, and the sweetest you ever saw," said rough Anne Devlin. And again: "She wasn't handsome; she was more than handsome."

An ardent, gentle, patient, tender girl, Sarah Curran had given Emmet all her life and heart. He had her and the country; she had only him.

There is a story that she had an interview with him in prison, where for the last time the two clung to each other. Madden says that when the funeral procession, with Emmet's young face as its centre, left the jail, a veiled lady in a carriage awaited it, by the gates of the Royal Hospital. As it passed the carriage, Emmet leaned from the window, and waved

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Robert Emmet, with several of his followers, successfully reached the Wicklow Mountains, and could have escaped to France had he not blindly determined to have an interview before leaving Ireland, with Sarah, the daughter of John Philpot Curran, to whom he was engaged to be married. To accomplish this he returned alone in a few days to the house of a friend in Dublin, a Mrs. Palmer, who lived at Harold's Cross.

He chose this location, as it was situated on the road leading to Mr. Curran's country place, and from this point he made frequent but unsuccessful attempts to communicate with her. Some one betrayed his place of concealment, as well as the manner by which friends were to rap on the door to gain immediate admission. Consequently, on the evening of August 25th, Major Sirr surrounded the house, and gaining immediate admission, seized Mr. Emmet before he had time to conceal himself. Some years ago the writer had pointed out to him a house as the one in which Robert Emmet was arrested. It was situated on the left side of the road to Rathfarnham, looking toward the country, and was just beyond the bridge over the canal at Harold's Cross. However, on describing this to Dr. Madden, he claimed it was not the correct house, the true one being on the same side of the street, but somewhat further on and a little back from the main road.

It was most fortunate that the old gentleman was not only able to show the writer the proper house, but also where Robert Emmet had prepared a place of concealment behind the wainscoting in a small wing, shown in the picture, of Mrs. Palmer's house, which at the time was not in use and filled with rubbish. Luckily the house was photographed at the time of the visit, for within a year it was completely demolished, as the writer has been informed, and the site was again built upon.—From "The Emmet Family," by Thos. Addis Emmet, M. D.

A Recess in the wall of the room where Robert Emmet was arrested, which he had often used before as a hiding place.

See opposite page.

his hand to its occupant. The lady stood up, leaned forward an instant, waved her hand in farewell, and then fell back in the carriage.

A little later the dogs were lapping Emmet's blood below the scaffold in Thomas Street; and the passers-by, or the more courageous of them, were turning aside an instant to dip a handkerchief in the blood of the martyr.

There was no one to claim his body. His relatives were dead, or in prison, or in exile; and the country was cowed. It was laid in the common burying-place known as Bully's Acre, where criminals and paupers were buried, though in earlier days it had been the last resting place of chiefs and kings.

In his comprehensive history of the Emmet family, a valuable work recently published, the author, Thomas Addis Emmet, grandson of the patriot whose name he bears, gives the result of his painstaking effort to obtain authoritative information relative to the final resting place of his illustrious kinsman. Dr. Emmet says:

"The place of Robert Emmet's burial remains to this day in doubt. But it was the opinion of Dr. Madden towards the close of his life that the body was buried in the Protestant parish churchyard at Glasnevin, an opinion which should carry great weight, for certainly no man ever gave the subject closer investigation. Shortly before Dr. Madden's death the writer had the good fortune to see him and obtain from him many interesting facts. The old gentleman had become quite infirm, being past eighty years of age, but he kindly came up from his residence near Dublin to point out the different places connected with the family history. He was first driven out to Glasnevin without knowing his destination, and on getting out of the carriage at the church he did not at first seem to recognize the place. But after entering the churchyard leaning on the writer's arm, he suddenly became excited in his manner, and increasing his pace, he started off alone. Passing to the left of the church he walked around behind it, and placing his hands on a rough headstone near the wall he exclaimed: 'This is Robert Emmet's grave, which Mr. ——, the tailor, showed me over fifty years ago.' A photographer having been employed to accompany the party, an instantaneous impression of the scene was taken while the old gentleman was speaking. The Doctor had not visited the spot since he was taken there by the tailor, who claimed to have assisted in removing Emmet's body and in digging the grave. If this be true it must have been dug directly across the foot-path, as is evident from the position of the other graves and the dates on the nearest headstones.

"After the execution the body was taken to Bully's Acre, or Hospital Fields, as it was sometimes called, the Potter's Field of Dublin. It is believed that the body was not buried, but was put aside where it could be easily gotten at in case it were claimed. That night the body was sought for by the Rev. Thomas Gam-

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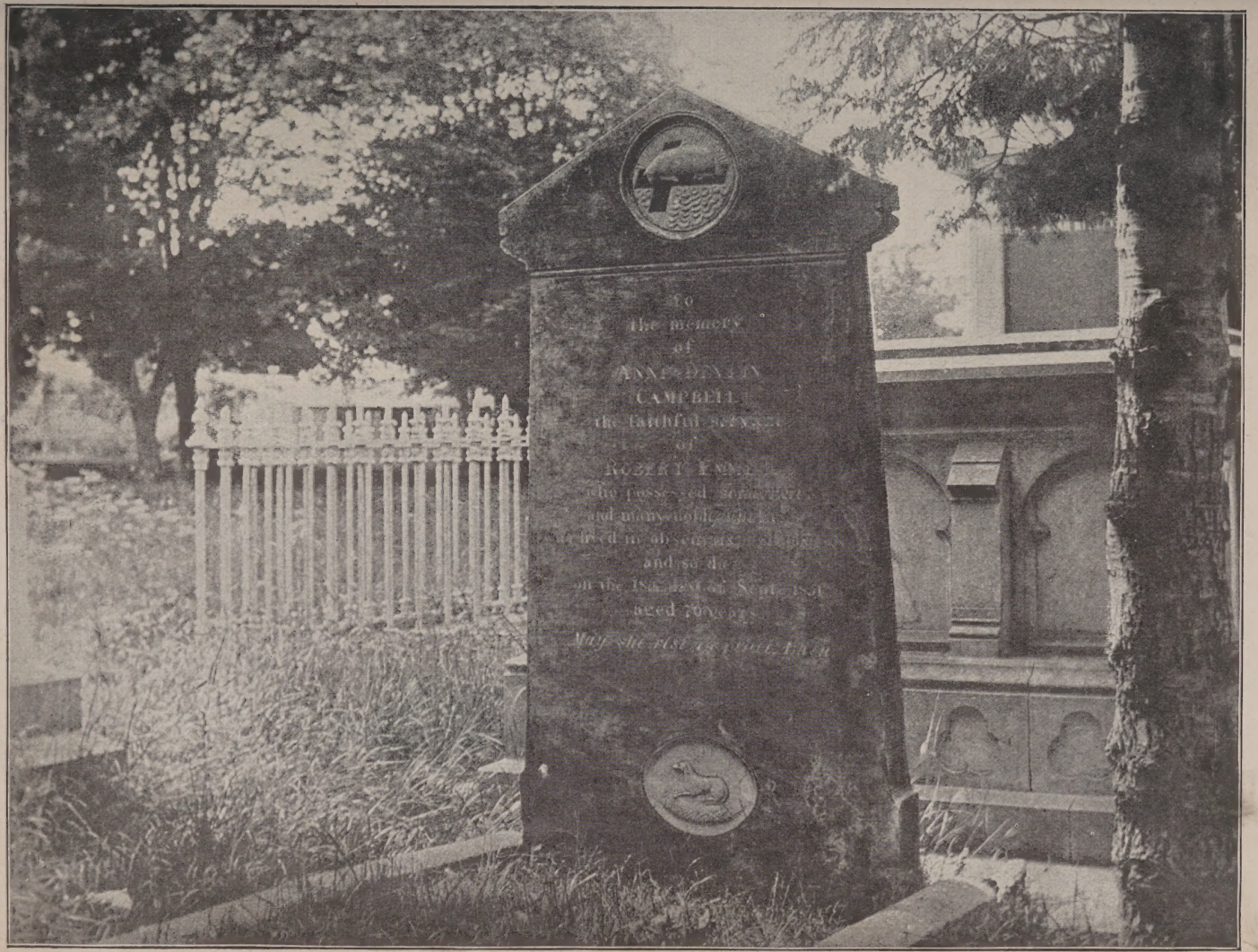
"Dr. Madden, at his own expense, placed a monument over this noble woman's grave in Glasnevin. On it he had sculptured a most appropriate emblem in the figure of an Irish wolf dog, now extinct, but which in the days of old was considered the most noble of animals. The following epitaph is inscribed upon it:

To the memory of Anne Devlin, (Campbell),
The faithful servant of Robert Emmet,
Who possessed some rare and noble qualities;
Who lived in obscurity and poverty, and so died
The 18th September, 1851,
Aged 70 years."



See opposite page.

GRAVE OF ANNE DEVLIN.

ble, of Dublin, who was the only friend of the family not imprisoned or in exile. When Mr. Gamble found the body he immediately went to obtain a permit to remove it. While he was absent getting this permit, Dr. Petrie came to take a cast of the face, and likely also with the purpose to make some disposition of the body.

"It is said that being unable to procure some water to prepare his plaster, he took the head, which had been decapitated after the execution, with him to some neighboring house. During his absence Mr. Gamble returned and with some assistance took away the box containing the body, but what he did with it still remains a mystery. Dr. Madden was informed that Dr. Petrie had the skull in his keeping until a short time before his death, when he gave it to some physician who lived in Galway. No one who knows anything of Dr. Petrie's life and views would doubt, if this be true, but that he made careful provision for its preservation. When the time comes for writing Robert Emmet's epitaph, this relic will certainly be forthcoming, and it may prove the only portion of his body obtainable.

"On the night of Robert Emmet's execution the people were in a great state of excitement, as the country was under martial law; consequently it would have been almost impossible for a few individuals, and without a guard of troops, to have taken the body into the city; moreover, it would have been far easier, and a more natural course, for them to have taken it across the country to the nearest burying-ground. Glasnevin was the nearest churchyard out of town and the most likely place for them to have carried the body, as the wall had been broken down some years before, and the burial could have been accomplished there without disturbance or the delay of getting a permit. One may easily see directly behind the grave where the break was repaired years afterwards with material different from that used in the original wall.

The fact that Mr. Gamble was the assistant curate in St. Michan's Church is the only plausible reason which can be advanced in support of the plea that Robert Emmet was buried there, where a large, flat, uninscribed stone is said to cover his grave. If the body could have been gotten into town it naturally would have been taken to St. Peter's Church, for it was well known that the family had a vault there and that Robert Emmet's parents had been buried there but a short time before. No good reason can be advanced for a selection of St. Michan's Church, with which the family had not the slightest connection. These two churchyards were not far from each other, and both were surrounded at that time, it is said, by a high wall. Therefore it would have been necessary even for Mr. Gamble, the assistant curate of the church, to have hunted up the sexton to gain admission, and even then he could not have dug the grave without first obtaining a permit for burial, and the circumstance would then have been recorded. But the right did exist to bury Robert Emmet at St. Peter's Church, in Anugier Street, while an

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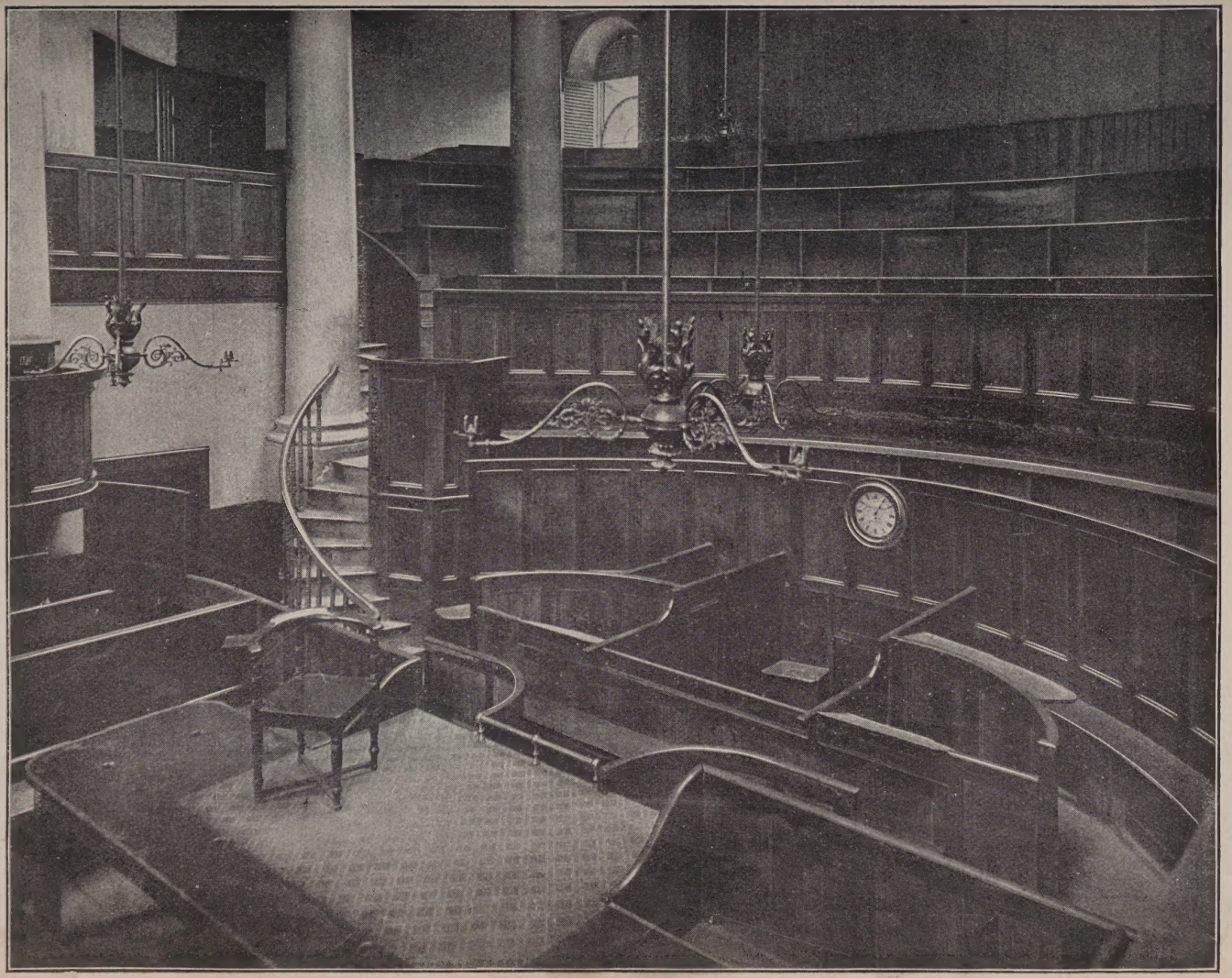
With the exception of the introduction of the gas fixtures and the clock over the dock in which Robert Emmet stood throughout his trial, no change has been made in the appearance of the room since that time. The position of the judge is not shown in the representation of the room. The witness was placed in the chair shown between the judge's bench and the dock, while the jury occupied a small gallery on each side of the bench, a small portion of the one to the left being shown in the illustration close to the gas fixture.—From "The Emmet Family," by Thos. Addis Emmet, M. D.



See opposite page.

COURT ROOM, GREEN STREET, DUBLIN, IN WHICH ROBERT EMMET WAS TRIED.

VOL. XXXIII. ☙ THE NUMBER 226.

HIBERNIAN JOURNAL:

OR CHRONICLE OF LIBERTY.

Printed and published DAILY, by T. McDONNEL, No. 30, Essex-street; where Orders, Advertisements, &c. are received.

Price Three-pence Halfpenny. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1803. [TOTAL NUMB 7083.

PATRIOTIC FUND.

Royal Exchange, Aug. 23. 1803.

AT a Meeting of the Committee for conducting the PATRIOTIC FUND,

JOHN LATOUCHE, Jun. Esq. in the Chair,

Resolved, That the Bank of Ireland be appointed the Treasurers of the Patriotic Fund.

Resolved, That the several Bankers and others authorised to receive Subscriptions to the Patriotic Fund, be requested, once in every Week, (on every Saturday, to transmit to the Secretary of the Committee an account of the several Subscriptions received by them on the credit of the same.

Resolved, That the Private Bankers of Dublin and any Members of the Committee receiving Subscriptions, be requested once in every week, viz. on every Saturday, to pay into the Bank of Ireland the amount of the several Subscriptions received by them during the week, and to transmit the Secretary of this Committee of the amount so paid in.

Resolved, That the Bankers and all others in the Country receiving Subscriptions for this Fund, be requested to remit the same weekly to their Correspondents, in order that the same may be paid into the Bank of Ireland.

JOHN LATOUCHE, Jun. Chairman.

Letters for the Committee are desired to be addressed to Mr. JOHN HAWKINS, Secretary to the Patriotic Fund Committee, Parson's-street.

The Sub-Committee for investing the Fund in Government Securities, reported that they had purchased to

	£. s. d.
21 per Cents. — £1,000	0 0
5 per Cents. — 6,600	0 0
Balance subscribed 7,480	4 8

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIBERS.

	£. s. d.
Rt. Hon. Earl Darnley, per George and Richard Falkner,	500 0 0
Hon. Judge Fox, per ditto	100 0 0
Right Hon. the Attorney General	100 0 0
Robert Harrison, Dunleckney,	50 0 0
Michael Barry, spring garden	10 0 0
Misses Barkers, Ballybaggan,	10 0 0
Lord Ludlow,	100 0 0
James Wilson,	10 0 0
Wm. Maxwell, Clerk,	100 0 0
The Earl of Shannon,	500 0 0
Wm. and E. Carden,	50 0 0
Hugh and Ed. Swayne,	100 0 0
Francis Gore, Esq. and Co.	20 0 0
Thomas Cooper, Esq.	10 0 0
Hamilton,	5 0 0
The Proprietors of the Water Bottle Manufactory,	30 0 0
Rev. Jas. Stopford,	21 0 0
Sergeant Walsingham,	10 0 0
Richard Martin,	73 13 0
Peter Lamly	5 15 0
John Bell	10 0 0
Lord bishop of Raphoe,	100 0 0
Rear Admiral Hawkins Whitshed,	100 0 0
Rev. John Hawkins,	52 0 0
Rev. Thomas Hawkins,	52 0 0

GRAND PANORAMA OF LONDON.

THE Public are most respectfully informed that the above Work will finally close in the beginning of October next.

N. B. A Week is the first Week of the above Month, and not of October.

JUST ARRIVED,

At the Wholesale and Retail

IRISH STRAW-HAT MANUFACTORY,

No. 15, GREAT SHIP-STREET,

SOME STRAW PLAIT.

AS it has been the determination of the Proprietors to let this Native Manufactory fall a little by its own inherent merits, they have expended every advantageous aid of recommendatory Advertisement. They quietly appeal to the Public of this Country, and aver that its Quality will not be found inferior to *Leghorn, Tuscan,* and *Bedgewick,* to that which they have by liberality patronised.

N. B. Straw Hats of the newest fashion, cheaper than any now imported from the Public Sales, of which 6000 for Wholesale purchasers.

Also Ruffles, of the same Manufacture, of which 2000 for Wholesale purchasers.

Also Bonnets, in the first and most fashionable Shapes, and in various the newest Colours.

Also Ladies Straw Hats, of the newest fashion, and in various Colours.

Also Straw Plait, of the finest Quality, and in various Colours.

Also Straw Plait, of the finest Quality, and in various Colours.

Also Straw Plait, of the finest Quality

SPECIAL COMMISSION.

MONDAY—SEPT. 19.

The Court having resumed its sittings according to adjournment, Lord Norbury and Mazter Osborne and Daly presiding,

Robert Emmet, Esq. was put to the bar, and the following Jury sworn:

John Cash	Wm. Charles Galway
John Hocking	Charles Hoey
Robert Parker	Benjamin Holmes
Daniel Kinahan	John Jarvis
Henry Buckley	Thomas Webster
William Davis	Thomas Webster.

The Prisoner was indicted for High Treason, in the design of compassing and imagining the deposition and death of the King, levying war and insurrection against the King, and adhering to the King's enemies. The overt acts were described to be his attending with other traitors and rebels for the most purpose in Thomas-ftreet, on the 23d July last—collecting arms, ammunition, &c. and composing and writing the proclamation of the Provisional Government, &c. &c.

The trial was opened by *Mr. Garrow*, and

The Right Hon. *Attorney General* ftated the case on the part of the Crown with that ability and clearness which diftinguifhes himfelf, and that moderation, and candour of temper, which is the moft ornamental part of the conftitutional juftice of his country. The following is a ftight ftatch of what he faid.

My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury, It is my duty to ftate the nature of the charge againft the Prifoner, at the bar, and I fhall do fo as concifely as poffible, firft defcribing the nature of the charge, and next the nature of the evidence by which that charge will be fupported. I wifh to be brief on your firft duty to afford the moft mature confideration, becaufe the charge againft the prifoner is not only the higheft crime of which it is poffible for a fubject to be guilty, but is attended with additional aggravation from the preffnt ftate of Europe, and the lamentable conſequences of that revolutionary fpirit by which it is agitated and convulfed. In former times, and in former ages, there have been made for the heated imaginations of enthufiaſts—perhaps the love of liberty might have mifled them from their underſtandings, but ſtill there was upon occaſions of that nature, ſomething to look at in reſtoration as the means of effecting their objects. But this experience ſhould, in the preſent day, be unintelligible every man that Revolution is not the road to liberty or happineſs, but, originating in anarchy and blood, ends in the ruin of civil freedom and in the eſtabliſhment of military deſpotiſm.—The crime of the Priſoner, therefore, demands the more ſerious conſideration, and the Court and the Jury do not admit of aſſigning circumſtances extenuating of one the moſt exalted of human crimes.

The unfortunate Gentleman of the Jury, is founded on an examination into particulars in the courſe of the tranſactions of the day of compaſſing and imagining the death of the King, the fecond, intending to the King's enemies—and the third, levying war againſt the King.—Of theſe three general heads, the firſt, and moſt intereſting to the mind unbiaſſed mind, that it is unneceſſary to enlarge upon them—but the firſt act, as to technical conſtruction and explanation—Perſonation, in the law of England, is conſidered the death of the King, does not neceſſarily imply an immediate attack upon his perſon, but conſtructively it is ſo, when it is the conſequence of the act, and the act is ſuch as muſt neceſſarily bring the conſequence into action and the conſtruction of law—Therefore, if any man ſhall adopt meaſures, or aſſiſt upon meaſures, which in their conſequence muſt neceſſarily end in the death of the King, and not neceſſarily imply an immediate attack upon his perſon, but conſequentially, as in Holmes' caſe, he ſhall be conſidered as a traitor, and ſuffer the puniſhment of one—and ſo in the caſe of Hardy, who was tried in Kilmainham, as finally, endangering the life of his Majeſty and his family.—If then a deſign of this nature is ſubſtantiated by overt acts—by the adoption of meaſures adopted and aſſiſted upon to carry it into effect, then is the crime completed. The indictment ſtates ſeveral overt acts which, eſtabliſhed againſt the priſoner, muſt inevitably bring a conviction of high treaſon upon him. On this part of the ſubject, as the Court will doubtleſs give all the explanation neceſſary in ſummoning up the evidence, I will not trouble your Lordſhips with any obſervations, but ſhall only requeſt your particular attention to two principal points for your inveſtigation—firſt, whether or not there has been a traitorous conſpiracy and rebellion for the purpoſe of altering the Conſtitution and Government of this country by force of arms—and ſecondly, whether the priſoner at the bar had any and what participation in that rebellion. I will happen on the opening of the Commiſſion, to have had in my power to date to the public at large that the rebellion however baſe and atrocious in its action, was in truth in point of numbers contemptible in the extreme; and not ſo formidable for its early known for their treaſon. I am, Gentlemen of the Jury, how happy to find with more confidence and after more inveſtigation that what I mentioned on the firſt day of the Commiſſion have turned out to be in every reſpect the fact—allow me further to congratulate the public on the complete ſuppreſſion of the country, and that the diſtreſſed ſtate of the metropolis, which for a time threatened with more permanent and all one conſtitutional impreſſion, more ſerious by arreſting the energies of the moſt—with not on take up your time in prolix obſervations—I would not indulge in ſentimental conſolation, but when I congratulate the gliance of our Government, the deciſive conduct army, the ſpirit of the majority of the people and the wanton miſchief and loyalty ſurrounded that ſtorm not only of the moſt formidable, but in a moment, in ſouth domeſtic treaſon and ſanguinary hoſtility, I muſt not be deemed too ſanguine in the confidence that the vigilance of Government and the energies of the people which ſo ſtained the machinations of treaſon will continue to preſerve us free and happy.

Gentlemen, on ſome occaſions the perſons brought to take bar have not been of high conſideration, but if I am right in what I ſtated, now for the firſt time of notice, not a ſtep limited to the moſt humble of the people, but may be traced as the higheſt ranks of life. And in that not, it will appear from the evidence to be laid before you, that ſome time before Chriſtmas laſt, the priſoner, who had viſited foreign countries, had in his Continental tour been in France, from whence he returned full of thoſe miſchievous deſigns which had been ſo ſucceſſfully acted upon and defeated in this country. He came, Gentlemen, from a country in which he might have learned all the moſt conſummate ſcience of revolution. He therefore embraced his project with his eyes open, and fully underſtanding the conſequences to follow; but notwithſtanding, Gentlemen of the Jury, he perſevered in framing a rebellion on one ſimple for wanton wickedneſs—in point of fact, ſecrets or modern. It was a rebellion not for the correction of any exiſting grievance—not proceeding out of immediate oppreſſion—but provoked by the mild government of the moſt gracious of Sovereigns, at that unjuſtly mild Adminiſtration conducting his authority.—No! it was a rebellion avowing to rear its head, not to croſh any evil now felt, but the proviſions of 600 years are ranſacked, and the ſufferings of our anceſtors exaggerated to force a notion for treaſon to act upon. However when might attach with ſome colour of juſtice, precedent for rebellion in former ages, there can now be found no rational pretence. Free, affluent, and happy, rebellion can find no matter in our preſent condition—it muſt take into the ashes of our anceſtry, and they are reſpected as ſhades, that we may not live as firemen.

But as there is no treaſon ſo deteſtable as rebellion, no rebellion ſo baſe as be conſidered legal—ſo from one ſentence of treaſon it appears that external war is waged againſt the Britiſh Conſtitution, and reſiſtance to it the moſt implacable and determined is avowed. No matter can ſoothe the enmity of theſe rebels—no Adminiſtration, however conciliatory and virtuous, can move them from their purpoſes—there is no counting on their allegiance by any benefits of Government, and reſiſtances, they will ever continue to. Let the Government be ever ſo mild and merciful—let the laws be ever ſo pure, and the adminiſtration of them ever ſo juſt, no impreſſion is to be made on theſe miſcreants, who are determined to ſtrike their country with the horrors of war, let the Government do what it may. Having ſtated the object of rebellion I will now proceed to the means by which the priſoner at the bar took to effect it.—His proclamation, for Gentlemen I think I am warranted to impute it to him, ſtates the ſyſtem of treaſon to have been organized within the laſt ſix months, which coincided to his arrival from abroad being within thoſe eight months, the inference is fair, that he was the ſource of the rebellion, and his conduct leaves no room for doubt in reflecting upon this point. Gentlemen, the manifeſtations were not far advanced to maturity when he found it neceſſary to change his reſidence and his name—you find him accordingly on the 26th of May, and in the months of Jan. or February in the preſent year he aſſumed the name of Hevey, and ſuch a change deſtroys conduct is matter for your conſideration—he continued here until early in March, when finding all moſt excited his Majeſty's Meſſage to both Houſes of Parliament from which on ſome proceeding purpoſe with France—on which hoſtilities enſued—the 26th of that month he left the depot ſince diſcovered in Marſhalſea—and was diſcovered—the leaſe was then taken, and about the latter period various other depots in the city of Dublin were alſo taken, among others that in Patrick-ſtreet, which ſince exploded—finding his reſidence at Mrs. Palmer's incompatible with his growing projects, the priſoner again changed his habitation and name, and took a houſe in Butterfield-lane, Rathfarnham. It appears that he paid a fine of 61. guineas for the premiſes, took poſſeſſion of them on the 29th April, and had the leaſe executed to him on the 10th June—you will find, Gentlemen, that this tranſaction was all all-ſhd under the name of Robert Emmet—he paid the fine and executed the leaſe under that name, and it was eſtabliſhed, on oath, that the priſoner was the perſon part of the priſoner's conduct with ſuſpicion, it is furniſhed by one of the witneſſes to that leaſe, Mr. Wm. Dowdall. It is highly probable that on the occaſion Dowdall would have aſked the priſoner name (and indeed he might have eaſily changed for a name), but the attorney who carried out the leaſe happening to be a countryman of Dowdall's and knowing him to be one, that inſtead of ſigning his real ſignature. As ſoon as the leaſe was executed, Mr. Tyrrell, the attorney, aſked Mr. Fraſer, who, as executor, of Mr. Martin, had ſet the houſe to the priſoner, if he knew the perſon he had ſtrak with, to which Fraſer anſwered, that he was wholly uninformed about them; Mr. Tyrrell then remarked, that he feared that they were not on a good purpoſe, and if ſo, again changed Dowdall was not remarkable for his attachment to the Government, and his viſit to Fort George could not have much purified his conſtitutional principles. Mr. Fraſer obſerved, that there was no appearance of furniture in the houſe, and but one meſſenger on which the priſoner and his companions ſlept, as in a camp or engaged in war. He found that the priſoner was viſited in a ſuſpicious manner; ſeveral often, for the moſt part of the night, and under circumſtances of ſtrength indeed ſufficient to ſuſpect that they were robbers. If he had known what they were coming Conſtitutions, the principal perſons engaged in the rebellion might have been ſecured on the hour—this perſon continued in the neighbourhood under theſe ſuſpicious circumſtances, until Sunday the 23d of July, when he was ſeen in Thomas-ſtreet, ſomething quick or his cuſtomary manner, and ſeemed, ſtill the perſons therein, and Butterfield, and took up his reſidence in the houſe of Dunlea—During the preſidence of this depot of exploſion in Patrick-ſtreet, he came to town to forward the rebellion, and made the rebel depot his place of aboad and reſt. Let me ſtate to you that you would ſay of your Gentlemen, to your houſe for you will find him maſter of the family—ſuperintending the formation of pikes, ball cartridges &c. importing arms and ammunition, and occaſionally writing at a deſk; at one time taking charge of the manuſcript of the Provisional Proclamation and reading it to his rebel companions; at another time taking from the ſame deſk a liſt of regiments of the city, and all things active, and in all his orders obeyed by that chief of the weary—he appears that in the ſame room was a mattrais on which the priſoner occaſionally ſlept, it muſt ſuch as could be found in the cellars of the wretched—he could ſleep in his confidence and ſtood inſtructing men of more than ordinary temperature it, ſurrounded by implements of death, and the inſtruments of civil war and deſtruction of his country—ſtrange, he could enjoy a ſoft repoſe; but if

observed, that it was but a two common mode of Trade who suppose rebellion to pervade the country, to enslave against Government, if it does not find out every thing that passes like intuition & magic, and declares to these gentlemen every thing which it knows, and thinks the public interests require should be concealed—and surely a greater proof of the watchfulness of Government could not be given than the necessity which the threatening emergency were under to carry on their plan so secretly in an obscure house in Butterfield-lane, and after collecting their depot of arms, &c. that they could not get informants to tax them—and then when, under the difficulties affecting the conspiracy through the vigilance of Government, it at length broke out—these difficulties were in the strongest manner proved by the weakness of the rebellion, which was extinguished in less than one hour, and by a less force than 500 men.

The following paper, containing its remembrance, observed, that Government were not able to affect the bottom of the conspiracy which was so impenetrably woven, but that the executions of the following informants were sufficient to put a stop to it from the end.—On this part, the Attorney General expressed his wish that their feelings had governed the prisoner at an earlier day, when he was revolving that train of calamities inseparable from civil war—but, unhappily, in one hour this rebellion had deprived the country of more virtue than this Committee could in a lifetime of years.

He lamented that the web of rebellion was not broken one hour before the committee would not push over without making those answer for their crimes who had seduced others into a participation of them. It was of great public moment that the hands of the informants should be made known—there would be no conspiracies if there were none to perpetrate them; and if the framers of these destructive plans did not indulge the hope that an informant would be found who suffered to rise and support schemes of avarice and ambition hatched by others.

Mr. Attorney General concluded a statement of which the foregoing is a very poor and defective outline, by appealing to the logical and conscientious decision of the Jury, and recommending him, abstracted from any thing bordering on prejudice, and only influenced by the facts in evidence, they would give a verdict agreeable to their consciences. If they should consider the charge not established, it would be their duty to convict the prisoner: if not, he would have that common practice which must be left at the acquittal of an innocent man.

Joseph Rogers, examined, deposed that he was acquainted with the prisoner—had first him before Christmas last, early in December, and understood from him that he had been invited to the house of his brother at Bristol. On his cross-examination he disclosed a fact that ought to instruct the schools of this country—he deposed, that the prisoner on his return from Bristol said, that the inhabitants of the Austrian Netherlands *execrated* Bonaparte's Government. Witness believed the prisoner disrelished the same principles.

Peter Finlay, of Capel-st. deposed that he had been employed by Mr. Rooney, living at No. 69, Gt. George's-st. south, to prepare a seale of a concerns in Butterfield-lane, to a Mr. Robert Ellis.—He prepared the leafe accordingly, and went to the house in Butterfield-lane to get it executed by the lessee, Robert Ellis. Here he identified the prisoner as the person affuming that name. The other witnefs to the leafe was William Dowdall, whom perfon and name he knew very well, as [Tyrrel]. On going to the house which had been let to the prisoner, he saw Ellis, Dowdall, and another perfon fitting at dinner, and from thence they went to Mr. Frayer's, who lived in the neighborhood, and was concerned in letting the houfe, to have the leafe executed.—Dowdall's perfon was familiar to the witness, both having been natives of formerly refiding at Mullingar. The leafe was executed in jaste, the counsel for which it was made. On his cross-examination, he held he never faw the prisoner before that day, nor since, by the name of Ellis.

Michael Keegan deposed, that he was appointed executor to the will of one Martin, an attorney, but the after-executor was James Rooney, a brushmaker, in South Great George's-street. There was a house and land to be disposed of in Butterfield-lane, Rathfarnham, and recollected application having been made on the 28th of April last to take it. He was going down George's-street, and stopped as Rooney's, and found a Mr. Robert Ellis there, to whom Rooney introduced him; acquainted him with the negotiations about the concerns in Butterfield-lane, and told him Mr. Ellis would be his neighbour. Mr. Rooney received the rent from Ellis, and for a year for the holding.—Witness here identified the *prisoner as Ellis*, and swore positively that he could not be mistaken, for there was no other with Rooney. Witness was directed to give the prisoner poffession, or any perfon from him, on receiving a note from him: a fervant of Mr. Ellis accordingly came with a note, and was put in poffeffion of the houfe and land, to be disposed of in Butterfield-lane, Rathfarnham, and recollected application having been made on the 28th of April last to take it. He was going down George's-street, and stopped at Rooney's, and found a Mr. Robert Ellis there, to whom Rooney introduced him; acquainted him with the negotiations about the concerns in Butterfield-lane, and told him Mr. Ellis would be his neighbour. Mr. Rooney received the rent from Ellis, and for a year for the holding.—Witness here identified the *prisoner as Ellis*, and swore positively that he could not be mistaken, for there was no other with Rooney. Witness was directed to give the prisoner poffession, or any perfon from him, on receiving a note from him: a fervant of Mr. Ellis accordingly came with a note, and was put in poffeffion of the houfe and land, to be disposed of in Butterfield-lane, Rathfarnham, and recollected application having been made on the 28th of April last to take it. He was going down George's-street, and stopped as

The Hibernian Journal
AND
Daily Commercial & General Advertiser

DUBLIN.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

BRUSSELS LACE, LACE CLOAKS, LACE VEILS, THREAD EDGINGS, &c. &c.
Are now on Sale at the Lace Warehouse,
41. COLLEGE-GREEN.

☞ The above articles are well worth the inspection of Ladies who are inclined to purchase, are will be sold, at a *reduced* price, to any Lady who will call and compare the current prices, or the Public's obliged humble servants
HANS RIDDALL & CO.

Owing to the lateness of the hour when we were furnished with the report of Emmett's Trial, we were precluded from giving more than a mere outline—we have to this day's publication given a full and accurate detail of the Attorney General's statement, and the evidence adduced against the prisoner.

Yesterday about three o'clock, Robert Emmett, who had been found guilty of High Treason the day before, was conveyed under a strong guard from Kilmainham Gaol, in a carriage, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Grant and the Rev. Mr. Gamble, in a slow solemn pace over Sarah's-bridge, and from thence along Barrack-Street, and over the Queen's bridge to Thomas-street, where a gallows had been erected. On their arrival at the fatal spot the prisoner remained about twenty minutes in the carriage with the Clergymen;—he then ascended the platform with a firm composed air, untied his neckcloth, and adjusted the rope about his neck;—after exclaiming, in an audible voice, "I die in peace with all mankind,"—the fatal signal was given, when he was turned off;—after hanging about half an hour, his body was cut down, when the executioner performed the remaining part of the sentence of cutting off his head.—His remains were afterwards conveyed to Newgate.

The Hamburg Caroline, Christian Ehlert, Master, from Barcelona with wine, &c. arrived on Tuesday evening from Gravesley, where she performed quarantine.

The merchantmen under convoy of his Majesty's ship Sea Horse, her sailed at Gibraltar from England.

Friday morning, a small Chesapeak rigged fore-glass, arrived at the quay at Limerick, prize to his Majesty's ship Arrogant; the vessel entered the Heads, and is laden with tobacco and guncs, from Cowlland of Jersey.

On Monday last, there was a very full meeting of Governors, Deputy Governors, and gentlemen, at Cathel, for the purpose of carrying into effect, the "Propesals for rendering the body of the people instrumental to repel an invasion," Stephen Moore, Esq. Governor, was in the chair. The county was divided into four districts. One to consist of the baronies of Ifis and Offa, East and West, over which Lord Calvir was named Lieutenant of Division—Charvellian, Middleton, and Fermoy, under the Lieutenancy of Lord Shannon—Ellogarty, Iverrin, and Slievardagh, under Sir John Craven Carles—and Upper and Lower Ormond with Owney and Arra, under Lord Donnally. Several Gentlemen of the County of Tipperary, and some Noblemen, were named as Inspectors of Baronies.

On Monday night between nine and ten o'clock, a fire broke out in the Distillery of Mr. Gibbing in Parr-Street, behind Duke-Street, Liverpool, which, from the nature of the premises, burnt with tremendous fury. The destroy of this terrible calamity was not made up—the fire had reached such a height, as to render it impossible to get out the horses, and it is with extreme concern, we add, that six of these useful animals fell victims to its devouring rage. To this concern, all our readers, we are persuaded, will participate when we add, that four of them belonged to gentlemen of the cavalry, and were employed in that honourable and important service. The alarm bell was rung a little before one o'clock, and every possible assistance was instantly given. Detachments from the different military corps assembled, among the foremost of whom was his Royal Highness the Prince of Lowenstein Wertheim, who hastened upon the spot till twelve o'clock, aiding by his counsel, and animating by his presence and example. Happily for the neighbourhood the flames extended no further, though considerable damage was done to the stock and of the furniture from the neighbouring houses.

Tyrrell and Donnelly, who were executed at Principal Street, on Saturday last, acknowledged the crime for which they were to suffer; denied having any act or part in the firing on their employer, Mr. Clarke; lamented they did not act his advice and admonition to them and others on the fatal evening of the 23d of July last, as it prevented the ignominious punishment which they were to suffer. They earnestly recommended to all their friends and hearers to avoid their own by keeping themselves free from rebellion or disloyal conduct of any kind, or uttering or effectuating with persons inclined that way.—*Last Year.*

A respite until further orders has been received for Patrick Dowlan and Thomas Meloy, prisoners in Clonmel gaol, under sentence of death fixed the last assizes for burglary and robbery.

CURRAGH RACES.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 16.

King's Plate of 100gs. for aged, 10st. each, 4 mile heats.

Mr. Kelly's Irish Lad	1 1
Col. Lenox's Brown Fanny	2 2
Mr. Hart's Long-Tail	3 3
Mr. Symmer's Mr. Jones	4 4
Mr. Cavanagh's b. m.	dis.
Mr. Buckley's b. m.	dist.

SAME DAY.

Sweepstakes for two yrs. old, 25gs. each, two yrs. old course.

Mr. Cullen's b. c.	1
Mr. Whaley's ch. m.	2
Mr. Daly's ch. c.	3

SAME DAY.

Mr. Whaley's Buffer, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Daly's Dew ie, aged, 8st. 2lb. four miles, for 500gs. each, p. p.—a great deal of money was won and lost on this race.

COMMERCIAL AND MARINE REGISTER.

DUBLIN	*arrived from*
16 Industry, Jones,	Abercastwink
Peggy, Hayes,	Wexford
Misly, Kirkpatrick,	Glasgow
Leicester Packet,	Holyhead
17 Hope, Larkin,	Drain
May Flower, Richards,	Aberystwith
Right Collins,	Ayr
18 Hawk, Tonin,	Belfast
do. Mary and Patrick, Barry,	Youghal
Hawkins, Power,	Waterford
Mary, King,	Wexford
Cowherd, Valentine,	Bligo
Six Colliers.	
19 Lord Perlpet,	Holyhead
Uxbridge Packet,	Holyhead
Mary and Sofia, Barrie,	Youghal
Revenge, Lidsaile,	Westport.
Six Colliers.	
	Sailed for
16 Uxbridge Packet,	Holyhead
17 Oldwith, Dunnell,	Belfast
Hawk, Dunn,	Liverpool
Martha, Rainsford,	Ballycastle
Triumph, Williams,	Wexford
Venus, Brandell,	Drogheda
Hope, Peterson,	Mars
Five Colliers.	
Leicester Packet,	Holyhead
18 Mary, Stewart,	Drogheda
Adventure, Hufford,	Wexford
Wears Paffage boat,	Parkgate
Mary and Dorothy,	Maryland
Three Colliers	
19 Four Colliers.	

STOCK EXCHANGE.

DUBLIN—TUESDAY, SEPT. 20, 1803

Gov. Deb. 5 per cent. 88½—Grand Canal Loan, dated 94, 97, 98, 6 per cent. 93½

PRICE OF ENGLISH STOCKS.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 16.

3 per Cent. Cons. 63½—Omn. 7⅞ 4/6
3 per Cent. Reduced

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

Dublin on London (Sept. 19)	13⅞
London on Dublin (Sept. 19)	13½
Belfast on London (Sept. 19)	14
—— on Dublin (Cotton)	11½ at days

MEETING AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, THIS DAY,

John Byrne, of Dublin—Final Examination.

PRICES OF CORN AND FLOUR for the Week ending Friday, Sept. 16.

	Corn. s. d.	to s. d.	Mkt. Price s. d.
1187 Wheat, per bar. of 19 Stone,	16 0	31 0	23 0
8134 Oats, per Stone,	0 10	0 11	0 11
Oatmeal, per Stone,	14 0	17 0	15 0
611 Barley, per barrel,	13 6	15 0	14 0
Flour, DUBLIN,	0 0	0 0	0 0
Sold to Bakers only,			
13 barrels of Wheat,	0 0	0 0	0 0
9 barrels of Flour,	25 0	27 0	26 0

Average of Wheat & Flour, 350. 3d. per barrel.

SALES of Flour { 16, from 25s. 0d. to 27s. 0d. 13 do. 27s. 0d. to 28s. 0d. }
RECEIPTS, 1003 ——

ASSIZE OF BREAD,

FOR THE WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, SEPT. 19.

WHITE.				HOUSEHOLD.			
	lb.	oz.	d.		lb.	oz.	d.
Twopenny,	0	5	0	Fourpenny,	1	2	2
Fourpenny,	0	10	0	Sixpenny,	1	9	3
Sixpenny,	1	1	7	Twelvepenny,	3	8	6

MARRIED—Mr. Samuel Henry of Coleraine, linen-weaver, to Miss Mary [illegible], daughter to Mr. Wm. Knox, of Kilcroney.

DEATHS.—At Tynan, county Armagh, Mrs. Ann Pickering—At Ballymena, Derry, Mrs. M. Wilson, relict of the late Rev. Samuel Pretton, of Cookstown, in the co. Kildare—At Portaferry, Mr. Patrick Kennedy, aged 33—At Dunstown, Mrs. Mc. Keith, wife of Wm. Megraw, Esq. of Blackhall-street—In Peter's-lane, Daniel Kelly, Connock-maker, most sincerely and discerely regretted by a long and numerous acquaintance.

BANKRUPT—Christopher Halpin, of Dublin, distiller, brewer and chapman, to surrender on the 29th and 30th of October, and 3d of November.

Mr. Hollingsworth acknowledges to have received from John Pepper, Esq. five guineas, in aid of the funds for erecting the new and elegant Assembly Rooms.

The English Mail will be dispatched this night at 10 o'clock.

A Petition to Postpone Prefent, &c.

☞ Many Gentlemen and others having been deceived by Shew Boards, with the name of *Morris, &c.* within one or two Doors of him, he thinks it necessary to inform his Friends, that he has no Shew Board, but that his House is distinguished by Iron Rails.

N. B. A respite having been indubitionally forced the sale of Mr. Morris had received from Dublin Castle—He begs to inform the Public, that things was not, nor is now at the smallest foundation for such a report; and trust he shall continue his usual Practice, Treatment of Ruptures at his House, Longford, 832, but now No. 740, Townsend-Street, (Corner's side)

NOTICE.

HIS Excellency the Lord Lieutenant having Against his desire that the Widows of Officers belonging to Regiments raised upon Presidency have been granted upon the 10th Resolution, that, from several accounts he hereby thereof upon Presidency Year, Instead of Half yearly, as heretofore, Messrs. William Colvill & William Chaigneau—Colvill, John Against to the Agents of Officers upon this Establishment, therefore inform all those concerned, that the several Certificates and Affidavits (in the official Form) duly attested and sworn to, immediately after the 24 & of August, 24th of August and 24th October annually, which are required to entitle them to the Amount of their Pensions at the End of each Four Months, shall be regularly delivered at the Agent's Office, No. 6, Batchelor's Walk, Dublin, in the Weeks after the Termination of such Periods.

The Widows are cautioned to apply at those times, from 10 to 4 o'Clock, during the First Week in Payments, after which no Notice will be given in the Dublin Journals; & that every Week's delay, throughout the Year.

Dublin, 5th August, 1803.

WM. & W. C. COLVILL.

By the Lord Lieutenant and Council of Ireland,

A PROCLAMATION.

HARDWICKE.

WHEREAS by an Act passed in the 31st and 32d years of his Majesty's reign, entitled "An Act for better securing the Liberty of the Subject," and commonly called the Habeas Corpus Act, it is provided, that no Bail and may be bound to and for the Chief Governor or Governors for the time being, and Privy Council of Ireland, to suspend the said Act, during such time only as there shall be an actual invasion or rebellion therein, or in case of Invasion, during any Judge's Justice of Peace shall bail or try any person charged with being concerned in or for such invasion or rebellion without an Order from the Lord Lieutenant, or Lord Deputy and Privy Council of Ireland, for the time being, signed by the Hand of the said Privy Council, any law, statute, or usage to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding:

And whereas during rebellion hath actually broken out in Ireland, but it hath become advisable to suspend the operation of the said Act during the continuance thereof:

Now we the Lord Lieutenant and Council do by this our proclamation declare, that the said Act be, and the same is hereby suspended, and that all Warrants, Directions of the Peace, and others, are required to take Notice thereof.

And whereas there is reason to apprehend that several persons, charged with having been concerned in the late rebellion, are endeavouring to escape justice by departing from Ireland:

Now we the Lord Lieutenant, being desirous to bring all such offenders to speedy punishment, do by and with the advice of His Majesty's said Honourable Privy Council, Really forbid any person whomsoever to depart from Ireland without having first obtained a Passport for that purpose, signed by our Chief Secretary, or the Under Secretary for the Civil Department, or either of them, and for those persons who shall have information sufficient to them, or either of them, to sign such passports.

And we do hereby strictly command all Masters and Commanders of all Ships and other vessels departing from Ireland, that they do not, upon any account whatsoever, take on board their vessels, or set sail from Ireland, any person not having such passport as aforesaid, first and before the same are actually compelled to navigate such vessels respectively.

And we do further command all Magistrates, Officers of the Revenue, and all Officers Civil and Military, to be aiding and assisting to the Masters of such vessels in order to prevent the departure of any persons from Ireland not having such passports, as aforesaid.

Given at the Council Chamber in Dublin, the 18th day of July, 1803.

Redesdale, C. Chan. Dublin. W. Tenn. Drogheda. Annesley, Mafkerry. Ygoolsby. Js. Beresford. H. E. Fox. Hen. Langrishe. M. Smith. Henry King. D. Latouche. R. Hamilton. M. Fitz-Gerald. Standish O'Grady.

God save the King.

TO THE LADIES OF IRELAND.

MR. LOW, Perfumer, London, has discovered in the courts of his Professional acquaintance, the most valuable cosmetic for the improvement of the skin, ever yet made public. It has been tested with, and perfected in the Royal Family, and now stand unrivalled. Whoever uses Low's Cream, its great efficacy has obtained the general approbation of the Nobility and Gentry of England, and he professes when generally known, it will be universally esteemed and admired by the Nobility and Gentry of that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland. For their convenience he has appointed two respectable Houses in Dublin for the sale, where a constant supply may at all times be had.

Mr. Irvine, Perfumer to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and the Irish Court, Parliament-Street; and Mistress Hamilton and Higgins, Perfumers, Capel-Street, prior to 1th per square.

THE CORDIAL BALM OF GILEAD

possesses wonderful efficacy in all cutaneous disorders, tan, sun-burns, sea-sickness, heaviness and lassitude of spirits, dimness of sight, nervous complaints, and weaknesses of the mind, vapours and melancholy, and all kinds of hysteric complaints get instant relief by the use of this balsamic cordial. It is also good for the most violent paroxysms, drowsiness and stupefaction, it is a safe, and effectual nervous remedy just to be given to persons of the most delicate constitutions.

Sold only by Dugdale and Bell, Dame-Street; Colvill, College-green; Davidson, Parliament-Street; and the only Wholesale, No. 24, Castle, 4 years of which may be had, price only 3s 3d.

A GUIDE TO HEALTH.

And an A Book to the Ladies, on the moral and education of Youth: likewise, Advice to Mothers, particularly the suffered with Worms and Convulsions.

A LOVER'S CALL TO ECHO.

Miss Darling's my dear, shall I love her for ever—
Echo, For ever.
How shall I set her, her affection I discover—
Echo, Shiver.
When I give command to be rid of my fetters—
Echo, Be hanged.
But my wishes are in dark, not to lack wood—
Echo, To Rackwood.
Will his Stump make a Razor or Penknife sharp as keen—
Echo, Sharp and keen.
Do it first away Razors tooth—the Teeth to know—
Echo,
Tell me the best method of coming by a Stump—
Echo, By a Stump.
At Newman's, the Cupid-Street, Dublin, I propose—
Echo, With double Dolly

attempt to place a body of a stranger in the other, under the circumstances, would have needed an explanation, with every likelihood of a refusal from those in authority. These in brief were the reasons advanced by Dr. Madden for believing that Robert Emmet's grave was in the Glasnevin parish churchyard."

"As the first step toward settling this mooted question, it will be necessary to locate and open Dr. Emmet's vault at St. Peter's Church to determine whether or not Robert Emmet's body is there. It is true that, so far as is known, the family vault has not been opened since the remains of his mother were deposited there, a few days before her son's death. But with the connivance of the sexton it would have been a matter of but a few moments to have placed the body in the vault, and this could have been done at night without a permit and without attracting attention. But to have dug a grave in St. Michan's churchyard at the spot claimed would have been impossible, either by day or night, without attracting attention.

"In regard to the doubt and uncertainty as to where Robert Emmet was buried, Thomas Moore wrote:

Oh! breathe not his name,—let it rest in the shade
Where, cold and unhonored, his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,

The design is a beautiful figure, which was cut in Dublin on an emerald brought from India some years before by Sir John Temple and presented to his cousin, Dr. Robert Emmet. The English Government, it is said, obtained an impression and had it copied for use as a decoy. After the arrest of Mr. Emmet it is also said that a large reward was offered by the Government for this seal, and the house was several times searched to obtain it, but without success. During the whole time, and even throughout her imprisonment, Mrs. Emmet had it concealed on her person. The writer recalls an account given him by his father of one of these searches, made a year or more after the arrest of T. A. Emmet. While sleeping with his younger brother in the nursery, he was suddenly awakened by a bright light in the room, and became greatly alarmed on seeing a soldier standing guard within the door. As soon as the man saw the child was awake, with the instinct of a brute he pointed his musket at him as if about to shoot. The two children naturally got under the bedclothing as quickly as possible, and in their terror did not dare to move, being more dead than alive, until the soldiers had left the house and their grandmother could come to them. This seal, which has been reset in its present form as a ring, is in the possession of Lieut. Robert Temple Emmet, formerly of the United States Army, who inherited it from his grandfather, Judge Robert Emmet, the eldest member of the family.

The seal of the whole organization was designed in the north of Ireland, and was different from this one, which for a time was used in the southern portion of the country only. . . .

The seal of the United Irishmen and two others which have been preserved show us Robert Emmet's artistic taste and talent for designing. Dr. Madden presented to the writer one of these which had been in his possession for some fifty years, and it was the one worn by Robert Emmet on the morning of his execution. The design, which is an original one, represents a willow tree nearly prostrated by the storm, and below the motto, "Alas my country."

Just as Mr. Emmet was leaving the prison on his way to the scaffold he passed a Catholic priest whom he had known in better times, and seeing the priest's expression of profound sympathy he pulled this seal from his fob ribbon and handed it to him. Unfortunately, the name of the priest has now been forgotten by the writer, but on his death he willed the seal to his friend, Dr. Madden. The doctor stated, when he gave it to the writer, that he had fully verified its authenticity on the evidence of several persons who had been present at the time and had witnessed the occurrence. In addition he stated that the seal had been fully identified by his friend, Mr. John Patten, who recognized it beyond question as the one he had seen his kinsman, Robert Emmet, wear for some time.

—From "The Emmet Family," by T. A. Emmet, M. D.

Supposed Grave of Robert Emmet in the Protestant Parish Churchyard, Glasnevin, near Dublin.

An Uninscribed Tombstone in St. Michan's Churchyard, Dublin, which is shown as covering Robert Emmet's Grave.

As the night dew that falls on the grass
o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in
silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave
where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret
it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our
souls.

"Dr. Madden states the fact that 'Dr. Emmet died at Casino, near Miltown, in the autumn of 1802. He was buried in the graveyard of St. Peter's Church, in Anugier Street (Dublin), on the right-hand side of the entrance, close to the wall on the south side.' He also states that the tomb or vault had the following inscription on it:

Here lies the remains of
Robert Emmet, Esq., M. D.,
who died the 9th of December, 1802,
In the 73rd year of his age.

"In 1880 the writer not only failed to find this tomb, but any other in the churchyard. On inquiry he ascertained that all the tombstones had been removed some years previously, but were yet preserved, and several feet of earth had been put on the surface of the ground to raise it to the level of the street in front. The tombstones after removal were all placed in piles at a distance, and though these were carefully examined, no trace of any connected with the family could be found.

"The only compensation for the labor of investigation was that at the bottom of the pile was found the headstone of John, Earl of Clare, broken and forgotten, notwithstanding the fact that it had been elaborately emblazoned with the arms of his mushroom title. This man had been honored by the British Government for services rendered in bringing about the so-called 'Union,' with which the Irish people themselves had nothing to do, and by means which we know today were the most corrupt and damnable ever designated as statecraft or devised by mortal man. The enjoyment by Clare of his honors was deservedly brief. He died in January, 1802, despised by every honest man in the country, and but for this accident no one today would know where the remains of this unhallowed man had been hidden away.

"As the stone found by Dr. Madden over the Emmet tomb was a flat one covering the entrance to the family vault, doubtless it was simply covered in and not disturbed. Dr. Madden writes in addition: 'Here, also, the remains are interred of the widow of Dr. Emmet, who survived her husband only nine months. She preceded her youngest son, Robert, to the tomb by a few days.' "

Thinking the grave was in Bully's Acre, Sarah Curran, escaping from the watchfulness of her friends, had stolen there to visit it, in the dark of the autumn evening. The place where the unhappy girl prayed and wept was closed against burials after the cholera of 1837, and now it is a wind-swept prairie of long gray grass, with here and there the shoulders of a tombstone emerging, and the cromlech which marks the grave of chieftains who perished at the Battle of Clontarf standing, time-defying, above all.

Even Emmet's touching letter from the very shadow of the grave had not reached Curran's heart, any more than the prayers of the Attorney-General, Mr. Standish O'Grady, and others who would have interceded for his child. Sarah Curran was cast off forever. A Quaker fam-

THE TRIAL
AND
DYING BEHAVIOUR
OF
Mr R. Emmett,

Who was Executed September the 20th, for High Treaſon.—Together with his Solemn Exhortation to his Countrymen to reject the proffered Friendſhip and Aſſiſtance of Deſpotic, Cruel, and Perfidious FRANCE.

ON Monday September 19, ROBERT EMMETT was put to the bar, at Dublin, on trial for High Treaſon. The priſoner challenged nineteen peremptorily out of the pannel for a Petit Jury, and ſix were ſet aſide by the Crown.

The Attorney General took a retroſpective view of the public calamities incident to the ſpirit of inſurrection which had hitherto prevailed the minds of the common people of that country.

The priſoner at the bar, if Mr. Attorney was properly inſtructed, would appear by ſubſtantial evidence, together with a variety of corroborating circumſtances, to have been the prime ſource, origin, and ſpirit of the recent inſurrection in this city ſo enormouſly wicked in the conception, but ſo truly contemptible and puerile both in the plan and execution.

The priſoner in a ſpeech marked by ſome traits of ingenuity and elocution juſtified the conduct imputed to him, on firm and long adopted principles.

The Jury returned a verdict GUILTY, without leaving the box; and Lord Norbury pronounced ſentence of DEATH on him.

At ten o'clock this morning, (Sept. 20), a confidential friend of this unfortunate Gentleman was permitted to viſit him at Kilmainham gaol. The viſitor, a Profeſſional Gentleman of conſiderable eminence, on his entrance into the culprit's chamber found him reading the Litany in the ſervice of the Church of England in the preſence of the Rev. Mr. Gamble, the Ordinary of Newgate; after which he made a hearty breakfaſt. Retiring afterwards to a room with his friend, after certain family communications, he adverted to the circumſtance of having his pockets examined in the dock on the preceding evening, for ſome inſtrument with which it was apprehended he might deſtroy himſelf. He diſclaimed ſuch notion, alledging it was incompatible with the religion he profeſſed.

The culprit was led from Kilmainham gaol under a ſtrong military guard, compoſed of detachments both of Cavalry and Infantry of the Regular Troops quartered at the Barracks. He arrived about three o'clock at the temporary gallows, in Thomas-ſtreet, in a carriage with two clergymen. In his progreſs thither his demeanour, however, did not appear of that ſerious caſt befitting the awfulneſs of his ſituation, or the religious ſentiments he had uttered in the morning. He gazed about, particularly in Dirty-lane, the ſcene of his exploits, with a ſpecies of light inattentive ſmile, approaching a laugh, until he was carried to the place of execution, and ſpoke and nodded to ſome of his acquaintance with the greateſt coolneſs. After mounting the platform attached to the gallows, he addreſſed the ſurrounding crowd in a few words, ſaying he died in peace and univerſal love and kindneſs with all mankind. While the Executioner was adjuſting the rope round his neck, he became very pale, and he ſeemed earneſtly to talk and expoſtulate with him moſt probably about ſome awkwardneſs in his manner, from which he felt an inconvenience. After the hangman had pulled a cap over his eyes, the culprit put up his hands, pinioned as they were, and partly removed it. The platform was dextrouſly removed. After which he hung for near a minute quite motionleſs, but violent convulſions then ſeized him, which laſted for ſeveral minutes. The process of beheading, &c. was afterwards gone through, and his body removed to Newgate.

The admirable deſcription which he drew of the French fraternity muſt powerfully operate on that part of the people of Ireland, who ſeek, through the agency of the Firſt Conſul to diſunite theſe countries.

"I have," ſaid he, "been accuſed of being actuated by a wiſh to bring about a revolution of this country, through the means of French influence. I deny that either myſelf or the Proviſional Government, had any ſuch idea in contemplation. Our own reſources were ſufficient to accompliſh the object. As to French interpoſition, it cannot be too much deprecated: and I exhort the people of Ireland to beware of ſuch aſſiſtance. I urge them in the ſtrongeſt manner to burn their houſes—nay even the very graſs on which a Frenchman ſhall land. Various opportunities have occured to me of witneſſing the miſery and deſolation they have produced in every country where they have gained an entrance, under the fallacious pretences of aiding the Inhabitants who conſidered themſelves in a ſtate of oppreſſion."

Jones & Co., Printers, Upper Mary's Lane.

(Issued by the British Government after the trial of Robert Emmet.)

ily in Cork, the Penroses, gave her the shelter of their roof. They and all about her were of the English sympathizers, and she had not even the comfort of knowing that she had the love and pity of the common people as the widow, and more than the widow of their hero.

It was while she was with the Penroses, that the moving incident told by Washington Irving in "The Broken Heart" took place. Under her weight of trouble, her life was being sapped, her senses almost giving way. Leaving the gay crowd at a reception, she sat alone with her memories of her lover; and presently, forgetting everything but him, she began singing a mournful song with such poignant sweetness, that the company which gathered quietly around her was moved to tears.

It was then that Captain Sturgeon, a brave and manly young officer, saw and loved her. He knew she had no love to give him, but she was dying homeless, and abandoned by her own people. He offered her the shelter of his name and love; and after a sad marriage ceremony, he took her to Italy to try to save her life; but her heart was broken, and she only lived a little while. Moore's beautiful lyric about her, beginning: "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps," will be remembered.

Surely some of us will recall John Philpot Curran, not as the orator, the patriot, the wit, the friend; but as the *Father*.

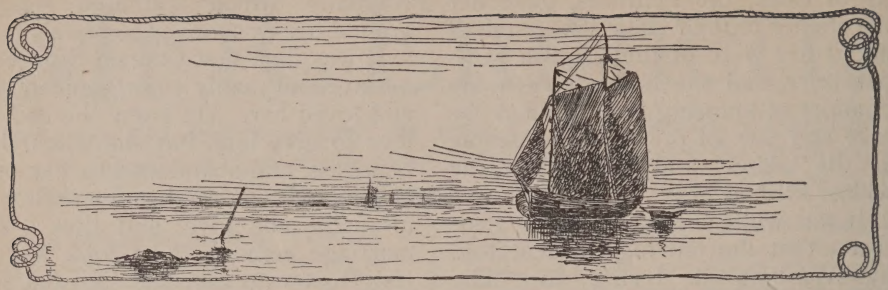
IF THOU WERT GONE.

BY CELIA BURT WALL.

If thou wert gone, far from this world's vain cavil,
For me the joy of earth would then be done;
For all my hopes would onward with thee travel
If thou wert gone.

If thou wert gone, the day would lose its gladness,
Across my path would shine no summer sun,
Then would I know the utmost depths of sadness
If thou wert gone.

If thou wert gone the ills that ever woo me,
Around my heart would all unheeded throng,
I tremble at the fate that would pursue me
If thou wert gone.



THE INVADERS.

BY WILLIAM HARPER BENNETT.

I, Juan Bautisto Rodriquez y Alvarez, sometime an officer in the army of Her Most Catholic Majesty Queen Isabella, and anon, converted from the ways of the world as was our glorious saint of Guipuzcoa, forever a priest of the King of Kings and, until yesterday, a servant of Their Most Catholic Majesties, do here set down some of the marvels that I have looked upon in this year of Our Lord.

For forty years have I ministered to the spiritual wants of the people of this little inland hill town on the beautiful island named by the great Columbus in honor of Blessed St. John the Baptist.

The doings of the great world beyond the seas have troubled but lightly the even tenor of our lives. Letters and newspapers from abroad have come to us occasionally and have told us of the change of ruler as Queen, President, King and Regent have come and gone, but these great political events have not affected us as much as the installation of a new Alcalde. From time to time tidings reached us of the revolt against the Crown in Cuba and of aid and support given to the rebels by the great heretical nation of North America.

When these stories were told me by our Alcalde or by some army officer passing through our town my sluggish old blood has coursed more rapidly through my veins, and—God forgive me—I have wished that I was young again and still carried a sword with which to avenge the wrongs of King and country. Rumors of war, at a later day, came to our ears, and well do I recall the wit and humor of our good, patriotic Alcalde and a gallant captain from Ponce, who brought us confirmation of the rumors, as they discussed the topic in the great plaza in front of the church. A crowd of my people—good, patriotic sons of Spain, in those days—surrounded the two officials and cheered and laughed heartily as the witty and eloquent sallies of the soldier appealed to their humor or patriotism. One thing was made plain—this boastful nation of heretical shopkeepers would soon be punished for perfidy in assisting the rebellious children of Spain.

Soon the movements of troops on the island brought detachments through our town, and one of these, and no braver was in the army, was quartered on us. One night a mounted orderly clattered through the plaza to the commandant's quarters and told him that the Yankee war

ships were off San Juan and would bombard on the morrow, but that a mighty armada, hastening from Spain, would catch them like rats in a trap. How fervently I invoked the aid of St. James of Campostello to crown our arms with victory, and with what joy I heard the glad tidings, a few days later, that the ships of the enemy had vanished.

It was on a Sunday we learned that the enemy had disappeared only to reappear in force. Chaplain Socarra of the battalion said the last Mass. The officers occupied seats within the sanctuary, and the soldiers and my parishioners crowded the body of the church. The low voice of the priest, a buzz of whispered conversation carried on by the heedless junior officers, and the restless shuffling of the soldiers, broke the silence of the holy place. Just before the preface I heard the galloping of a horse in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came until the hoofbeats rang out clear on the pavement of the plaza. The horseman pulled up his steed outside the church, an uneasy movement was discernible among the soldiers, and many eyes were turned towards the entrance. An aide, dust-covered, with rattling spurs and clanking sabre, entered and strode towards the altar. The portly Colonel was awakened from his nap, and after a few hurried words with the messenger he gave a signal to his officers and they arose quickly and left the edifice. Soon the rattle and blare of the field music sounded the assembly and with great clatter and confusion the soldiers rushed from the church, the townspeople following them. For some time the plaza resounded with the hoarse commands of the officers, and then we heard the measured tramp of the soldiers as they marched away.

At the end of Mass old Sanchez, my sacristan, a veteran of the Carlist wars who had been lamed by a bullet at Bilbas, met us as we entered the vestry.

"Alas! Padre," he cried, "the dreadful news has come that Yankee warships and troopships crowd the waters at Ponce. Our brave soldiers have hurried thither to meet the invaders. The Padre Chaplain is to follow."

In the plaza a great crowd had assembled, and in the midst stood our Alcalde.

"You forget, you forget," I heard him say as I approached, "have we not been told that a mighty Armada is steaming from Spain to crush our contemptible enemies. Have no fear, our forces will vanquish these vandals."

"Comfort not yourselves with any such hopes," cried Juan Gomez, a malcontent and, if he dared be, a revolutionist, "I heard the officer from Ponce tell the Colonel that your great Armada had been swept from the seas by a tornado of fire from the ships of the Americans."

Had a bolt fallen from the blue sky it would not have stunned and shocked us more than Juan's words. Groans, sobs and muttered ejaculations broke from the crowd.

"Be courageous, my children," I said, though God knows my heart was sore, "we have our invincible army to defend our altars and our homes." I saw old Sanchez shrug his shoulders and smile bitterly, and I cried:

"What, Sanchez, you, an old veteran of Spain, do you doubt the courage of our army?"

"No, no, Padre," he replied, sadly, "I do not doubt their courage, but what can a handful do against vast armies?"

"Then—then, the Yankees may come here, here to this town?" quavered Pedro Morales, a shopkeeper.

"Yes, will they," answered Juan Gomez, "and let me tell you there are worse things than Yankees."

"If the Yankees come they will surely loot the town and we may be murdered in our beds," cried old Morales with trembling voice, "and it behooves those who have goods to lose and throats to be cut to find a place of safety for both," and with this direful warning he elbowed his way through the crowd and many followed him to carry the bad news through the town.

"In the name of God, Padre, what is to be done now?" blankly asked the Alcalde with blanched lips.

"Nothing," volunteered old Sanchez.

Tears of rage and grief were gushing from my eyes for, remember, I had been a soldier of Spain. Before me rose the white facade of the church with its dome-capped twin belfries from which had pealed the Angelus for so many happy years. When these ruthless heretics came its altars would be desecrated, and from the old pulpit, from which, for so many years, had come the words of life, some stranger, some apostate, mayhaps, would with his honeyed words of heresy seek to win my dear children from our holy faith. From Spain's fostering care had come our stipends and the laws providing for the support of our churches. With these abolished we must starve and our churches must go to ruin, or worse, to the heretic. Little wonder then that when I pondered on these things a great despondency fell upon me.

That evening as the sun was disappearing behind the hills and a quietness was on all things, I heard, in the distance, an odd crackling sound that rose and fell. From the window I saw Sanchez listening intently.

"What sound is that in the distance, Sanchez?" I asked.

"Infantry firing, Padre," he replied.

That night was one of feverish disquietude, and long before the hour for Mass I was on the plaza. Sanchez and another old soldier were there before me and both were gazing southward.

"We have heard the far-off sounds of a body of men approaching, Padre," said Sanchez, and as he ceased speaking I caught the sound. A morning mist veiled the road that entered the town from the south and, as yet, we could see nothing, but soon a command rang out and Sanchez cried:

"An order in Spanish. Thank God, they are our men."

Ghostly shadows loomed out of the fog, some mounted officers appeared and then the long, straggling line of weary-looking men. Their tramping had aroused the townspeople from uneasy slumber, and from every doorway they came to ascertain the cause of the early tumult. Now we could see the soldiers clearly as they marched into the plaza and we could scarcely recognize in these begrimed, ragged, footsore, dispirited companies the soldierly battalion of regulars that left the town only one short day before. After them rumbled the creaking two-wheeled country carts laden with the wounded in every manner of agonizing attitude. O, how harrowing the sight of these pale, distorted faces, the bloody, bandaged heads and limbs, heartrending groans breaking from men's lips causing the very marrow of my bones, old soldier as I am, to freeze with pity! The order to halt was given in the plaza and as the Colonel drew up near where I stood the Alcalde approached and asked:

"Colonel, do you intend to defend this town?"

"Impossible!" he answered.

"What, you intend to leave us to the mercy of these barbarians to be slaughtered?"

"Nonsense! This is civilized war-

fare; you will not be injured. We fought the enemy last evening and were compelled to withdraw under cover of darkness. My orders are to fall back to a point of strategic importance further north. The enemy's scouts are not far behind us. We will leave our wounded in your care. Now, Senor Alcalde, one word of warning, which, judging from your present appearance is scarcely necessary as far as you are concerned; make no defense and tell your people that it would be useless and would only lead to a bloody vengeance."

While he was talking the people had been pouring into the plaza and had surrounded us or formed in knots around the soldiers. Suddenly the Colonel wheeled his horse, scattering the people to right and left, and forced his way to the head of the column. The sight of the wounded, the sound of their groans, and the exaggerated stories of defeat and disaster told by the soldiers had worked the people into a state of panic and the shouts, lamentations and confusion were maddening.

Above the uproar sounded the order to fall in; the long line reformed and a moment later began the march from the town.

Many of the people, men and women with their children, abandoning everything, followed in the wake of the column, and all through the long afternoon the slow, patient oxen drew carts laden with women, children and household goods, northward. One by one the shutters and doors of the house were closed and fastened and the plaza and streets were deserted and silent. We had decided that the wounded should be quartered in the roomy house of the Alcalde. The services of six men, two physicians and four sisters were secured, and the stricken soldiers were comfortably placed and tenderly cared for. Fearing that the sacred vessels of the altar might be profaned and stolen I procured a strong box and keeping in the tabernacle only those necessary for use packed the others carefully and buried them beneath the high altar. When I returned to our improvised hospital I seated myself at the bedside of a lieutenant, a young Andalusian, who had been shot through the lungs. From my seat I could see through the long window the gray road that ran through the valley southward until it was lost to sight in the golden haze. I had been looking long when my attention was attracted by an indistinct speck in the distance that resolved itself into a horseman, and a few moments later three others drew in sight out of the golden background. The single horseman rode forward rapidly, and as he came within distinguishable distance I marked a carbine held ready, the butt resting against his leg. Nearer he rode, plainly a cavalry scout, and as I saw his broad brimmed gray hat, his dark blue shirt, and his light blue trousers tucked into his cavalry boots, I realized with an indescribable heart pang that this was the vanguard of the foreign invaders. Words fail to describe the sensation I experienced as I sat watching this precursor of a new dispensation. A dispensation that might mean rapine and slaughter in our dear little town, that might mean the overthrow of our altars and the persecution of our holy faith. Onward he rode, a veritable giant, grim and grimy, on a mammoth black horse. He seemed unconscious of danger although now within easy range of a Mauser fired from a house on the outskirts. As he reached the hovel of poor bedridden Manuela Garcia her little child ran out on the road almost under the horse's hoofs. Slinging his carbine on his arm the bronzed giant leaned from the saddle,

caught the little one, swung her lightly in front of him and bending kissed her on the forehead. Thrusting his hand into his haversack he drew forth something and put it into the child's hands, then kissing her again he placed her on the road. As he jerked the lines his great horse tossed his head and plunged forward up the slope with a great jingling of scabbard and metal accoutrements. In the centre of the plaza he drew up, gazed around curiously at the buildings for a moment, and then wheeling, clattered noisily down the street, and galloped until he had joined his comrades, who had in the meantime been reinforced by a troop. Again the scouts rode towards the town and behind the cavalry I could see a solid dark body of marching infantry. I could look no longer, I turned away, my eyes dim with tears, my heart torn with un-Christian rage. Outside the cavalry was passing. I could hear the clattering of the horses' hoofs, the clanking of the scabbards and the bugle call. After a short lull there was a crash of brass and drums and the band of the infantry regiment approached. I looked forth again as the field and staff officers rode by—great soldierly-looking men mounted on gigantic horses, compared with which our horses are but ponies. One could not look on these men, tattered, ragged, and disreputable looking as were the rank and file, without being impressed by the feeling that they represented power, individual and collective, such as the world had never seen before.

There he was! Riding behind the Colonel my eyes rested on him—the regimental Chaplain—a large, fleshy, florid man, clad in semi-clerical garb with broad-brimmed black hat. There was the precursor of the heretical brood that would seek to pluck the true faith from the hearts and souls of my people. Behind the officers came column after column of dirty, blue-shirted, bronze-faced giants girt around with belts bristling with murderous cartridges. Ah! how could our fragile country boys from Spain withstand the impact of these great Northern men. Around the plaza the column moved until the square was begirt by a wall of glistening steel. The band was silent and all eyes seemed fixed upon the public building. I stepped out of the window on a little balcony and saw on the roof of the building two American officers busy with the flagpole halliards that bore aloft the crimson and gold flag of Spain. A great sob choked me as our glorious flag fluttered slowly down. A few moments later the starred and striped banner of the conquerors rose proudly to the staff head. The band burst into a solemn anthem, all heads were uncovered and there arose a hoarse, deafening roar of triumph and joy that was thrice repeated. From behind me on the balcony rang a shrill cry:

"Vivan los Americanos!"

It stung me as would the lash of a whip and I swung round. Juan Gomez, malcontent, revolutionist, traitor, stood before me, his face ablaze with enthusiasm.

"Ingrate!" I cried, "respect the suffering."

"Ingrate?" he shouted, "what has Spain ever done for me and mine but robbed us? These Americans say that 'the voice of the people is the voice of God.' It is so. Look, Padre! Listen!"

I looked forth on the plaza and saw that the doors and windows of the houses had been thrown open. Through the doors came the people and from the windows fluttered the women's handkerchiefs and the tricolor of the foe. The air was rent with shouts of joy and triumph. I

turned to leave the balcony and Juan Gomez, touched, no doubt, by the agony and shame expressed by my countenance, laid his hand caressingly on my arm and said:

"Forgive me, dear Padre, if I have hurt and offended you, but, believe me, you will know before many days that it was better that the old system should die. You taught us from the pulpit that no man could serve two masters, yet you were the servant of the King of Kings and of the King of Spain. Now you are free to serve God alone."

I bowed to him coldly and stepped into the room. One of the nurses approached and told me that a grievously wounded soldier, whose confession I had heard during the afternoon, was sinking fast. I crossed the plaza to the church to bear to him the Viaticum. The soldiers were breaking ranks and stacking their arms and lumbering army wagons were slowly rolling into the plaza. Evening had fallen. Here and there a campfire was kindling. The harsh speech of the men made a babel of sound. I entered the church unmolested, found old Sanchez and took from the tabernacle the sacred vessel. Sanchez with his lantern and bell walked before me. A sentry had been posted at the church door and as we stepped forth he stood quietly regarding us for a moment and then brought his rifle with a clang to the present. I was favorably impressed with this act of respect, if not of reverence, and still more impressed as we moved across the plaza. At the silvery tinkle of Sanchez' bell the loud chatter and hilarity died away, some of the soldiers looked at us with curious gaze, some sprang to their feet and saluted with hand to hat brim and a few, I was amazed to see, bent their knee in homage to Him whom I love. Surely, I thought, these are gentle-mannered heretics! The blue shirts of many were thrown open as the night was warm, and on the chests of some I could see by the firelight a small silver medal or a piece of cloth shaped like our scapular. I marveled at all these things because I knew that the heretic does not adore Our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament or practice devotion to Our Lady. When my duties at the hospital were finished I returned to the church, the same quiet respect marking my progress.

The Alcalde was awaiting me with a message from the General commanding desiring my presence at headquarters in the public building. After a few minutes' wait I was admitted to his room.

He was a truly martial-looking man, of great stature, with fine, strong face. He arose as I entered and in the Spanish tongue said to me:

"Padre, I asked you to call on me that I might tell you that your church property will be protected by our army and that you are entirely free to come and go as you see fit. The United States recognize no established church and cannot permit the money of the state to be used for church purposes. Rest assured, sir, that you will be protected in the exercise of your holy office. In return for this protection you will be expected to co-operate with us among your people in maintaining law and order."

When the General had ceased speaking my eyes rested on the Chaplain who was standing in a group of officers near an open window. His presence suggested a thought, and I asked the General:

"Your excellency, am I to understand that my people are to have the exclusive use of our church?"

"Most assuredly," he replied, "no one has any right to trespass on your property."

I bowed and turned to leave the

room, but the Chaplain, stepping towards me, held out his hand.

"Padre Rodriguez," he said in Spanish, "I heard what the General said, but, nevertheless, I am about to ask you to permit me to officiate in your church."

"Sir," I exclaimed, with some heat, "I cannot permit——"

"What!" he exclaimed, a droll expression on his good-humored face, "is your hatred for the Yankee so intense that you would not permit a Yankee priest, armed with proper credentials from his Bishop, to say Mass——"

"What," I cried in my surprise, "you, a Roman Catholic priest? God be praised! Come, come with me," and in the revulsion of feeling I experienced I flung my arm around him and in this position we walked from the room. "Of course," I explained, "I was aware that there were some of our faith in your country, but that you were numerous enough or important enough to have priests appointed to the post of Chaplain in your army I never imagined."

"Why, my dear Padre," laughed he, "more than half the lads outside are good, practical sons of the old Mother, and indeed many of them bear a double relation to your reverence, for they are like yourself, maybe, descendants of old King Milesius."

We had passed out of the building and now stood looking upon a lively scene. In the plaza blazed the campfires that flickered on the white facade of the old church and the surrounding buildings, flashed on the stacked arms and lighted up the little white tents. Outside a line of sentries the townspeople were promenading, chattering and laughing gaily, seemingly fully content with the new order of things. The band of the infantry was playing a rollicking air, and as we listened it ceased with a flourish of trumpets. Again the music sounded, a slow, churchlike melody, and voice after voice took it up until a mighty chorus of voices was borne afar on the night wind.

"The boys are singing a hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,'" said my companion, and I marveled. "Our people," he continued, "are, in their hearts, a deeply religious people, and we call our beloved country 'God's own country,' and mean every word of it, too. Come, cheer up, Padre, dear. I can see that you are depressed and low-spirited, but God in His wisdom does all things well."

"But, Padre Chaplain, the heretical preachers will come, and——"

"Aye," broke in this impetuous, masterful American, "they'll come as they went to Mexico and to South America, and they'll do nothing whatever except draw the money from the pockets of dupes at home. Fear nothing, millions of your brethren, priests and people, will guard you from all impositions, and the government of the United States will prevent spoliation and persecution. Infidelity and lukewarmness are to be feared a thousand times more than the proselyter and the Bible society. Your people will learn to make sacrifices to support their church and God will bless you and them. Could you let me have the use of a confessional in the church tomorrow, Padre? I've been hearing confessions in tents, yes, and out in the muddy road with the rain pouring down on penitent and priest, for so long a time that it will be a new experience for me to sit in a confessional."

"Most gladly," I replied.

"Many thanks to you. I must leave you now," he said, "and let my children know that confessions will be the order of the day, tomorrow. Good-night, and God bless you and

grant you grace and strength to bear the great changes that have come upon you. Yes, yes, I can realize it in all its bearings. It's hard, but it's God's will, and He does all things well."

"Stay," I cried, as he moved away; "you will sleep under my roof to-night."

"What," he exclaimed, "and leave my boys lying outside on the ground? I wouldn't sleep a wink all night."

As I entered the house my mind was busy on the events of the day, on this modern St. Paul from the great heretical nation of the North, whose heart was so full of patriotism and of self-sacrifice, Christian zeal, and love of God and His Church, and of these giant soldiers, all gentleness to the weak, respectful to religion and—wonder of wonders—who sang hymns around their campfires.

I was in the church the following afternoon when the first of the Chaplain's penitents entered. His first act was to slowly and carefully unbuckle and take from around his waist the cartridge belt, as if the thought had occurred to him that the wearing of the death-laden accoutrement was unseemly in the house of God. Then he genuflected, and approaching the confessional, knelt, made the sign of the cross and prayed. Soon others came until the space around the confessional was crowded. During the afternoon they continued to come singly and in groups, and I was deeply impressed by their grave earnestness and devout bearing. That evening, for the first time in years, I had an angry disagreement with Sanchez that I have here reluctantly set down. I love and will always love poor dear Spain because it is the country of my birth and because of its glorious past, but I hold that it is not necessary to offend others to prove my love. Sanchez is of different mind, he is narrow, bigoted. For many years the coat of arms of Spain had occupied a place of honor in the sanctuary. Knowing that the American soldiers would fill the church on the morrow, and, moreover, having long had doubts that the sanctuary was a proper place for such an escutcheon, I determined to remove it both because of possible offense its presence might give and because prior to this time I had not the power to remove that which I felt was out of place. I directed Sanchez to take down the escutcheon, and this he indignantly refused to do. I reproved him sharply and removed it myself.

On the morrow the church was crowded with the soldiers and my people. Outside the sanctuary knelt three of the officers and behind them were long lines of the men. Few of them were unprovided with prayer-books, and these they read with devotion. Just before the reading of the gospel the Chaplain entered the pulpit, read the gospel of the day in English and in the same tongue addressed the soldiers, then turning towards that part of the church occupied by my people said to them in Spanish: "My dear brethren: Your venerated pastor has permitted me to say a few words to you. A great change has taken place in the political and ecclesiastical affairs of this community. Heretofore the government has supported your church and your pastor; hereafter that support must come from you, must be your own voluntary, individual gift to God. There are few things, my brethren, that man loves and safeguards more carefully than he does his money, therefore he who gives liberally of it for the support and maintenance of God's church and His ministers offers a sacrifice of that which he loves much, and such sacrifices must be pleasing in God's sight and draw

down His blessings. Remember, the greater the sacrifice the greater the reward. Trials, many and bitter, will come to the aged servant of God who has passed his best years at the altar ministering to you. If you are sincere in your belief in, and love of God I beseech you hold up the hands of His priest and make easy his declining years. In our great country the church is not dependent on the state for support, it is the inestimable privilege of the people to support religion unassisted and untrammeled. Nowhere in all this world is our Holy Church as prosperous, spiritually and temporarily, as in our blessed land of liberty. You, with God's help, will soon share that prosperity. Millions of your brethren in the United States send you fraternal greetings. May God bless and prosper you!"

As he finished four of the soldiers arose and holding out their hats passed among the men and each dropped into it his offering. Scanty as was the pay of these warriors they contributed a portion of it to the maintenance of religion. When all had given their mite the collectors piled the contributions into a little heap at the edge of the sanctuary. Thus did the good Chaplain give my people an object lesson of their future duty.

When the tinkle of the little bell had ceased at the "Domine non sum dignus," there was a movement among the soldiers and reverently, earnestly, they moved towards the altar, and knelt in a long line to receive their Saviour. Ah, those great, strong, serious, bronzed faces! and the sinewy hands, devoutly clasped, how deeply they affected me! The tears trickled from my old eyes; in my throat a great lump arose that would not down. Silently they approached, received the Bread of Life and gave place to others, line following line. Heartsick, I had often lamented that faith was dying. Here before my eyes was faith—living, intelligent, ardent, vigorous! I had been a soldier. I know the awful trials and temptations of the camp and the enemy's country and know, alas, too well, how war and its consequences reduce men to savagery. Here were men, rough and hardy, making war in an enemy's country, cut off from home influence and civilization as they understood it, leading the free life of the camp and the march, and yet, of their own free wills, coming devoutly to perform the most sacred act of religion. Praise be to the Lord God of armies and of nations! With a nation that produced such God-fearing and God-loving warriors surely our future was safe. Into my mind came the words of Juan Gomez: "You taught us from the pulpit that no man can serve two masters, yet you were the servant of the King of Kings and of the King of Spain. Now you are free to serve God alone." A light came in upon me that Juan had spoken truly. These men who knelt before me were the chosen instruments of their Heavenly King and of mine. Bowing my head I said with all my heart and soul: "Thy will be done!"

A TENDER RIVALRY.

BY E. F. HARKINS.

This is the story of the tender rivalry of Blanid O'Dhu and Mona Boru. The real family names of Blanid and Mona were much prettier than O'Dhu and Boru; but, being pledged to secrecy, I shall not reveal them. Besides, this story, with no matter what names, would read as sweet.

Years and years ago, when the fields and the dells and the hills served as the schoolhouses of the Old World, Blanid and Mona were children in Ireland. Blanid was fair. Her eyes were as bits of a sunny June sky, and her cheeks were as two rose leaves. Mona was dark. Her eyes glittered like two of the black diamonds that men find sometimes near the little mountain streams of Boerland; and her cheeks, too, were as the leaves of the red rose. Except that one was fair and the other dark, no choice would you make between the two little girls, for Blanid and Mona both were gentle and kind and winsome.

It is not with the fair loveliness of Blanid or the dark loveliness of Mona, however, that my story deals. The tender rivalry to which I have referred concerned their voices. The two maidens sang as the beautiful and sweet-tongued daughters of Brian Fin, the god-like bard of the old wars, used to sing, so delightfully as to charm the senses. If it was not the one it was the other that was singing all day, from dawn until twilight, or, if you will, from the going of the bell-hung cows to the hilly pastures until their coming home, heavy with milk. It was a constant pleasure to the men at work in the fields, or to the women bustling at home, you may be sure, for the voice of Blanid or, if Blanid was not singing, of Mona, seemed to be drawn up by the clouds and sent back and forth, echoing, over the whole hamlet. And the best of it all was that Blanid and Mona were as frank and innocent and fresh-minded as two angels. Not even the shadow of jealousy fell upon their snow-white hearts.

But, by and by, in the way of the world, the friends of Blanid and the friends of Mona met and began to praise the singing of the fair little girl and the dark little girl, both of whom, it must not be forgotten, were beautiful and kind and gentle.

"She sings like the lark," said the friends of Blanid O'Dhu.

"She sings like the nightingale," said the friends of Mona Boru.

Now the lark that warbles in the Irish hills can make you cry with delight; and so can the nightingale. The friends of the two little girls, thinking of this soon after they had spoken, remained silent. There was no bitterness among them. Otherwise the weakness of their words might have caused a resort to battle. And, as they sat thinking, one side of the lark and the other side of the nightingale, a stranger came along. His hair was as white as the flax in the spinning-wheels in the near-by gardens, and his beard was as long as the arm of a man.

"Good people, why are you so silent?" asked the old man, in whose honor the young had risen.

"We were thinking of the lark," answered some. "He sings like Blanid O'Dhu."

"We were thinking of the nightin-

gale," replied the others. "He sings like Mona Boru."

"But does neither of whom you speak sing like the thrush?" asked the old man. They all were silent again, and a little vexed. Neither a friend of Blanid nor a friend of Mona had thought of the ermine-breasted thrush.

"Who sings like the thrush," the old man continued, "sings with all the beauty there is in earth. Can your Blanid sing with the thrush?" he inquired, turning to some; "or can your Mona?" he inquired of the others. "If there be any doubt among you, the thrush will banish it. Let Blanid sing, and Mona also, and with whom the thrush shall sing, hers is the sweeter song."

Then the men and the women of the hamlet, followed by the old man and the children, went to the top of a wooded hill, where the birds sang in choirs. There, on the thickest mossy bough of an old oak, sat a thrush, waiting for his mate.

"Sing, Blanid O'Dhu," said the old man to the fair girl with the sky-blue eyes. She sang a lay of the hills. The notes rushed through it in torrents, as the rivulets rush to the feet of the hills; and the silver echoes of the song jingled around the forest. The friends of Blanid smiled with the thought of triumph. But the thrush put his head under one of his little brown-striped wings, and appeared to go asleep.

"Sing, Mona Boru," said the old man to the dark girl, who, half afraid, was charmed with the song of Blanid. Mona sang a lay of love. The notes rose and sank with her budding emotions. She did not feel in her heart the height or the depth of the words of the carol, of course, which was altogether too romantic for the understanding of a maid small in years; but she sang as she had heard her mother, who understood the song well, sing. The thrush pulled his head from under his wing, blinked his beady eyes and trilled as Mona trilled; and their song, rising and sinking, glorious as song can be, filled the eyes of Mona's friends with tears of joy. The thrush had found a new mate.

"See," said the old man to the men and women, "the thrush has made his choice. It was wiser than yours, which, to speak the truth, was rather between the maidens than between their voices. Then the old man went his way, but his mild rebuke stayed behind and sobered the champions of the tender rivalry.

"Still, we may say, Blanid, that you sing like the lark," said the friends of Blanid O'Dhu to her.

"Yes, and like the nightingale, Blanid O'Dhu," said the friends of Mona, laughing, too.

Then Blanid, who sang like the lark and the nightingale, and Mona, who sang with the thrush, went home hand in hand, in the manner of two little girls that are beautiful and gentle and kind. And the thrush, seeing their innocence and their gentleness, and seeing likewise the foolishness of the men and women, flew away, and came no more to tempt fair Blanid O'Dhu and dark Mona Boru.

LEO XIII.

BY REV. MORTIMER E. TWOMEY.

When God has chosen a man for a high office, it is the duty of the man to grow to the full capacity of the station. And in our human estimation of men, we reckon as among the small and the defective those who have not responded to their opportunities, who have not risen to the heights before them, or who, lacking either in talent to discern, or energy to perform, great work, do not "bestride the narrow world like a colossus." "On what meat does this our Caesar feed that he is grown so great?" is a querulous complaint of envious Cassius to Brutus. Caesar was only as the rest of men, subject as were others to heat and cold, to the fatigues of labor, and the distress of sickness. And yet Caesar, of so feeble a constitution that when wasted with fever in Spain, he cried for drink, upon the throne of Rome, so "won the start of the majestic world, as to bear the palm alone."

In the year 1870, the Papacy was moribund. So a sceptical world was saying, and timid Catholics needed all the assurance of their faith to realize that Peter never dies. A few years later, Pius IX, of gentle and of kindly nature, and never constituted to contend with the cunning Cavour and the gory Garibaldi, left the turmoils of that Rome and Italy that had been to him cruel, ungenerous, and unjust. His Cardinal Camerlengo, Archbishop Pecci, called together the Cardinals in secret conclave, to elect a successor to Pius. On February 7, 1878, Pius died, and on February 20, the Camerlengo, contrary to tradition, was elected to the See of Rome. The new Pope took the name of Leo XIII.

In his young days, as a priest, much honor had come to Pecci, but when in the full noon-tide of his success and glory he was buried in the diocese of Perugia, he was apparently lost to the world. He who at the age of thirty-three had been Nuncio at Brussels, and had won golden opinions by the successful fulfillment of a difficult mission, spent thirty-two years, from 1846 to 1878, as bishop of Perugia.

When called to the Papacy, Pecci had nearly reached the allotted age of man's terrestrial sojourn, yet at sixty-eight years of age he was only entering, as the child enters, into life. In the seclusion of his episcopal life, he had been training for the greatest of dignities, the most marvelous power wielded by any man on earth. Under the guidance of his great favorite and teacher, St. Thomas Aquinas, Cardinal Pecci had pursued the study and investigation of mind and heart, of social and religious questions.

Coming then suddenly, as have many of the great Popes, into the full blaze of an onlooking world, he was no neophyte from whom the mysteries should be concealed, no infant whose petition should be a tear, no mere child learning to struggle into upright steps. He was a stranger to the world, but cognizant of the world and its evils and its needs; familiar with its tendencies, in harmony with its righteous hopes and aspirations, and inspired with zeal to devote himself to the realization of what is best in the yearnings of humanity.

When the red Cardinal became the white Pope, when Joachim Pecci was Leo XIII, with new position and power came the sense of added re-

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sponsibility. That vast mind, gazing out through all-penetrating and concentrating eyes, saw in the prospect, enterprises which only a noble intellect and a strong heart should ever dare. And the young man who had faced and conquered the brigands of Benevento was alive again in the old frame, and the youth revived has remained for twenty-one years a youth, young in conception, young in enthusiasm, young in devotion, young in hope. Oh! the glory of an old man who has never grown old, because his heart's best affections have been true to humanity and to humanity's cause!

The problems which the new Pope had to face might well have daunted the stoutest resolution. Environment plays a great part in the developing or retarding of men. Environment has made sinners, as it has made saints. It has stultified genius in the arms of luxury, and multiplied talent under the lash of necessity. It has raised to heaven by example, and pushed down to hell by evil contact. The environment of a prison was but little calculated to manifest a world leader, or to produce one whose speech should startle the universe, and win the admiration of enemies, the respect of the indifferent, and the devotion of friends.

But he who goes not outside the walls of the Vatican, who holds liberty of thought in devotion to principle as more sacred than corporal freedom: he who could sacrifice self, but never the Church and her God-given prerogatives, has, with the word of his wisdom and the power of his truth, ascended to the position of the first intelligence for the past generation in Europe. And if only an intelligence, he had not been a power to endure. Intelligence is too often associated with viciousness, and frequently affords to vice the knowledge of how bad ends are to be attained. But the intellect which is the informant to a strong moral nature, which affords to the will the broad and sufficient reasons of conviction, will not fail. And the grand intellect of Leo has been always in enterprise with a spiritual nature of most delicate poise. In the pictures exhibited by The American Mutoscope Company we have watched the presentation of a luminous understanding shining through a frail body. And we have realized that this man bore upon himself the weight of the universe, not lightly, but intelligently. The keen glance, the bright eye, the brilliant face, the captivating smile, indicated one who knew his work,—man and his destinies,—who feared it not, despite its magnitude, but beaming with love, entered it with love, endured in it by love, and persevered in it for love.

A sad thing it is to find in power a man who is below the requirements of his position. Not the mantle makes the king, nor the name the president, nor the ring the bishop. Simon transferred from the little vessel on the Sea of Galilee becomes Peter, the rock unshaken of faith, and persecuting Saul is converted into zeal-flaming Paul. History is teeming with lessons of the direful effects of small men, of narrow men, of weak men, in high positions, where responsibilities were great, and opportunities to be made because not at hand, or to be rightly seized because given. As a weak, insipid book may be no less hurtful at times than a bad book, whose badness is itself a warning, so may a weak ruler work no less wrong than an evil one. Given in 1878 a man of apathy, a man who would see in the Pope's inglorious captivity but destiny, and in the Church's loss of freedom but the designs of Providence, what untold miseries together with degradation

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PREPARING TO BESTOW THE PONTIFICAL BLESSING.

should have fallen upon her since that time. It is not enough "to trim the sanctuary lamps, and feebly wait for better days." The useless servant has his condemnation heavily written. The flicker of the weak sanctuary lamp is only to proclaim the unrivaled light of Him who is the light of the world, the Sun of Justice. And woe to the pastor who neglects that proclamation to His people! The little blaze of lamp will not suffice, where the thunders of denunciation must mingle with the invitations of love.

He who as student, as priest, as bishop, as boy and man, had never been other than an active, intelligent force, could be no less in the Papacy than he had been in the mountains or in college, in Brussels or in Perugia. Apathy, he could have none of it. Fear, it was foreign to his nature. His mind was so great that immediately it was at work to solve the great difficulties which his position presented to him, and his energy was so untiring that for all these long years he has never ceased to face his labor.

So great a worker is Leo, that it has been said that whoever visits him comes away inspired to extensive labor. And as Bossuet read the sublime pages of Isaias to arouse himself to fire and force for his sermons, so might even a laggard be stirred into determination and enterprise by contemplating the sturdy labors of our almost nonagenarian, Leo XIII.

At times our human fears might start up alarmed, and make us wonder if God's Spirit always guides in the choice of the Church's leaders. But when the figure of Leo rises be-

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POPE LEO BEING CARRIED IN A SEDAN CHAIR FROM THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

fore us, we know he has been the choice of the Holy Spirit, and that God, who is life, has energized in that slight frame a force that is dynamic. The flashes of his genius have inspired the Catholic world, until today to be an idler in the work of the Church, to be a coward in her defense, to be only a half-hearted disciple in the spreading of her sacred truth, were as shameful as that a young man should subsist in idleness, living by the hard-earned wages of his year-laden parent. So strong and noble a worker is our Holy Father, Leo XIII.

To him has been given the clear perception of right and of the world's needs. And because he is a great man, he takes the initiative. He does not shirk the task. It is not always pleasant. Some will be offended. But he is the ruler, and the leader should lead. The subjects will obey. "Feed my lambs" was not alone said to Peter, but "feed my sheep" as well. Some men wrap themselves up in their own uncomprehended thought, some hold their ear to the ground waiting for the rumble and the roar of the populace. To neither of these classes does Leo belong. He knows. And with knowledge of what he would attain, he works. And he achieves because he knows the end and procures the adaptation of means to end. Like Samson with the lion, he faces a difficulty and he kills it. Like David, he is surprised that a bear should steal a lamb of his flock. He is scarcely indignant. But he follows that bear. He kills it. Like David, he is now truly indignant, when the Goliath Bismarck mocks

and scorns at the army of God. He will meet that Goliath, and with the simple stone, with the word of truth, he shall humble the proud giant to the earth. Before the man of God the man of iron must succumb.

Only a man of consummate wisdom can conceive a plan of vast design, and only a man of unlimited resources can hope for such a plan's execution. Looking back over the field of Leo's achievements, we are led to the conclusion of Cardinal Satolli, that, from the beginning, Leo had a settled and definite plan of action. According to this Cardinal, Leo's plan was three-fold:

1. Ardent zeal to develop studies.

2. Continued interest in social sciences.

3. Zeal for peace in Christian countries, by the spread of civilization, by the teaching of religion, and by concord between Church and State.

If we are ready to concede to Leo such definite designs from the beginning of his pontificate, we shall necessarily look upon each papal action or letter not as fragmentary, but as a selected and prepared stone in the great edifice which this noble Father has erected in the field of modern progress. Nor laggard is Leo, nor pessimist. He shall die, but centuries shall still be born, and over them shall the Spirit of God rule in His Church. To these centuries has Leo ever looked onward, and in the van he has been marching, the leader of humanity, the leader of futurity. To such a leader all hail!

In Rome there is another leader. He is enthroned in the Quirinal. To Humbert, who enjoys the stolen patrimony of the Church, are subject

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IN THE GARDEN OF THE VATICAN.

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THE SWISS GUARD IN THE VATICAN GARDEN.
THE FRENCH GEND'ARMES OF THE PAPAL GUARD.

armies. United Italy has been far from prosperous under this son of Victor Emmanuel. Dishonored abroad, famine-stricken at home, the nation looks for salvation to a bankrupt government. Thieves have swarmed and parasites have flourished about the robber-king. Compare the years of Humbert with the years of Leo, and note what manner of man is each. Compare the power of Humbert, his resources and his failures, with the total lack of resources at Leo's disposal and his glorious successes. Ignored is Humbert and his throne insecure; loved is Leo and his name treasured in the hearts of men. And with his master's skill he has lifted up the Papacy to the general admiration of mankind. Its downfall is not now the theme of fanatics, nor the promise of small historians. Its marvelous conquests under Leo, its bold, never defiant, but always assertive—as truth is assertive—attitude under Leo, has compelled the astonishment of a surprised world. Catholics know the Papacy is always safe, that through Christ it must endure, that its destruction is as impossible as that the word of God should pass away, but to our faith has been given testimony, and to the unbelief of non-Catholics has been given proof of an inward, magnificent life, essential to the Papacy. The personal respect, the universal kindliness, the general homage of civilized men to Leo have given a remarkable prestige to the Papacy itself. Leo has adorned his station, not only adorned it by his own majestic personality, but has established its might in such manner that to his successor he shall transmit as the firmest and best regarded throne on earth what at his own enthronement seemed to be the crumbling chair of St. Peter. And in this has Leo merited not only the esteem and praise of his faithful children of the Church, but the gratitude of men, that a dynasty all spiritual should by his unselfish efforts have so captivated mankind.

Had Leo been a seeker after self, a prince ambitious for fame, for applause, to himself might have come such honor as falls to a man of genius, but the Pope would have been a failure, while the son of Ludovico Pecci flourished. But the total unselfishness, the noble self-abnegation, the perfect absorption in the century's progress, in the welfare of the human race, have in a measure lifted him into ideal regions. Into the heart of the world he came, because he was in sympathy with the people, and the heart of the people, the throbbing, passionate, suffering heart of the people was beating against his heart that knew sorrow, because he was a true disciple of the Man of Sorrow. And because God gave him to understand and to compassionate, Leo has been to mankind a "Lumen in Coelo," a light *from* heaven.

What wonder then that with the very advent of his power, Leo assumed the duties of commander. Prince of the Church, and teacher and guide to all, his voice has been eloquent, his pen never idle, his work unceasing.

That work is not to be summed in a paragraph, nor to be dealt with justly in a review. The teachings and the documents of this Supreme Pontiff may be referred to, but only the study of the words and the doctrines of Leo in his letters and encyclicals shall give to each individual the fair material for estimating what are Leo's principles, what his plans, and what is the nature of that man of nearly ninety years who is above all men today on earth an intellectual force, a wonder of industry, and a heart of love for all the human race.

HIS FIRST SCOOP.

BY W. H. FEENEY.

He looked boyish and the aroma of the country seemed to be about him as he trudged over to the city editor's desk in the Review office. Some of the most recent arrivals on the city staff stopped turning out copy for a moment to get a glimpse of the new reporter. The older men of the staff, who were principally department men, in charge of financial, literary, sporting and other everyday chat, and whose salaries were of reasonable size, were too much bored to look up at the setting to work of a new and inexperienced reporter.

The Review was, and is yet, known in newspaperdom as the paper that makes first-class reporters out of "raw material," always providing that material shows a glint of the true metal even though it be beneath an unpolished exterior.

The big bare room around which the countrified youth looked was the most wretched that ever did duty as an editorial and reportorial room combined. When the Review men secured positions on the other more prosperous papers, they learned to appreciate their comfortable quarters all the more. During the day, a few of us learned that the newcomer's name was Joseph Bailey, and that his native place was Middleboro, Vt.

He drifted into the routine without much obstruction, for the reason that it was the summer season, and what news there was came practically easy. Joe possessed a good knowledge of the English language and was full of enthusiasm, ideas and imagination. Therefore, he kept out of the beaten path, or "stereotyped" style, in his composition.

His assignments, while he was being made familiar to the work, were comparatively simple. He was sent to monthly meetings of societies, which held debates on various subjects, and in regard to the majority of such meetings he was advised by a "memo" previously scribbled on his assignment slip to write one "stick." A "stick" in a newspaper parlance means about two inches of matter when set in type, so that Joe would write about one hundred and fifty words on such assignments as those referred to above. Such work required only a perfunctory service. Joe knew but little of the marvelously clever detective work accomplished by the police reporter of the Review or of other able work done in news-getting.

The summer was nearly over before Joe's chance to distinguish himself came. At the State House there was practically nothing to write about. The legislature was not in session, and were it not for a somewhat serious disagreement between labor and capital existing at the Fall River cotton mills, there would have been no need for the staff men of the various newspapers of Boston and the correspondents for the New York and Springfield papers to linger about in the quarters of the State Board of Arbitration.

Early in the afternoon of one of these momentous days, Joe had been sent up to the Capitol. The State House man, Mr. Jenkins, had left the city that morning on his vacation. "Keep in touch with the chairman of the Board," Mr. Whitman had said on assigning Joe to his afternoon work. "The A. P's. (Associated Press) morning story from Fall River says that the executive committee of the various amalgamated labor organizations might today telegraph their acceptance of the proposals of the Arbitration Board."

The reporters made themselves comfortable in the softest chairs of the chairman's private room. With the exception of Joe they were men who knew and were on familiar terms with every governor, legislator and politician who had graced the Capitol's corridors for years. The new man waited with the rest till past two o'clock. The State House men paid practically no attention to him. Someone casually asked where Jenkins was. This, of course, brought Joe under the momentary scrutiny of those present. Only for a moment, however. A new reporter, unless he has distinguished himself by doing something to bring himself into journalistic prominence, is of but slight interest to a veteran of the profession. The reporters chatted on.

Joe, feeling hardly as much at ease as he would have liked, wandered out through the corridors. He kept his eye on the entrance of the room that he had just left, and was ready to speed back in case a messenger boy made his appearance there, or if the long distance telephone bell rang.

As he wandered along past the various department offices, his hands in his pockets, he thought of the change the experience of the past few months was making in him. He had arrived in Boston very green in appearance, and, with all his "schooling," very ignorant of the ways of the world. He was getting on, there was no doubt as to that. Even the new ready-made clothes, which he had recently acquired from his modest salary, seemed to cling with more style to his form.

A sweeper was at work in the side office of the state tax commissioner. He had a cheery face, and smiled pleasantly as Joe strolled by. Joe felt

in his breast pockets, and fished out a couple of fragrant cigars. Joe did not smoke, but felt obliged to accept the many cigars which were given him by people with whom he came in contact.

He stopped to hand them to the good-natured fellow, who ejaculated, "I'll smoke them when I'm through for the day." Joe chatted a while with him. "You're a reporter, I take it," queried the sweeper. "Then mebbe you'd like to know that the tax commissioner is going to resign. 'Tis true, I guess, for I heard the commissioner himself dictating the letter for the Governor, to his typewriter."

Joe looked at his watch. It was just a quarter to three o'clock. Nothing could get into the regular editions of the Review after quarter past three. He remembered just where the telephone closet was located, and then, with his wits about him, tried to remember whether he had heard any political story in connection with the recent talk of the resignation. He remembered that the commissioners had denied the rumors of resignation to reporters of all the papers. It seemed definite enough now. The commissioner had made up his mind. He was getting out of office on his own accord. The office was one of importance, and attached to it was a large salary. Many prominent politicians of both parties would be greatly interested in the news. So would a large portion of the public. The fall politics would soon make gossip for the newspapers, and the Review management was eager for political news.

Joe hurried to the entrance to the commissioner's private office. He was stopped by a private secretary, but on presenting his card, which bore the inscription, "Daily Review," he was almost immediately admitted.

"Well, I thought you fellows were off the scent on this thing today," remarked the commissioner, cheerily. "It was only this afternoon that I made up my mind to resign and accept a splendid office held out to me by a large New York insurance company. Here is a copy of my letter to the Governor, which will probably be made public tomorrow."

Joe saw at once that he now had in his possession the whole of the story so far as it could be covered that day. There might be some newspaper gossip for a day or two, but Joe knew that he had the exclusive—the "scoop." He thanked the commissioner gravely for the information, and the latter, who, by the way, was an old newspaper man, voluntarily promised to say nothing to the other reporters that day in regard to his resignation.

Joe went to the telephone and started off his story briefly, and without any elaborate attempt at sensation. The shorthand man in the Review office took the story as Joe read it. The letter to the Governor was, of course, embodied in the story. It was just twelve minutes past three when Joe emerged from the telephone closet, but long before that time the first part of the story was being set up by the linotypers in the composing room of the Review, and a hand compositor was busy in setting up in big block type a two-column "head" which told the story.

It was a proud moment for Joe when he came down to the office about four o'clock and heard the managing editor say, "That story on M——'s resignation was a 'scoop.' Who is covering the State House in Jenkins' absence?"

"Mr. Bailey covered it this afternoon," responded Mr. Whitman. The following Saturday, Joe found in his envelope substantial proof of appreciation.

A SISTER OF MERCY, HER WORK AND HER ORDER.

BY "CUTHBERT."

I. A SISTER OF MERCY.

It is pleasant to note how much attention is being given just now by non-Catholic as well as Catholic magazines to the various religious orders of women. This is a gratifying sign of the times. An unsought recognition of a host of unobtrusive workers in the cause of education and religion is an evidence that the American love of fair play is not dead. It also demonstrates that the old knownothing spirit is fast dying, if not defunct. If the latter, peace to its ashes. May it never be galvanized into a semblance of life again.

The cause of this favorable opinion, as sincere as it is widespread, in regard to our nuns, is easily understood. When we remember the unparalleled growth of the Catholic Church in this country of late years, and realize that there are now over fifty thousand religious here whose labors are for the most part of an educational nature, we can realize also, to some extent, the great influence these religious women are exerting on our Catholic population. How many American women who have become eminent at home or abroad in music, in painting, in sculpture, in literature, and in all the fine arts, look back fondly to some convent as to their loved Alma Mater! Alumnæ of the convents in our day are found everywhere, occupying positions in every grade of social life. It is not surprising then, that those who have effected so much good should receive due recognition. The wonder is that it should have been so long deferred.

Too much space would be occupied were an attempt made even to enumerate the different Orders engaged in teaching in our various states. I therefore confine myself to the consideration of one institute, that of the Sisters of Mercy, who have labored among us since their arrival in Pittsburgh in 1843. Fortunately the reader can easily avail himself of the means of becoming acquainted with the working of this great Order. The industry of one of its own members has enabled him to follow the career of an Order which is now found in nearly every English-speaking country of the world. The "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy" is a book in every way worthy of attention.

The author, Mother Mary Austin Carroll, was born in old Clonmel, which in the early days of this century, had the reputation of being no mean literary centre. There was enjoyed the genial humor of Lawrence Sterne; there were the elegance and splendor of Margaret Power, Lady Blessington, whose numerous novels and books of poetry amused our grandfathers and grandmothers. Fond of reading from early childhood, having inherited the taste from both parents, Mary Carroll had read all of Scott's works before she was twelve, and Pope at a very early age. Not content with the meagre curriculum of the day schools of that period, her parents provided a tutor for her and her sisters, by whom she was taught, among other things, Latin

and mathematics. Gifted with an extraordinary memory for history, poetry and music she never forgot anything she had read or heard recited. This aptitude of memory, which she appears never to have lost, has enabled the author of the "Annals" to make the history she has written almost encyclopedic in its own sphere.

Letters were not cultivated in the Carroll family at the expense of piety. This is shown in the fact that four daughters entered the Order of Mercy. Mother Austin's religious training took place at the famous historic convent of St. Marie's of the Isle, Cork, which she entered at the age of seventeen. There she made her religious profession in 1856, in which year she came to America to aid Mother Warde who had already established the first Mercy convent in this country. For forty-one years Mother Carroll has been laboring in the United States for the best interests of our Catholic people. She is at present residing in Mobile, and is superioress of the Sisters of Mercy of that diocese. Generously aided by her noble company of Sisters she has been enabled to build no less than fifteen educational and charitable institutions. Mother Austin is still young and vigorous, still writing, building, educating, and establishing new convents of her Order. As in the awful plague of '78 this religious and those noble daughters of the South who have consecrated themselves to the works of mercy, are today the devoted nurses at the bedside of the victims of yellow fever.

Mother Carroll's literary labors are not confined to the writing of the Annals. During her long and busy life she has found time to translate from the French five volumes of ascetical writings of St. Jure, and Father Daniell's "Life of the Blessed Margaret Mary." Thirty years ago she wrote the "Life of Catherine McAuley." This work was, in 1875, highly praised by Dr. Brownson. Then came the popular life of St. Alphonsus Ligouri, which has grown more popular year by year. Later she published the "Life of the Venerable Clement Hoffbauer." From the Spanish we have her translations of Luis of Granada. Her writings were highly commended by the reviewers: Few if any pious biographies in our language can be compared with these in their hold upon the mind and heart of the reader.

Deeply impressed with the importance of the influence of proper home training of children, of which the school should be an auxiliary and not a principal part, Mother Carroll has made mothers her debtors in the assistance she has given them in their responsible task, in producing four juvenile volumes. These are: "Glimpses of Pleasant Homes," "Angel-Dreams," "Happy Hours of Childhood" and "By the Sea-side."

Another phase of the broad educational work of this active Sister of Mercy, in whose life it must be remembered, authorship, after all, holds but a secondary place, is the number of dramas she has written for convent and academy presentation.

Her graceful and scholarly contributions for years to the New Orleans Sunday papers were at once a means of recreation and refinement to her readers. Articles from her pen may be found in our Catholic magazines from the American Catholic Quarterly to the Irish Monthly—the editor of the latter being among her warmest admirers. Counting large and small, original and translated, or edited, Mother Carroll has published no less than thirty volumes. She has at present in preparation a volume of travels.

II. HER WORK.

With these brief remarks on the author I pass to the consideration of the "Annals" themselves. Too much cannot be said in their praise. Such a woman as the above biographical facts reveal the author to be might have been expected to tell the story of her Institute in a manner worthy of such a theme. The whole history is given us from the fullness of knowledge and the warmest sympathies of one who has felt and lived through all she describes.

Her style is clear, strong and varied. The heart plays as important a part in these relations as the head. Hearty bursts of humor abound, and these are varied by pathos frequently as deep as it is touching. I know no volumes so genuinely and thoroughly Catholic; so likely to be read over and over again for the ever fresh interest they possess. The reader who once begins them will not lay them aside unfinished. I do not wonder that priests and bishops and even Protestants write to say that they are reading these volumes for the third time. The late Archbishop Reynolds, of Adelaide, S. Australia, always kept them by him, and when he was worried, troubled or out of sorts, "a dose of the Annals," he said, revived him, and made him forget his worries.

Mother Austin modestly tells us that her work has won admiration, not for the part she has had in producing it, but for the personal heroism of so many valiant souls, and for the multitudinous and splendid achievements she has endeavored to portray. It may be insisted upon, however, that the subject has lost nothing of its charm in her hands. The story carries us along on its current of hard though touching fact in a way seldom reached by even the great masters of romance.

My practical acquaintance with the writings of this remarkable woman began while I was spending some weeks last August in a beautiful woodland country. I sat at the library window, my attention divided between the beautiful landscape and the new books I always carry on my rustication tours.

There was a knock at my door. I opened and my host, a young priest, walked in. He had four volumes in his hands. "Here," he said, "put away your novels and try these. They are the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy. I have often thought the history of such religious Orders would make fine material for literary work. Here my ideal is realized."

My young friend I knew to be zealous, but I also knew him to be rather sober in his judgments and somewhat severe in his taste. I took up the books at his bidding, and knew no more of novels during my stay in the country. I read through the Annals with ever increasing interest. I marked the chapters I had to read over and over again. I read them still. And I can promise any Catholic, indeed any man or woman with heart to admire all that is noble in self-sacrifice and heroic in devotion to duty, that he will lay aside the creations of the imagination and read these touching, beautiful records of the daughters of Catherine McAuley. If I could get them into ten thousand American homes, and into every public and private library in the land I would think I had done a great service to American readers.

The Catholic will admire them for the touching pictures of Christ-like holiness they portray, but even those who will read them from an historic or any other natural motive, will be amply rewarded. Matthew Arnold, who did not hold too much converse

with the supernatural, would have found in this work a source of "sweetness and light." All that is high, all that is pure, all that is of good report, are abundantly provided for the reader in these pages, in which there are no traces of pessimism, no rivalry, no complaining. The author, in her labor of love, has never lost sight of that broad charity which "embraces all things." Every trace of narrowness is excluded. She gives many a tribute of whole-souled praise to sister institutions engaged in similar labors to those of her own Order.

Gratitude is sometimes quite strikingly illustrated in the loving and reverential pen pictures of men or women who have in some way or other befriended the Order. Rapid graphic sketches, from an able pen, form a picture gallery of many men prominent either in Church or State, in Ireland, England, Australia and our own country. These brief biographies may well form the nuclei of many an important "life" yet to be written. Scarcely anything can be found more virile, and at the same time more touching than the author's pen portraits of Bishop Quarter, the first bishop of Chicago; of Bishop Michael O'Connor of Pittsburgh, or of his brother, Bishop James O'Connor, of Omaha, but for these I must refer the reader to the "Annals" themselves.

If these volumes were read by all who should read them, they would double the number of our young Catholic heroines who sacrifice their all in the world, and consecrate themselves to the work of God and to the service of their fellow beings. It was said of a book some years ago that no reader was the same after as before its perusal. I am sorry to say that nearly everybody who read it was decidedly the worse for the performance. No one can read the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy without being better, happier, richer for the rest of his days.

The complaint is often made, and with some degree of truthfulness, that annals, and histories, and biographies are generally but dull reading; that they contain no "incident," no rush, nothing to captivate the attention or relieve the strain of the more serious and heavier portions. How has Mother Carroll overcome this difficulty? I make one quotation from among many that might be selected, and let the reader judge for himself:

"Hanna Flynn, a woman of masculine strength and endurance came (to the House of Mercy, New York City), from the south of Ireland, in 1859, with one aim, to earn money to help her parents and the children 'to keep the roof over their heads.' Her face was plain, her English uncouth, for Irish was her mother tongue. Her landlord's broad acres had gone into the Encumbered Estates Court. In the distress occasioned by the added rent, and the new master's harsh mode of exacting it, she had volunteered to come to America to aid the family. She had been a dairy-maid at the great house, could milk cows, and feed calves, and drive them into pastures rich with clover blossoms and hedged with hawthorne, her bare feet bedizened with white and gold, the petals of the daisies and buttercups. I know not whether she heeded the blackbird's song, or the pæons of the lark in the upper air, or the dual note of the cuckoo—all which add to the poetry of bucolic life. In summer time and harvest she made hay and bound the golden sheaves which the sturdy arms of 'the boys' cut down with their sickles before the day of reaping machines. The utmost limit of her travel was the crowded parish chapel. The alphabet was to her as the hieroglyphics of Egypt. And yet she was a heroine. She knew her

prayers, she honored her parents, she loved God in her own simple, faithful way; she was honest, upright, truthful, laborious and capable of self-sacrifice.

"Hanna crossed the ocean in a sailing vessel, suffering tortures of mind and body as she sped over the fearful waters. In her coarse linsey-woolsey and heavy brogues, she presented herself at the convent gate. It was a pain to see that peasant endure the confinement of an immense house, dealing with the difficulties of the washboard, and the more uncongenial labor of the ironing room. Many a tear would fall into the 'stationary tub' which was such a wonder to her, and many a sigh escape from the poor heart, as she yearned for the cowslips, the meadows and the corn-cakes. Great was her consternation one day when she met on the stairs the daughter of her former master—a refugee, like herself learning to work in the House of Mercy. Hanna cried aloud, and the poor lady retired on plea of a headache, which was really a heart-ache.

"With natural delicacy, Hanna mentioned to no one the cause of her sorrow, but told the Sister in charge, 'she'd like to wash for Miss M—— and make her bed, and do her any little service she could; she was never in a place like this, and she's only a handful of a crature.' The Sister had some trouble in getting from her the young lady's story. 'I'd sooner die,' said she, 'than let people know that her father's child could be brought to this.'

* * * * *

"When Hanna learned that despite her sacrifices, eviction came upon her loved ones at home, her grief and dismay were agonizing. She labored on with a bleeding heart and crushed spirits, helping them to the last. Her father died. She brought out her sister, so that both could earn enough 'to make a man of brother Peter, poor fellow.' The young sister speedily withdrew from the firm, leaving Hanna to work sola. Without even consulting her, she married a German, to Hanna's great horror, for a German was to her an incomprehensible being, and she was astounded that Catherine should have the courage to marry one. She divided her earnings between her brother and sister, 'slaving out' her life, as she expressed it, among strange people in strange places, for those she loved so well, and who, unfortunately were not ashamed to take the fruits of her distressing servitude."

III. HER ORDER.

Mother Catherine McAuley, the holy foundress of the Sisters of Mercy, was born on St. Michael's day, 1787, at Stormanstown House, County Dublin. Her father was a man of sincere piety. He devoted much time to the poor and lowly of his neighborhood, instructing them in their faith at a period when priests were scarce. Her mother was a highly-cultured woman of the world, who, when her husband died while Catherine was very young, allowed friends to sow the seeds of error in the minds of her three young children. Though at the end she was truly contrite and torn with remorse, the poor woman was overtaken by death before any arrangements could be effected to secure the faith of the orphans, who were soon taken by Protestant relatives bitterly opposed to the Catholic faith. The other children were too young to realize that they were being robbed of their faith, but Catherine could never be persuaded to enter a

non-Catholic place of worship. Her faith, though perhaps somewhat dimmed during these years, for want of instruction, was never lost.

About the year 1804, Catherine McCauley was adopted by an estimable and very wealthy couple, named Callahan, owners of Coolock House, in a beautiful village near Dublin. Before many years this worthy couple died, but not before both had professed the Catholic faith. These conversions the future foundress was chiefly instrumental in bringing about. She inherited the wealth of her protectors, and was then enabled to carry out a long cherished desire to devote herself in some special manner to the lowly and the ignorant. She aimed at establishing schools, building a house for distressed women of good character and of relieving and consoling the sick poor. To carry out her plans a plot of ground was purchased in a fashionable part of Baggot Street, Dublin. In 1824, the Very Rev. Dr. Blake laid the first stone of a building which, three years later, was opened for destitute women, orphans and scholars.

At this time several pious ladies assisted Catherine McAuley in her good works, but no one ever dreamed of making the institution a religious house, much less that Miss McAuley would in a few years become the foundress of a new religious order in the Church. But Providence was arranging all things. At first these zealous workers began in jest to call each other "Sister." The architect of the house had received little information as to the use to which the new edifice was to be put. Catherine McAuley and her companions, when they took possession, were amused to discover that he had built a convent, even to the detail of a lattice work in the parlor.

Owing to the nature of the work engaged in, the ladies dressed more and more plainly as time wore on, and in every change made, their dresses further resembled the habits of religious. Some of the workers began to reside permanently at the house. By permission of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Murray, archbishop of Dublin, the institution was called "of our Blessed Lady of Mercy." On November 22, 1828, that prelate gave permission to visit the sick in the capacity of Sisters.

Thus, without design, to all exterior appearances had a religious community been established. But it was an anomalous affair. Opposition arose, in which many of the clergy joined. If this were a real convent, some asked, why did not those who formed the community assume the vows of religion and obtain the sanction of the Church. If it were a merely secular charitable institution, where was the sense, or even propriety, of conducting it as if it were a religious organization. Archbishop Murray realized that there were many reasons for the complaints made. He was quite convinced of the sanctity of Catherine McAuley, and fully realized her perfect purity of intention. In 1830, he told her she must make a choice. If she decided to make of her institution a religious house, then the dress and the observances hitherto practised could be perfected. If, on the other hand, she and her companions did not feel called to take the vows of religion, then the work of the institute must be conducted on the lines of other lay charitable works.

After mature consideration, Catherine McAuley and several of her coworkers decided to become religious. Leaving some of her number to continue the work already so successfully begun, she, with two companions, Elizabeth Harley and Anna Maria

Doyle, went as novices to the Presentation Convent on George's Hill, Dublin, to learn the spirit and details of the religious life.

The foundress made her profession of the vows of religion on December 12, 1831. From that day dates the origin of the Sisters of Mercy as a religious order. Four years later, Pope Gregory XVI gave his solemn approbation and apostolic benediction to the young institute. In less than ten years its membership had reached one hundred. Early in the first decade branches from the parent house were established in several Irish towns. Kingston, near Dublin, was the first "filiation." This convent had an early checkered career and was once abandoned during the lifetime of Mother McAuley, but, today, it is one of the most flourishing in the Order. A few years saw Houses of Mercy established in Tullamore, Carlow, Navan, Naas, Drogheda, Charleville, Cork, Booterstown, Limerick, Galway and other places. Many of these branch houses sent out colonies to different parts of the world. The Order was introduced into England in 1839, Newfoundland in 1842, United States in 1843, Australia 1845, Scotland and New Zealand in 1849.

Four years after the constitutions of the Order were confirmed by Rome, a convent, the first built in London since the Reformation, was placed at the disposal of Mother McAuley by Bishop Griffiths, Vicar Apostolic of the London district. This first London convent of the Mercy nuns was located in Bermondsey, at that time a much poorer and more squalid portion of the great metropolis than it is today. Among the first sisters received and professed in England was Lady Barbara Eyre, a convert, and the author of Geraldine. Her profession was made an occasion of unusual splendor. Several bishops and forty priests were present in the sanctuary. Bishop Griffiths wished, as this was the first public religious profession in London since the Elizabethan persecutions, to give it as much eclat as possible. He succeeded, and the Mercy Institute immediately became popular. In a short time numbers of high-born, wealthy ladies humbly sought admittance at the convent gates. Today, London has over twenty convents of this Order.

On December 10, 1843, the good ship Queen of the West, sailed into New York harbor, having on board a little band of seven Sisters of Mercy, whom the Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor was conducting to his diocese of Pittsburgh, having induced them to leave home and friends and make a foundation there. As soon as the vessel had cast anchor the bishop went ashore and brought to the ship Bishop Quarter, first bishop of Chicago, to welcome the brave band of pioneers. Bishop Quarter made the Sisters promise to found a convent in his diocese as soon at it was possible to do so. They promised him, but the story of how they kept their promise and the difficulties and hardships they overcame must be deferred until another time.

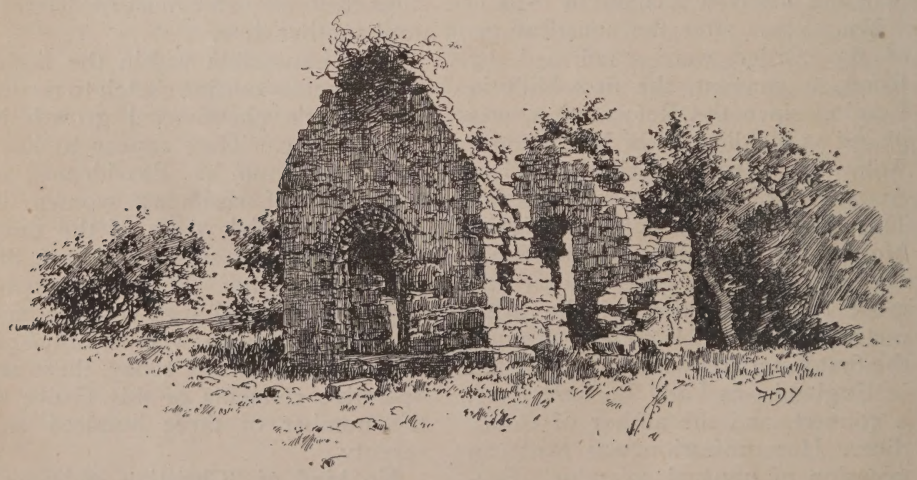
It is impossible within the limits of this merely outline sketch to record the Order's phenomenal growth in this country. They appear to have been raised up by Providence, an army of self-sacrificing women to meet the special wants of the time. Their work was successful from the very beginning. Postulants came early to the Pittsburgh convent, and soon other houses were established. In the United States today, there are operative convents of this Order to the number of three hundred and seventy.

No kind of "Christian endeavor"

comes amiss to these women, nor is outside the scope of their institute. Parish schools, more advanced academies, kindergartens, training schools for teachers, homes for destitute women of good character, asylums for the fallen where the Good Shepherd nuns have no houses, the visitation of the sick poor, preparing the young and the old for the reception of the sacraments, night schools, the reclamation of prisoners, nursing cholera, small-pox, and yellow fever patients, are some, but not all of the active benevolent works in which these Sisters are engaged.

Up to the times, in the very best sense of the word, this Order of holy women is constant in urging war upon every form of vice or ignorance. Much of their patient heroism in the sick-ward, the class room or the hovel will never be known. Nor is it their aim that it should be. Not seeking the praises of men, the Sister of Mercy is content to work on unobserved and unknown. The more secluded from the public gaze, provided the retirement does not frustrate the design of their labors, the better pleased seem these modest workers in the Lord's vineyard.

Most varied have been the experiences of the Sisters of Mercy during the last fifty years. It is interesting to learn how these noble women struggled against famine and pestilence; how they met the bigot know-nothings of New England as well as the bears and Indians of Arkansas and the plague of '78 in New Orleans: how they won the confidence and gratitude of Abraham Lincoln for their management of the famous Douglass hospital at Washington and for their merciful administrations on the battle field; how, throughout the world they have built, in the short space of seventy years, more than eight hundred institutions of education and charity; how their almost twelve thousand members are imparting their saving lessons of word and example to more than one million of people; but for these and like things which space does not permit me to mention, I refer the reader to the "Annals," with the perusal of which he will assuredly be abundantly satisfied.



HER WISH.

BY REV. J. D. O'DONNELL.

"It would be my poor heart's delight, Tom, avic machree, to have you one of God's anointed an' oh, how happy that day would be for me to see you on the altar of God, offering up the Son to the Father an' praying for your poor father's soul an' mine, too, when I go. But, mavrone, that can never be, I fear, unless our Lady intercedes for us. When your poor father was living, Tom dear, we often talked over the matter together, an' shure it was our wish to make a priest of you. But when he died, may his soul rest in heaven this day! the little means we had left for the rainy day was soon gone. I had to hire a man to till the farm, for John, God bless him, was too young an' you were only nine. Bit by bit, I had to sell the farm to pay the rent an' the taxes. The times, too, was bad. But God and His Blessed Mother be praised, I kept half the land until John was grown up an' could tend it himself. But the little place, that is now left us, Tom, is poor, an' we can hardly get an honest living from it without thinking of sending you to college. An' so your poor father's wish and the hope of your ould mother's heart can never be realized. But God's holy will be done, child."

"Do not say that your wish can never be realized, mother, dear," said Tom, earnestly, "for I've read somewhere that our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities. I do not say, indeed, that with our poor circumstances we can do anything, but who knows what God may have in store for us, our lives are in His hands, as you always say, mother."

"That's true, that's true, Tom. Shure I often thank God that He has been so good to us after all, an' every night I say my rosary that His Holy Mother may always assist us. Come what may, Tom, never forget her, an' you will be always happy."

"I do not think I ever could, if I tried to, mother. She has been too good to me, and besides you have put her sweet name into my heart, since I can well remember. I could not be bad with a mother like her in Heaven and a mother like you on earth," said Tom, affectionately embracing his mother, then rushing into the road to hide his tears.

The DeLacys lived on a gentle knoll overlooking the picturesque bay of Bantry. Mr. DeLacy had died suddenly from pneumonia, brought on by exposure. Mrs. DeLacy, with true motherly love, set herself to the task of educating her children as well as her limited means would allow. Hers was a hard struggle. Rainy seasons, hard times, heavy taxes, came on so that she was finally compelled to sell half her farm, still she bore up against her troubles without a murmur. Her son, John, was now grown up and tended to the small farm, so on that score she was happy. Still the one thought that always troubled Mrs. DeLacy's life was to see her boy, Tom, a priest, but in that, too, as we have seen, she was fully reconciled to the will of God.

It was not the first time that she had told her son of her earnest wish. He, too, longed in his inmost soul to devote his life to God in the priesthood, not because it was his mother's wish, but because he felt it was his vocation, that the spirit of God was impelling him in that direction.

This idea, too, strange though it may appear, was firmly rooted in the minds of the simple-hearted peasantry. The old women, with a knowing shake of the head would say, "You'll be a priest some day, Tom, an' faith 'tis you will be the fine holy soggarth an' it's ourselves that 'ud be proud and happy to see ye on the altar." Tom, with a smile and a cheery parting word, would leave the old women invoking blessings on him till he was out of view. Even Biddy Cleary, the greatest virago in the district, had a good word for Tom DeLacy.

A favorite place with Tom was the shores of the beautiful bay of Bantry. Book in hand, he would sit there for hours, contemplating the glorious picture spread out before him. He loved the sea.

Sometimes he would row in his skiff to Glengariff. Tom thought, and no doubt thinks so still, that there was nothing like Glengariff in all Europe. It was always calm and placid there, so different from the open sea. The tall trees climbing up to the mountains' rim, reflected on the waters beneath the wild crags, the numerous isles and the distant roar of the cataract appealed to his sensitive soul more than anything in the world besides. Unconsciously he would repeat Griffin's beautiful lines:

> Come to Glengariff! Come!
> Close by the sea;
> Ours is a happy home,
> Peaceful and free.
> There, there, far away,
> Happy by our sunny bay,
> We live from day to day,
> Blithe as the bee;
> For ours is a sunny home
> Joyous and free.
> Come to Glengariff! Come!
> Close by the sea.

At other times he would row out to Bear or Whiddy Islands, set like gems in the spacious bay. There is a beauty and a fascination about this bay of Bantry which, perhaps, are found nowhere else. Certain it is that it had a wonderful influence on Tom, it inspired him with noble thoughts, helped to mould his character and imbued him with an immense love for the Creator.

Although Almighty God moves in mysterious ways, still, unless in rare cases, He employs natural means to lead His chosen spirits in the paths He has marked out for them. So in this case it was patent to all that He was preparing this favored soul for some grand work, and the noble boy obeyed every dictate of that higher will, which he felt was calling him on and shaping his future career.

One day towards the latter part of July an event occurred which, though unknown to Tom at the time, decided forever his after life. It was one of those beautiful days which to a person, unversed and inexperienced in the peculiarities and uncertainties of an Irish climate, would appear perfect. There was a dreamy haze everywhere. Away down in the valley one had a difficulty in breathing, so dull and heavy was the atmosphere. The sky was unclouded, save in the West, where a dark gray mass of cloud was discernible. One would suppose it was an ideal day for an outing, whether on land or sea, and many of the visitors then staying at Glengariff sallied forth to explore the wild glens and wilder recesses of the mountain; others drove in every conceivable kind of wagon to the Lakes, yet a few went for a quiet cruise on the Bay.

Among the latter was an elderly gentleman, an American. He was accompanied by his two children, a boy and girl of twelve and eleven, respectively. They rowed far out into the bay, unmindful of danger. Tom

DeLacy, who happened to be standing in front of his home, saw this happy party; saw, too, the dark gray mass of cloud in the West move rapidly towards them.

"They are blind," yelled Tom excitedly. "They will be lost!" He took out his handkerchief and waved it several times. "If they could only see me," he said.

But they did not see him. The first faint sigh of the storm came on, moaning as if in agony; it grew louder and louder.

"My God, they are blind!" gasped the excited boy. With one wild spring he cleared the fence. John was in the upland; he would call him. Luckily John was there, and the brothers ran with full speed towards the cove where their skiff was moored.

The wind came up a perfect hurricane, and the sinister, black cloud sent out detached masses over the gloomy sky. "If we do not pull for our lives, they are drowned," cried Tom. "They have lost complete control of their boat and the wind is driving them towards the breakers."

The brothers were in the skiff. "Off we go in God's name, sweet mother of God preserve us," murmured both fervently, and under their powerful strokes the light skiff sped over the waters. The wind rose higher and higher, moaning, shrieking, as it swept by in sharp gusts. The huge waves threatened to engulf the skiff every moment, but the brothers never thought of their own danger, only of the party of three. At that moment in their little home their mother watched them from a window, looking out on the bay, a rosary entwined in her fingers, praying for her two brave sons. How that mother's heart thrilled with fear, love and pride! The boys rowed on, cheering each other with words of hope and confidence. Yes, thank God, the strangers were still in the skiff, but so far away! On again with desperate energy, would they reach them in time? They rest on their oars. Where was the little skiff with its three occupants? Ha, there it rose on the crest of a huge wave, but what a sight met the eyes of the watchers. Before them was the skiff, which must now be full of water, as the waves washed over it every minute. The oars were all gone, wrenched out of the feeble hands that held them. The little boy and girl were clinging to their father in one fond, last embrace, all three heedless alike of wind and wave.

Again did the boys bend to their oars with a will, but on reaching the place where the skiff ought to be, there was not a trace of it to be seen. The brothers scanned the waters; ten yards in front of them the skiff appeared bottom upwards, and the father and son clinging to it with the energy of despair. Where was the little girl? For answer Tom made a plunge into the surf, and appeared in a moment supporting on his arm the almost lifeless form of the child. John laid the light burden gently in the bottom of the boat and helped Tom to enter again. A few swift pulls brought them beside the upturned skiff, and their willing hands stretched out to take in the exhausted father and son. The boy lay beside his sister as if dead.

The father was like one dazed; he did not seem to realize what had happened until they reached the shore. Without a murmur he mechanically followed the boys as they gently bore their burdens to the DeLacy home. They had escaped the real storm!

Mrs. DeLacy had everything in readiness for the sufferers. She spoke not a word, asked not a ques-

tion until her work was done, then with a great cry she passionately flung her arms in turn about each of her sons, murmuring between her sobs and her tears: "God bless you both, my brave, brave boys."

That was one of the happiest days ever spent in the DeLacy home. Mr. Gillen fairly idolized his children and seeing them alive and well again, when but a short time before he had abandoned all hope, his joy knew no bounds. From that day he and his children were constant visitors at the DeLacy's home.

A great friendship sprang up between Tom and the little boy and girl. Tom was their hero, still quiet and undemonstrative as if he had done nothing unusual. Mr. Gillen, not wishing to offend his kind friends and rescuers by offering any reward, wisely asked their history and then incidentally learned of Mrs. DeLacy's wish that her son Tom might be a priest.

The parting was a sad one for all. Tom accompanied them to the railway station. The little boy and girl wept bitterly when their brave rescuer bade them good-bye. Mr. Gillen's eyes were moist as he grasped Tom's hand. "May God forever bless you," was all he said.

Just two weeks after the departure of Mr. Gillen and his children a letter came to Tom. It was as follows:

Mount Melleray Seminary,
Cappoguin.
August 15, 18—.

Mr. Thos. DeLacy:

Sir, Mr. Thomas Gillen of Boston, Mass., called here on his way to Dublin to make arrangements for your entrance into this Seminary. He has paid for your entire term here; he has, besides, left with me a sum amply sufficient to defray all expenses until you are ordained to the priesthood, should God choose to call you to that holy state. The term opens September 1st; you have therefore two weeks to make your arrangements and say your adieus to your friends.

Faithfully yours in Christ,
Brother Maurus.

We will not intrude on the joy of the DeLacy family. That was another happy day, but the happiest of all was yet to come, the day of days, when Tom stood on the altar of God "offering up the Son to the Father."

That evening as Biddy Cleary was coming home from the village, she heard that Tom DeLacy was going to college, and naturally enough Biddy was all athirst to communicate the glad tidings to every mortal she met with. "Come out here, Nell Clancy," she yelled on passing the house of her great antagonist, "till I tell ye the good news." Nell Clancy only hearing the first part of the sentence, and thinking it was another defiance from Biddy Cleary, rushed to the door. But one glance told her that Biddy was not there for fight, so placing her arms akimbo, she listened to the "good news."

So delighted was Nell Clancy over Tom DeLacy's happiness that she would not allow Biddy Cleary to pass her door until they had "a cup of tay" together, just for "ould times" said Nell.

Over the cup of tea Nell and Biddy vowed therefrom an eternal friendship, which I doubt not, at least let us hope, lasts to this day.

Brother Jude.
Superior of the House of the Angel Guardian.—See next page.
[Courtesy of "The Weekly Bouquet."]

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

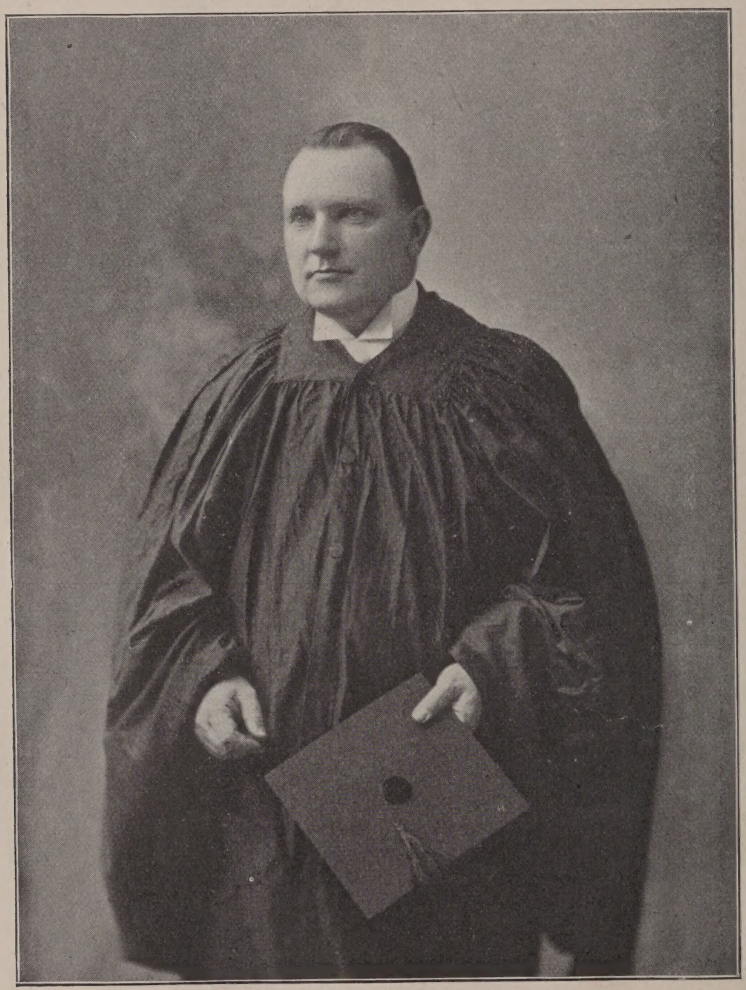
BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

The silver jubilee of the House of the Angel Guardian was a notable event in the Catholic affairs of Boston, and Brother Jude, superior of this worthy institution, was the recipient of many happy messages of congratulation upon the auspicious occasion.

Brother Jude was elected by the chapter as successor to Brother Joseph, and under his administration wonderful things have been accomplished in the way of alleviating misery and distress.

In the face of many difficulties and discouragements the Community, under his direction, has progressed in a remarkable manner, and has developed to its present usefulness and capacity.

From the faithful six, who came from Montreal twenty-five years ago, the great institution has grown, until today it is conducted by twenty-three Brothers; and nearly three hundred boys—among the number many orphans—receive shelter and care at their hands. They have de-



JAMES A. MITCHELL, PH.D.

F. P. Dunne —"Mr. Dooley"

voted themselves assiduously and courageously to their work during these twenty-five years. Difficulties innumerable attended their efforts, but with Divine help and guidance, they have overcome all obstacles.

Dr. James A. Mitchell, professor of geology and mineralogy at Mt. St. Mary's College, Md., has been engaged in geological researches in the state of Maryland, his most valuable work having been in the discovery in Jura Trias, in that state, which geologists had hitherto believed to be unfossiliferous. He contributed monograms on these researches to the Johns Hopkins University Bulletin. Dr. Gilman, president of the university, has acknowledged Dr. Mitchell's work very favorably, and the professor of organic geology in the same university has also welcomed these researches very flatteringly. Dr. Mitchell is a member of the Geological Society of Washington, D. C., and of the National Geological Society of the same place. By his zealous inquiries and his spirit of truly scientific researches, Dr. Mitchell is destined to take a high position in the ranks of advanced Catholic scientists.

Finley Peter Dunne, the widely-known "Dooley," is an Irish American, the managing editor of the Chicago Journal, and a pleasing chronicler of Admiral Dewey's exploits.

Mr. Dunne is a humorist and a philosopher and has opened up a new field in the domain of American literature. Mr. Dooley, with his Irish humor and American hard sense is a new type in literature, and his quaint sayings amuse, while they give, at the same time, much food for reflection. His is a gentle satire, but beneath all the humor there is a world of common sense and sound reason. The brogue is not always all that can be desired, but in the abundance of good things to which he gives utterance one can afford to overlook any minor failing.

Hon. Martin H. Glynn, a plucky Irish lad from New York state, will have the distinction of being the youngest member of the fifty-sixth Congress. He will represent the 20th Congressional district of New York state. Mr. Glynn is a lawyer and newspaper man of Albany, N. Y., being managing editor of the Albany Times-Union and a member of the Albany county bar and the New York State Bar Association.

HON. MARTIN H. GLYNN.

A little more than twenty-six years ago he was born on a farm in the town of Kinderkook, N. Y., almost within the shadow of the old residence of Martin Van Buren, and but a few miles distant from the natal place of Samuel J. Tilden. He is a follower of the democracy of these noted men and an ardent believer in their doctrines.

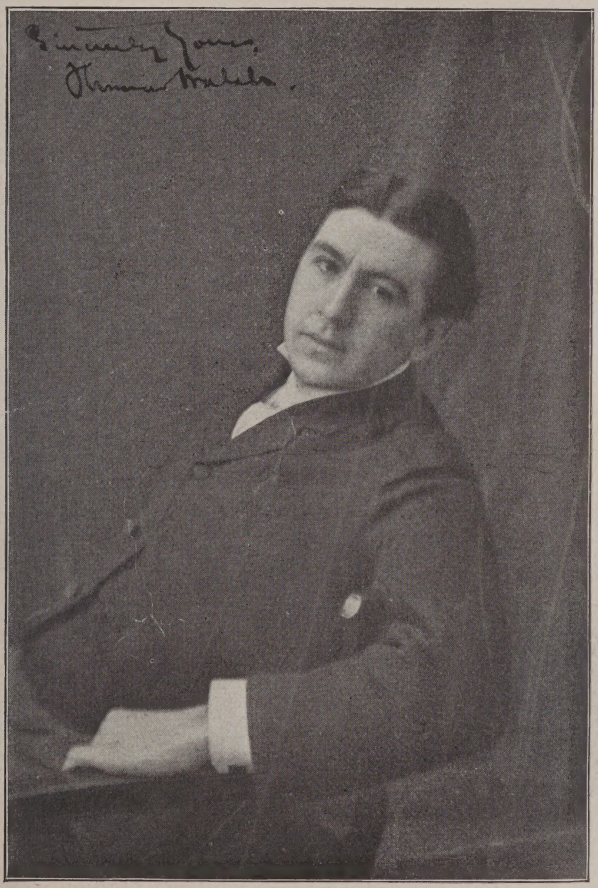
The early education of the young congressman was obtained in the public schools of his native town, and, after completing his studies therein, he worked as an accountant until he had acquired sufficient means to enter college. He is a self-made man in every sense of the word, and owes his success to hard work and devotion to study.

In the fall of '89 Mr. Glynn entered the freshman class of Fordham College, and was graduated from that institution at the head of a large class, in June, '94. His record as a student, both in the public schools and at college, was first-class.

As a speaker Mr. Glynn first came into note at a meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, which won him a reputation which he has since enhanced on the stump, lecture platform and forum.

He swings a facile pen, and has contributed a number of articles to the leading magazines of the country. But it is as a speaker that he has gained most prominence, and wherever he has appeared he has won golden meeds of praise from the press.

Mr. Thomas Walsh is one of the younger poets whose finished work is fast gaining for him well-merited recognition. Mr. Walsh is widely known in New York literary circles, where his vigorous, yet masterly and scholarly verses, have called forth the praise of such eminent critics as Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, Dr. Richard Burton, George W. Cable and Barry Thurston Peck.



He was graduated from Georgetown College, where some of his earliest literary work attracted attention in the College Journal. Later, Mr. Walsh studied English under Professors Woodberry and Brander Matthews at Columbia College, at the same time translating many of the French poets.

It was through one of his renditions of a French poem that he first came to the notice of Prof. Peck and Prof. Roberts. The latter remarked of Mr. Walsh's translations, "Only a poet could have done them."

painstaking care in construction and thorough knowledge of the technique of verses. Without seeming labored, his lines show that much time and patient endeavor are spent over them.

Mr. Walsh combines high social gifts

THOMAS B. LAWLOR.

Mr. Walsh has been a frequent contributor to the best magazines in the country, and readers of Donahoe's are pleasantly familiar with his work. They will surely remember "A Panel, After Turner." This, and his "Tenebrae," and "Harbour Fog," have been widely quoted.

All Mr. Walsh's work bears evidence of

with the disposition of a student; he is deeply interested in the development of music and the pictorial arts, his taste in these matters and his literary discernment as a book-lover making him a most distinguished product of Jesuit culture.

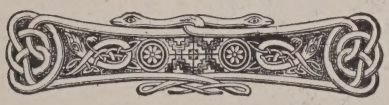
Thomas Bonaventure Lawler was born

in Worcester, Mass., July 14, 1864. He was educated in the public and high schools of that city, and was graduated from Holy Cross College in 1885. Subsequently he took a special course in Sanskrit and Classical Philology under Prof. Roehrig, for seventeen years in charge of that branch at Cornell. He has visited practically all the leading institutions of learning in this country, and made a study of those abroad during a trip for that purpose.

Mr. Lawler has always taken an earnest interest in the literature of India, especially the Vedas and the great epics, and he was early invited to become a member of the American Oriental Society where he meets the ablest scholars of the land. He was also enrolled a member of the Archaeological Institute of America, the worthy organization that maintains the schools for classical study at Athens and Rome. He is a member of the Papyrus Club and is a frequent contributor at their dinners, where the wits and scholars of Boston meet for repartee around the festive board.

Believing as he does in the value of fellowship among Catholic young men, he has long been identified with the Knights of Columbus. Two years ago, in conjunction with a few New England men, he assisted in the formation of the American Irish Historical Society. Mr. Lawler assisted in launching the new movement, and was elected and re-elected Librarian-Archivist of the organization. He has recently brought out from the Atheneum Press the first Journal of the Society, a beautiful work showing the wondrous strides the organization has made in two years.

He is a trustee of St. Vincent's Hospital, Worcester, Mass., and a member of the Catholic Club, and of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of New York City.



GETHSEMANE.

BY CHAS. J. PHILLIPS.

Gethsemane! — "the garden of the wine-press;'
And the fruit! — the Heart of Jesus, bruised and sore,
Crushed in agony beneath the awful anguish;
And the wine! — the streaming blood, the sweaty gore!

Drink, thirsty soul! He loves you and is calling:
"Come, hungry hearts and thirsty souls with Me!
I will give you drink, and feed you, and refresh you
In the Garden of the Press — Gethsemane!"

THE TEST.

A NATIONAL CRIME.

BY EDWIN LYELL EARLE.

As the United States is on the verge of a new venture in colonization, it is well to look back at her record in the treatment of the North American Indian.

Whatever the reason, the fact is, that wherever the Latin races held sway the native Indian is found today in greater numbers than where the Saxon rule prevailed.

The curse of the Nation, as of individuals today, is, that feverish spirit of unrest that demands immediate results and brooks no opposition in securing them. Wherever the Catholic Church could bring her influence to bear, the cause of the native has been sustained, and with the patience of an institution that has a deathless duty to humanity, she has watched at the cradle of races, ministered to their youthful needs, and fitted them to face the problems of life armed for the combat.

Shall the United States recognize any such obligations? We shall see. Meantime a study of the treatment of the North American Indian will be instructive, and furnish us sufficient evidence to forecast the future, if it is to be judged by the past.

I think it safe to say that nowhere in the history of the world is there a crime charged to any nation comparable in its enormity to that of the annihilation of the American Indian.

Our attention is called to the subject just now by the feeble but pathetic protest of the few thousands of the scattered tribes made against the plans of the Dawes Commission for their ultimate extinction.

Huddled together in a corner of the land, where they once roamed in their savage freedom, they are doomed to slow but inevitable destruction; a race, a distinctive type of the human family, devoted to annihilation without having reached a higher plane of civilization, without having evolved the innate possibilities of rational beings. And this crime, this fratricide, is to be placed over against the account of the United States, and a retribution, infallible and terrible, shall yet be demanded; for nations, as well as individuals, have their day of reckoning.

Was the civilization of the Indian possible? Could he have been saved and grafted on the old, decaying trunk of humanity? Or had he in his nature elements intrinsically opposed to the onward and upward march of the race?

Let us see. Let us look at the efforts of, and the results obtained by, the old Church in her treatment of the American Indian.

It is quite safe to say that no nation, unless guided by higher religious influence, will look to the well-being or preservation of a conquered race. And if this race stand in the way of either national or individual lust of gain, its destruction is inevitable. Eliminate the Catholic Church with its mighty influence from the nations that discovered and explored America, and the result will be just the same as it has been with people freed from this restraining power.

Let us take the treatment of the Indian by the Catholic missionary. He did not confine his efforts to the saving of their souls. He did not visit them at intervals, leave a few unin-

telligible Bibles, tell them to hope in Christ, while Christians were robbing and killing them. But he made his abode among them, taught them the benefits of civilization, and the means of acquiring them, and when the spoiler came hurled at him the anathemas of the Church. Not that the Protestant missionary was either a bad or indifferent man. He was simply the victim of a system. He stood alone against thousands whom he was always obliged to placate, while the Catholic monk had his powerful Order to sustain him, and the still more powerful Church, which even nations justly honored and obeyed.

Take, for example, any of the settlements in California and New Mexico. The ruins to-day proclaim the possibilities of Indian civilization. Take especially the Reductions of South America, which even Voltaire called the "triumph of humanity." Everyone has read McCauley's brilliant description of the Jesuit in the New World, yesterday directive of the counsels of some great European potentate, to-day teaching the savage to draw from nature some of her hidden treasures.

Longfellow has immortalized the trials of the exiled Acadians; but an equally noble and unsung theme awaits here the voice or pen of some worthy bard or sage. "The Relations" recently published at Cleveland, Ohio, shall give to the world a tale of heroic effort and sacrifice, on the one hand, and a story of attempted crime and rapine on the other.

The curse of the day, as well national as individual, is the spirit of feverish unrest—the inability to wait for results. Men and aims and interests are so earthly, transient and sordid, that it is often difficult to discover in them any bearing beyond the here and now. The only institution that can await, godlike, for results is the Catholic Church. In every earthly and temporal endeavor she has a spiritual and eternal interest. The individual and the transient interest may fail entirely, or be of slow evolving, but the race and the supernatural are eternal in their destiny.

This is the reason why the Catholic Church can wait for natural and healthy results; this is the reason thoughtless men have called her the enemy of so-named "progress," often naught but a forced and sickly output. This truth is the key to the solution of the calumnies against the misunderstood and maligned "Dark Ages.' '

Let us take a lesson from history. Let us compare the Church's treatment of the barbarian hordes of Europe and the treatment of the American Indian by the present possessors of the land.

The corrupt but majestic grandeur of the Roman Empire, "Its Decline and Fall," have been sung by the fascinating but deceitful pen of a Gibbon. But no one has aptly told of the centuries of patient effort, of hopeful struggle, of thankless sacrifice, that the old Church made to evolve from the Goth, and the Hun, and the Vandal, and the Visigoth the peoples of modern Europe.

All the lore-wealth of Europe's varied literature; all the majestic grandeur of her architecture; all the sublime inspiration of her poesy and music; all the shades and tints of her immortal paintings; all her wit and eloquence of bar and pulpit; all that has been helpful and gladsome in the upward and forward march of the race; all were there in feeble germ to be quickened into higher and more vigorous life, to be crushed in their conception, strangled in their birth, or dwarfed in their growth.

This is no fanciful comparison, but a case in most respects parallel. Think of the world to-day without all the glories of European civilization; without the immortal names of every

country and age since the Renaissance; with no Dante, no Shakespeare, no Racine, no Schiller, no Lowell; with no St. Peter's, no Cathedral of Cologne, no "Moses," no masterpieces from creative pen and pencil; without the undying tones of the mighty composers; without all these and much more beyond mention; and instead only a few scattered, spirit-broken remnants of those once mighty peoples, now eking out a sparse subsistence, or doomed to irrevocable destruction, while the enervate and corrupt Roman and Grecian degenerates were creeping on with feeble step to a still more accursed degeneracy.

If the simple village churchyard furnished Grey inspiration for his immortal "Elegy," what would be his feelings at the sight of an entire continent turned into one vast tomb for an annihilated race? What might not have been the glorious issue if we could have awaited patiently for the results that must infallibly have come from a gradual and natural development of the native Indian into a civilized being. It might, no doubt, have taken centuries of patient tutelage to effect this evolution, as it did in very fact for the barbarians of Europe. But the *renaissance* would come at last, with all the glory of a new birth, followed by all the bold, original effort of hopeful, vigorous youth, crowned with the native splendor of ripened age and taste. Certainly every lover of humanity, every admirer of the new and the better, must weep at the result when he reflects on what might have been.

We are met, however, on all sides by the objections that the Indian is a lazy good-for-nothing; that he is treacherous and fickle; that he would not thrive under the restraints of civilized life. All very true, when he is forced to remain in his original state, without the uplifting power of higher influences; but false if Christian principles were infused into his life and allowed to guide it. True, likewise, that he chafed under the restraints of civilized life, as bird or beast of forest pines and dies when snatched suddenly from native freedom.

But what if the change were effected gradually; if day by day, and year by year, new conditions were introduced, modifying the old; if generation after generation were schooled in new and more rational habits of life? if first the animal and savage propensities were mastered, then the spiritual and cultured possibilities aroused, and all the natural yet cultivated fruit left to blossom on the magnificent branches of an original and undegenerate trunk?

But to effect this there must be a power mightier and bolder than any merely temporal and human polity. There must be a power with all the sanction and consciousness of the *divine* in it.

And looking at history, that power is alone found in the Holy Roman Catholic Church. The story of the civilization of Europe proves this; the results attained by Catholic missionaries in their treatment of the Indian is another attestation to the same truth.

The fact stares us in the face that in the United States the American Indian is scarce more than a name and a tradition to-day. Cowering together in a corner of this glorious land, with scarce a voice to defend or guide them, they are being either hounded on to open destruction, or doomed to pine away. Their annihilation is nothing short of a national crime; their death-cry nothing less than a national curse.

Eternal justice shall yet demand retribution, and all we can say is: "O Lord, in the day of thy just visitation, be thou merciful."

BALLAD OF THE BANSHEE.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-mon.)

Back thro' the hills I hurried home
  Ever my boding soul would say
"Mother and sister bid thee come
  Long, too long has been thy stay."

Stars shone out, but the moon was pale
  Touched by a black cloud's ragged rim
Sudden I heard the Banshee's wail
  Where Malmor's war-tower rises grim.

Quickly I strode across the slope
  Passed the grove and the Fairy Mound
(Gloomy the moat where blind owls
    mope)
  Scarcely breathing, I glanced around.

Mother of mercy! there she sat
  A woman clad in a snow-white shroud
Streamed her hair to the damp moss-mat
  White the face on her bosom bowed.

"Spirit of Woe," I eager cried,
  "Tell me none that I love has gone,"
"Cold is the grave":—my accents died—
  The Banshee lifted her face so wan.

Pale and wan as the waning moon
  Seen when the sun-spears herald dawn
Ceased all sudden her dreary croon
  Full on my own her wild eyes shone.

Burned and seared my inmost soul
  (When shall sorrow depart from me?)
Black-winged terror upon me stole
  Blindly gaping, I turned to flee.

Back by the grove and haunted mound
  O'er the lone road I know not how
Hearkened afar my baying hound
  Home at last at the low hill's brow.

Lone the cottage—the door flung wide
  Four lights burned—oh sight of dread!
Breathing a prayer, I rushed inside.
  "Mercy, God!" 'twas my mother, dead!

Dead and white as the fallen leaf
  (Kneeling, my sister prayed near by)
Wild as I wrestled with my grief
  Far and faint came the Banshee's cry.

ROCK ISLAND ARSENAL.

BY MARION ARNOLD.

A great military repository where the munitions of war are manufactured and stored possesses a national interest and influence. The nation has learned in the late conflict with Spain the necessity of preparing for war in time of peace, by the manufacture and storing in arsenals and warehouses large quantities of war material to be issued promptly on the outbreak of hostilities. The manufacture of equipments for modern warfare requires a length of time too great to admit of this important military precaution being left till war has actually begun. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, there were no arsenals or armories in the country. Shortly afterwards arsenals were established at Carlisle, Penn., and at Springfield, Mass. At present there are five principal manufacturing arsenals in the United States, with thirteen others used mainly as storehouses. One of the most important of these arsenals is on Rock Island in the Mississippi River. The island is a vast pile of Hamilton limestone rising in the midst of the stream at the point where it is crossed by the parallel of 41° 30′. It is overlaid by a thin soil, and is covered by a magnificent young forest. It contains nearly a thousand acres, the greatest length being about two and a half miles, while it lacks a few rods of being a mile wide. The north channel of the river, the current of which at this point is toward the west, is navigable for boats of heavy draft, while the southern channel has been dammed to furnish water-power to run the great machines in the arsenal shops and in the various manufacturing establishments of the adjacent cities. Near the northern shore, close to the breast of the parent isle, nestles a baby islet very appropriately called Papoose Island. Three cities, Rock Island, Davenport, and Moline, with an aggregate population of nearly eighty thousand, surround and overlook the island. No visitor to any of the three cities departs without having visited the vast manufacturing plant and military microcosm known as Rock Island Arsenal.

It was on the afternoon of an ideal autumnal day that we crossed the south channel of the river on what is popularly called "the slough bridge," and drive along Fort Armstrong Avenue, which extends across the extreme western end of the island. Over the high embankment at the right sweeps a northbound passenger train, shutting out

for a moment the only one of the arsenal buildings in full view of passing trains. This is the storehouse A, built of buff limestone. The rock used in its construction was found to lack the requisite hardness for such solid masonry, and was discarded for another and better variety in the building of the armory and shops. The dimensions of this storehouse are 60x180 feet, and it is surmounted by a clock-tower nearly 120 feet high. The clock is one of the largest in the country, its dials, one of which shows on each of the four sides of the tower, being twelve feet in diameter. The striking bell weighs upwards of 3000 pounds, and its sound can be heard for miles around. This building was erected in 1863, a year after the act of Congress was approved which located a National Arsenal on Rock Island. The arsenal clock is the time-piece of the three cities. The children who watched its construction have grown to middle age, and there still stands the old arsenal clock tower whose dials can be seen from both sides of the river—a faithful friend, a wise monitor whose sonorous tones warn the restless children of the cities nestling at its foot that the golden hours are fleeting.

The main entrance is just at the northwest corner of the island, where the splendid double-decked bridge, built in 1894, begins. Its draw span is 368 feet in length, and one of the heaviest ever built. It may be interesting to note that the chief engineer of this triumph in the art of bridge building was Ralph Modjeska, the son of the famous actress. It requires a permit from the commandant to obtain admission to the island, but the livery-men have general passes for their patrons, so we pass the guards at the entrance unchallenged. A strict guard is kept over the gates, and on both sides the authority of the watchers is emphasized by formidable-looking cannon. The main avenue is a fine macadamized boulevard three miles in length and extending from end to end of the island. On either side there are evidences of the work of the landscape gardener; art has supplemented the gifts which nature has bestowed with a lavish hand upon this favored isle. The gun-yard, which is near the entrance, in enclosed by a fence of cannon balls. Here are displayed trophies of the Civil War—the sad mementoes of a lost cause.

There are eleven massive shops all similar in structure and built of stone. A rear view of the shops is given, the front view being so obstructed by the dense foliage of the trees as to render it impossible to obtain a good photograph. The limestone of the island was manufactured into quicklime and was utilized as a cement in the construction of the government works and buildings. Some of the buildings are overgrown with creeping ivy, and in summer the clinging vines add much to the beauty of this island village of shops. A pretty little artificial lake, north of the shops, is a pleasing feature of the landscape. There are four or five beautiful residences on the island. These are for the commandant and his assistants.

We soon turn from the main drive to explore other parts of this interesting island. The driver has studied his work and knows just what will be most effective. He tells us that in summer he sometimes makes two trips a day. The island is then a resort for the tourist; for the artist who seeks the beautiful; for the paleontologist, and the historian; and for the man of affairs in quest of the climax in manufacturing enterprises.

Danger signals point out the lab-

oratories where experts are preparing the deadly explosives of modern warfare, and today they are examining bombs taken in the late war with Spain. Powder magazines are located on different parts of the island.

A drive of five or six miles runs along the entire shore. Black Hawk drive is the most rustic of woodland country roads. Here nature has been left unmolested, and for a weary denizen of the city this drive of a mile or two is one of the most pleasant experiences of the island tour. Red and gray squirrels frisk from tree to tree, the conscious lords of this sylvan haunt. The birds are safe from harm here, and more than sixty different varieties of songsters lend their notes to the wild bird choruses in this vast natural conservatoire of music. Here in spring and summer grow almost every species of wild flowers peculiar to these latitudes. Nature keeps here perpetual holiday. The woods are gorgeous now with the rich and varied tints of autumn, and the westering sun shoots his arrows through the trees where once stealthily glided the red man.

A cross drive brings us from this rural retreat to the opposite side of the island, and there society is out for the last golf game of the season. The bright-colored costumes of the golfers contrast prettily with the green sward, smooth as velvet. The avenue is now crowded with carriages all abloom with gay-colored hats and parasols. The serious commandant, Major Stanhope E. Blunt, under whose supervision the Arsenal has rendered such extraordinary service during the Spanish-American war, stands with a golf stick in the hand which has been trained to the use of more formidable weapons. He is a man of extraordinary and versatile talent, and a recognized social leader. He has encouraged the use of the extensive grounds for golfing purposes, all things being subject, of course, to the regulations and restrictions framed for the government of the island. Major Blunt has written several books, all pertaining to military tactics and particularly to the use of firearms. He was appointed to the rank of major in July, 1898.

Early in April orders came to Captain Blunt for the immediate manufacture of seventy-five thousand infantry equipments and ten thousand cavalry accoutrements, besides the previous orders and the usual assignments. A little later orders came for the manufacture of over a hundred field carriages and limbers, a still larger number of caissons and limbers, besides many battery wagons and forges. These orders were accompanied with instructions to provide with all possible dispatch twenty-five carriages for siege howitzers, and a like number for large siege guns. As a result, the force of workmen was increased, and soon the Arsenal was humming as busily by night as by day. The community contiguous to Rock Island Arsenal began to realize what war meant to a great national plant for the manufacture of army equipments, and to feel the advantage and benefit of possessing so great an industry. Many workmen were taken on daily, until in July the number of employes reached a maximum of 2900. Here in appropriate shops went on the manufacture by the hundred thousand of articles for cavalry and infantry—cartridge belts, pistol holders, canteens, tin cups, meat cans, knives, forks, spoons, haversacks, saddles, bridles, etc., etc., besides the heavier materials of war.

In addition to the excellent facilities afforded by canals and by the Mississippi River for the distribution of the fabrications of the Arsenal,

several trunks of railways and their connections centre there. It has been carefully estimated that the Rock Island Arsenal,—buildings, water-power, machinery, and fixtures, with the bridge appropriations,—has cost the government from 1863 to 1898 a total of more than nine millions of dollars. However, large as this amount may seem, Senator Allison, chairman of the committee on appropriations, could officially report that "The efficient work done at Rock Island Arsenal, during the few months of the late war with Spain, has more than returned in advantage to the country the great cost of its construction."

During the Civil War, Rock Island was used through press of circumstances, for a military prison. There are scarcely any traces left to tell the tale of those old prison days of five and thirty years ago, except the Confederate cemetery where over two thousand prisoners of war lie buried. At the eastern end of the island lie the remains of nearly five hundred Union soldiers. On Memorial Day it is the custom for the people of the three cities to hold patriotic services here, and the graves of the dead soldiers are strewn with wreaths and flowers. Here, in their low, green tents on this field of Grounded Arms, separate, but not far removed from each other, sleep the Blue and the Gray.

"All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God!"

Two soldiers who served in the Spanish War rest here. The first was young Private Bledsoe, a Rock Island boy, who fell a victim to the malarial influences of the south. His remains were brought home for interment, and nearly all the population of the three cities turned out to do honor to his memory and to assist at his obsequies.

Near the National cemetery a neat monument marks the last resting-place of General Thomas J. Rodman, who was commandant at the Arsenal from the close of the Civil War till his death in 1871. He rendered important service to his country, and was the inventor of the celebrated Rodman guns.

The 16th of October, 1898, was a red-letter day in the annals of the Arsenal. General Nelson A. Miles, the head of the army of the U. S., spent that day in personally investigating the plant. A special car bearing his party was run over to the island, and upon its arrival, a salute of fifteen guns was fired from the battery on the north side. This was the first time this salute was ever fired at the post, as it was the first time that the Arsenal had been visited by the Commanding General of the United States Army. The distinguished guests visited the various points of interest on the island, and the general expressed his admiration of the immense operations of the Arsenal and its more immense possibilities.

The party were afterwards entertained at luncheon by Major Blunt and his wife at their beautiful residence on Rock Island.

For the historian the island has a peculiar interest. In the summer of 1673, Father Marquette, winding his way among the vine-clad isles of the Mississippi, first saw this most beautiful of all its islands.

Colonel George Davenport, after whom the city of Davenport is named, was the first white settler on Rock Island. He came hither in 1815, and established a trading-post with the Indians. His honest dealing won their respect and confidence. He was murdered in his home on the island by a band of robbers on the

ENTRANCE ROCK ISLAND ARSENAL.

night of July 4, 1845. His old house still stands in a weird and lonely spot on the northern shore.

Nearly a century after the island had been visited by Marquette, the famous Indian chief Black Hawk, whose name is so closely identified with the history of the northwest, was born in the principal village of the Sac tribe, situated on a promontory formed by the junction of the Rock and Mississippi rivers. At that time hundreds of acres were there in a high state of cultivation. The fertile soil yielded abundantly maize, squashes, beans, and everything necessary for the support of the large Indian population. The spot is still noted for the magnificence of its scenery, embracing a varied landscape of meadows, hills, rivers, islands, and mighty forests, all within the limits of instantaneous vision. Rock Island was the natural garden of the Indians. It supplied them with berries of all kinds, with nuts and fruits; and in the adjacent waters were caught the best fish. In a charmed cave on the northwest shore dwelt the good spirits who presided over the beautiful island. At high water the floor of the cave was covered with water, and canoes could enter there.

Here Black Hawk gamboled in his boyhood; here he watched with suspicion the erection of old Fort Armstrong, which was built in 1817 on a rocky cliff on the lower point of the island.

Some miles down the river and near the site of the Indian village where Black Hawk was born, on a high bluff which commands a view of the surrounding country, is the famous Black Hawk Watch-Tower.

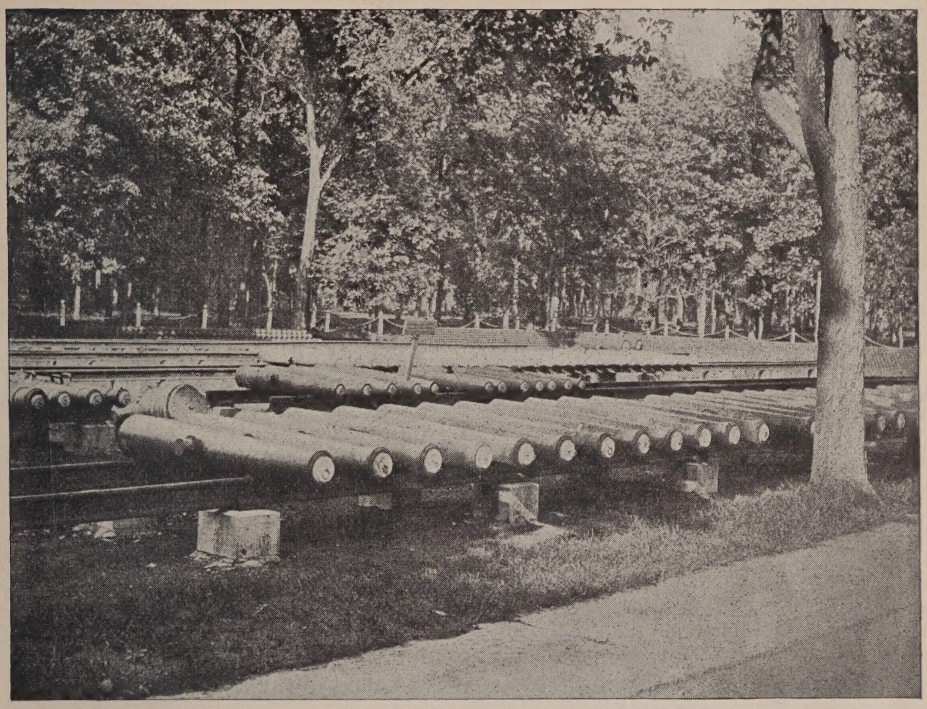
DAVENPORT HOUSE, ROCK ISLAND ARSENAL.

The scenery is wild and picturesque. It is a place of resort for the people of the three cities, who go there during the summer to spend a day of recreation, and to breathe the quiet air of the country. It is connected with the city of Rock Island by a street car line. Of late many improvements have been made in the grounds, and there is now a commodious inn for the accommodation of visitors.

This rocky height was the sentinel post of Black Hawk and his braves. Here he watched the coming of the pale-faces; and the heart of the mighty old chief grew bitter against the whites when he saw them taking possession of these lands of his fathers—lands vast and beautiful, and the most fertile in all the broad valley of the Great River. Here the bones of his ancestors reposed; were they to be dragged from their hallowed mounds by the plow of the stranger?

"No," said the old brave; "had I borne these wrongs longer without striking, my people would have said: 'Black Hawk is a woman; he is too old to be a chief; he is no Sac.'" And so the old warrior and his braves entered upon that long and bloody defense of the ancestral seat of his tribe known as the Black Hawk War.

Keokuk, a rival of Black Hawk, espoused the cause of the whites, and took up arms against his brother chieftain. He submitted to treaty stipulations, and became the sole chief of the Indian people under the protection of the government of the United States. The peaceful old forests resounded with the terrific war-whoop of the savage, and the sharp, deadly crack of the American rifle.



SECTION OF GUN YARD.

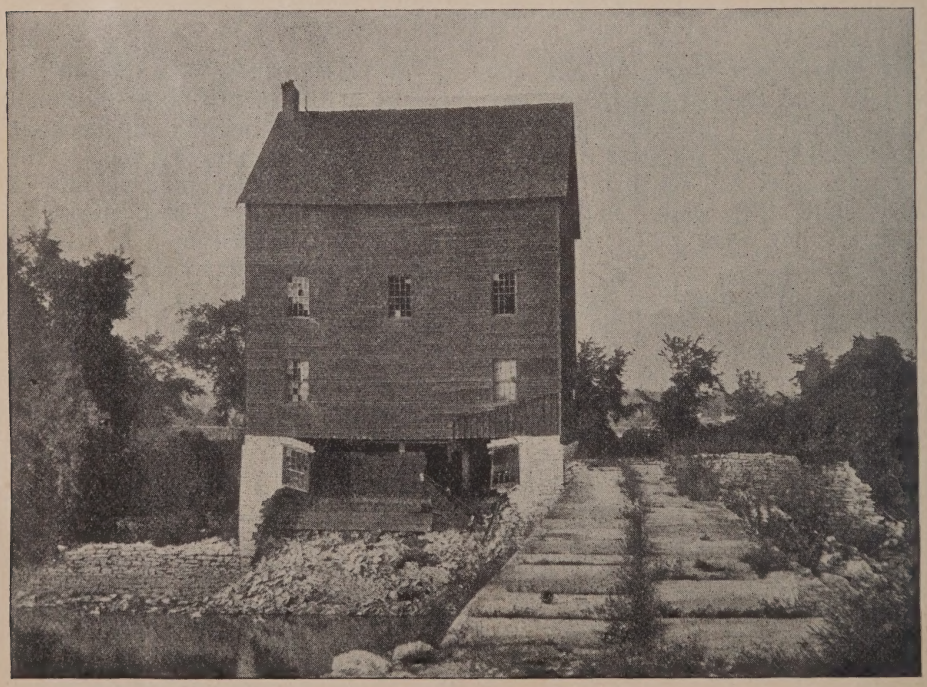
"My heart grew bitter against the whites," said the old chief, "and my hands strong. I dug up the tomahawk, and led my warriors to battle. I fought hard, and much blood was shed; but the white men were mighty; they were many; and my people failed."

Black Hawk was held a prisoner on the island which had been the free haunt of his early years. He was afterwards taken with other braves on a tour through some of the principal cities of the eastern states, that they might behold their great white Father at Washington, witness the power of the nation, and learn their own utter inability to war against these mighty adversaries. At last, under the conduct of Major Garland, they returned to the west. Davidson thus writes of the return of Black Hawk:

"In passing the site of the old Sac village at the mouth of Rock River, Black Hawk became melancholy, and expressed many regrets at the causes which had compelled him as an exile to leave it. The host of warriors whom he delighted to lead to battle were now no more; his village was reduced to ashes; his family dispersed among strangers; and he a suppliant for a home in a foreign country. Finally, about the first of August, the party reached Rock Island, which had been selected by Major Garland as a suitable place for the liberation of the captives. The river at this place is a beautiful sheet of clear, swift-running water, a mile wide and divided near the centre by Rock Island, which rises to a considerable height above the surface, and stretches several miles up and down the river. It originally produced

nuts and a variety of other wild fruits, and being in the rapids, it was a favorite resort for the Indian fishermen, who caught large quantities of excellent fish in the swift, pure waters that wash its rocky base. There was a tradition that the island was inhabited by a good spirit which dwelt in a cave among the rocks. It had a plumage white as snow, wings much larger than those of the swan, and its voice in the Sac language was the sweetest music. The Good Spirit had sent it to teach the Sacs and Foxes wisdom and goodness and as a guardian divinity to preside over the destinies of the nation. In former times it had frequently been seen, but alarmed at the building of Fort Armstrong, and the wickedness of the white men, it spread its snowy pinions and was seen no more.

"The white-washed walls of the fort loomed up from the high bluffs at the lower extremity of the island, giving to the fortress the appearance of an enchanted castle when seen from a distance in the beauty of the surrounding scenery. From its towers could be seen the blue hills, which, rising by a gentle acclivity from the river, follow its meandering course, and bound the valley through which it flows. The valley is several miles wide, and at that time was interspersed with groves of timber, which gave it a vernal sweetness and beauty rarely equaled. Rock River could be seen in the distance, forcing its pure waters over a rocky rapid into the floods of the Mississippi. On the north bank of the former was the site of the Sac village, and directly opposite, on the west bank of the latter, that of the Foxes, which time had consecrated as the Jerusalem of these tribes. No other locality could have awakened in the mind of Black Hawk



THE OLD MILL.

REAR VIEW OF SHOPS.

so many painful memories. Here he gamboled away his youth in its wooded haunts; for half a century it had witnessed his power and influence; and now it was to become the scene of his submission to a hated rival."*

The next day, at a council of the neighboring Indians, Major Garland liberated the prisoners, who went back to the forest homes promising to remain in peace. Four years later Black Hawk died. "Thus, after an adventurous and shifting life of 72 years," says the historian, "Black Hawk was gathered to his fathers. The banner of war fell nerveless from his grasp; his voice at the council fire was heard no more; and his restless ambition was stilled in the sleep of death. While the rustling October leaves, moved by the sighing winds, chanted a requiem over his ashes, the liberated shade sped to the happy hunting-grounds beyond the setting sun, which, according to Indian theology, only the good and brave are permitted to enter."

*Davidson's "History of Illinois," page 411.

THE BABY'S DAY.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

"Up rose the sun, and up rose Emelie."—Chaucer.

MORNING.

"The bright round sun is up,
And up am I.
'Sunshine' my mother called me —
I dont see why!
I had only just loved and
kissed her,
And cooed, and laughed, and
been good —
Can't anyone do like
that?
I should really think they
could!"

NOON.

"I'm ever and ever so hungry —
I want some bread.
You dearest little mother!
I just want to be fed.
And I'm sure as sure you're
coming, —
But what did I hear her
say?
'Had I only your faith,
my darling!'
Now what bothers my mother
to-day!"

EVENING.

"I can't keep awake any longer,
So sleepy I am.
Good-night, dear Jesus! Watch over
Your little lamb.
Good-night, dear mother, and dolly!"
She's fast asleep.
May the good God grant such slumbers
To the older eyes that weep!
For He giveth to His beloved,
He giveth to them, in sleep.

VIOLETS.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Tinsel'd with dews of the morning bright,
Violets sweet to behold;
Tinted anew and tinted aright,
Tinsel'd with dews of the morning bright,
Beautiful shades that soft unite,
Making them purple and gold.
Tiusel'd with dews of the morning bright,
Violets sweet to behold.

A LEGEND OF THE HOUSE OF HAPSBURG.

BY EDWARD J. BROWNSON.

It was on a lovely October morning, in 1264, that with "the deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay," and the oft-repeated blast of horns "resounding up the rocky way," a band of nobles on their steeds were climbing the steep mountain paths leading to the haunts of the wild boar and the fleet deer. In this knightly throng rode one distinguished from the rest not alone by the costly elegance of his own apparel and of his horse's trappings, but still more by the marked beauty of his features and the stately courtesy of his demeanor. He was no other than the young and valorous Rodolph, Count of Hapsburg, who, by the recent demise of his uncle, had been left an influential lord of extended territories. A matchless day, with its cloudless sky and the whole country basking in the golden sunlight, had been chosen for the exhilaration of the chase: but for him who had so particularly attracted attention it was not to be a day of secular excitement, but one of far higher and happier activity.

The company of lords had not proceeded far up the precipitous ascent, when the tinkling of a little bell announced the approach of God's minister bearing to the sick or dying the consecrated host and the holy oils. Presently the knights caught sight of a youthful acolyte in surplice and cassock preceding the venerable priest, clad in sacred vestments. As the two crossed their path, each belted rider promptly alighted and to the hidden Saviour paid the obeisance of bended knee. The priest passed on, and the lords, leaping again into their saddles, pressed on towards the neighboring forest, when, with a brief apology for his unlooked-for withdrawal, Count Rodolph retired from the group and rode in the direction of the priest who, he had noticed, was traveling on foot.

"Father," spoke the Count dismounting, when he had overtaken the pastor, "I know your way must be long and wearysome, for there is neither castle nor hut within five miles of this spot, and methinks no how could I spend this day better than by accompanying you on your route, which neither you nor this gentle lad, your acolyte, may know too well. Pray, Father, be mounted, and I, as beseems, will walk before."

With head uncovered, his hunting cap with its gay plumage in his hand, Rodolph led his horse by the bridle, while the little acolyte, praising God in his heart for the faith of the noble lord, ever and anon filled the air with the silver swellings of his bell. At length arrived at his journey's end, the priest alighted on the bank of a forest stream, at the door of a cottage overgrown with creepers and buried in the dense and many-colored foliage of the surrounding trees. Within, lay in sickness and pain a mother whose only son, a child of tender age, was the sole earthly comfort God had left her during the years of her lonely widowhood.

While the devoted pastor administered the consolations of the Last Sacrament, Rodolph knelt near the threshold in lowly adoration. The sacred rites performed, and the priest preparing for departure, again the Count entreated him to accept the convenience of his steed. But before

complying with this courteous request, the fervent old man, who, in an age of faith, had seldom witnessed so touching a manifestation of that virtue, looked full into the noble face of Rodolph, and with admiration for the courtier's piety beaming in his countenance, scanned every feature. Then as if with a deep conviction that he was on the present occasion but the mouth-piece of the omniscient Spirit of God, he spoke to the nobleman with an impressive solemnity and quiet of tone, and with eyes lit as with a calm prophetic radiance: "Sir Count, because thou hast chosen to show this honor to our Blessed Lord, and devote to pious service the hours intended for the pleasure of the chase, heaven has prepared for thee, as forerunners of thy eternal happiness and glory, the choicest earthly blessings that the heart of man can desire. Nine times shall twelve months pass over thy head, but in the tenth year, upon thy brow shall rest the jewelled diadem of Austria. Victory shall make thee feared and honored of thy foes, and thy long reign shall see thy happy and loyal subjects ever more rejoicing in just and reverenced laws, in the boons of peace and the fruits of prosperous trade. For centuries added unto centuries, thy successors shall be thy lineal descendants. But not yet have I touched upon thy fairest claim to gratitude and praise: thine shall be the glorious and well-earned title, 'Brave champion of the Church's liberties, and stanch upholder of the rights of the Holy See.'"

History shows us how every part of this glowing prophecy was literally fulfilled. The able manner in which Rodolph governed the dominions, which after the decease of his relative fell to his administration, attracted the notice and won the applause of the great electoral princes of Germany, and, the Emperor Albert dying, Rodolph was enthusiastically proclaimed his successor.

He was twice victorious over the Bohemians, whose king Ottocar refused to pay homage for his realm, or to withdraw his claim from certain parts of the Austrain territories. His next great labor was to crush the arbitrary power of the nobles, whose violent outrages and plundering expeditions against one another, were without let or hinderance as long as in their strongholds of impregnable stone, they continued to set at defiance the laws of God and man, acknowledging no other supremacy than that of sheer brute force. Rodolph compelled them to demolish their fortresses and to conform to the established laws of the Empire. We are told that he condemned to death no fewer than thirty of these refractory nobles, and razed to the ground more than half a hundred of those grim castles, within whose cellars were stored provisions sufficiently ample to stand the exigencies of the longest siege.

With a zealous intent to strengthen and promote the burgher and working classes, he granted charters to many trading towns and municipalities, and in every way encouraged industry and stimulated commerce.

Renouncing all jurisdiction in Rome, and all right to interfere in the ecclesiastical elections and in the internal management of the Church in Germany, he abolished permanently the hostile relations which for over two hundred years had kept the Empire at variance with Rome; and his constant guardianship over the Church's liberties crowned his other illustrious deserts with the brilliancy of a title, long previously foretold by the priest of God as the most magnificent of his triumphs.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The series of valuable and instructive papers on ecclesiastical studies, which originally appeared in the pages of the American Ecclesiastical Review, and called forth much favorable comment from the readers of that periodical, have been brought together by the author, the Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S. S., D. D., President of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., and issued in book form under the title of "Clerical Studies." These papers, the fruit of years of study, are intended primarily for priests and theological students, but will be found useful by the general reader, who wishes to know the scope and extent of theological knowledge. They constitute a general survey of the whole field of theological learning. To give an adequate survey of any department of human knowledge demands a grasp of the subject, which is obtained only after years of study and reflection, an intimate comprehension of the relations which the different parts of the subject matter bear to each other, and a ripe experience which brings to the exposition of the subject the skilful treatment which enables the reader to view the subject in its general aspect and in the coherency of its different parts; and all these qualities the author admirably demonstrates in the series of papers before us. A single glance at the number of subjects treated in this interesting volume must convince us of the versatility of the author, while the result attained reveals the grasp and breadth of his mind and the singular skill which is exhibited in the discussion of a difficult and diversified branch of knowledge. To enumerate: The Natural Sciences, Philosophy, Apologetics, Dogmatic Theology, Moral Theology, Ascetic Theology, Pastoral Theology, Canon Law, Liturgy, Homilectics, Church History, Biblical Studies and Patristic Literate—all are discussed with intelligence and insight in this volume. Each branch of theological learning is given its proper place, the relation of one to the other and to the general system is duly set forth, the vicissitudes through which the different sciences have passed are briefly reviewed, and the methods of study to be adopted in the pursuit of any given branch are succinctly stated. Moreover, the autho shows that he is fully acquainted with the modern researches which bear relation to theological studies and his article on the Apologetic Study of the Bible reveals the well-balanced mind, which, while admitting the facts of modern discovery, is not dismayed at present conditions nor appalled by the ultimate outcome. This book is a valuable contribution to theological literature. It ought to be in the hands of every theological student. It cannot fail to stimulate an interest in theological studies, for it reveals in a particularly fascinating way the richness and abundance of the theological field. It is a masterly survey of the whole field of theological learning. Every one who is interested in the greatest science which can engage the human mind will find in this book interesting and profitable reading. We hope to see an index in a future edition. A work of such importance should have an index, which will show forth its value and erudition at a single glance. The publishers have displayed good taste and have issued the work in substantial and appropriate form. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co., $2.00.

Rev. John Thein, a priest of the diocese of Cleveland, and already favorably known as the author of "Christian Anthropology," has rendered a valuable service in bringing out in English dress the justly celebrated "Catechism of Rodez." The present volume is a translation and adaptation of the French version of the Abbe Luche, in which the catechetical lessons are put in the form of an instruction—a form which adds to their interest and makes them peculiarly adaptable for use in preaching. Under the four general headings—Faith and the Creed, Hope and Prayer, Charity and the Commandments, Grace and the Sacraments—the reader is led step by step through the whole course of Christian teaching and is enabled to take a comprehensive view of Christian truth as a system and to appreciate the harmony and logical connection which bind together its several parts. Such books as this, in which the Catholic doctrines are systematically treated and explained, are a need in this age, and the solid instruction which is found in a work of this kind, will go far in confirming the

faith of those who believe and in disabusing the mind of the unbeliever of the prejudices which it harbors against Christian truth. St. Louis: B. Herder & Co., $2.50.

A most interesting book is Sir Walter Besant's "South London." It is not a history, in the strict sense of the term, and yet it is full of historical references and allusions. The author has a pleasant way of tracing the origin and vicissitudes of the city south of the Thames, and without assuming the role of teacher imparts a whole world of historical information. He presents before us old places and the worthies of former days with a picturesqueness that brings us almost into actual contact with the events of the past. The book is a fine specimen of the publishers' art, having one splendid etching and over one hundred fine illustrations. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co., $3.00.

In an octavo volume of over three hundred pages Marion Wilcox, the well-known writer, gives "A Short History of the War with Spain." We are almost too near the events which are here described to pass impartial judgment upon them, yet the reader will find in this work a succinct account of the events leading up to war, together with all the documents relating thereto which have become public. There is a brief and spirited account of the different engagements on land and sea, and the rapid course of events is sketched in an interesting way. Whoever wishes to have in permanent form the description of the stirring events of the late war, as they actually took place, together with the impressions upon the public mind, as immediately recorded, will do well to secure the present volume. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Boston: Little, Brown & Co., $1.25.

The third edition of "Why, When, How and What We Ought to Read," by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P., has just appeared. It is a plain statement of the advantages of judicious reading, and the author enforces his conclusions by numerous quotations from the best authors. It cannot fail to promote a taste for healthful reading. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co., 50 cents.

"The Secret of Fougereuse," a romance of the fifteenth century, adapted from the French by Louise Imogen Guiney, is an interesting novel of the romantic school. It is thoroughly Catholic in tone and is an antidote to the sentimental gush which is so often served to novel readers in these modern days. The knightly characters which appear in these pages are presented with a power and sweetness that win the reader's admiration, while the villain appears in such a guise that he is loathed and attracts no false sympathy. We do not say that this is a novel of the first order, but we feel justified in asserting that it is a beautiful and interesting story of knightly times, presented in faultless English, and disproves the impression that it is necessary to drag dirt into a novel to make it interesting. The make-up of the book reflects credit upon the publishers; it is tasteful and attractive. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co., $1.25.

We have rarely read a series of more interesting stories of prairie life than "Tales of the Trail," by Colonel Henry Inman, late Assistant Quartermaster of United States Army. The writer was a participant in many of the scenes which are related in the present volume, and this personal experience adds to the book a charm and interest which captivates from the first page to the last. The experiences of the United States troopers in the different Indian wars on the plains during the last quarter of the century are vividly portrayed, while the writer's familiarity with Indian life and customs gives a value to his descriptions which may be well deemed historical. He is conversant also with the legends or folk-lore of the prairie and that interesting element makes its appearance in his pages. Most people, we imagine, will be surprised by the author's contention that Gen. Custer committed suicide at the battle of Little Big Horn in order to save his body from mutilation after death. The book is well gotten up by the publishers, and is profusely illustrated. Topeka, Kansas: Crane & Co.

"Historic Pilgrimages," in New England meets the desire of the student for a convenient compilation of the early history of Massachusetts Bay. It meets the tourist's wish for a book which is at once a preparation and a souvenir, and it will be very acceptable for supplementary reading in schools.

The numerous illustrations in the book are of the kind that fit it—representative and suggestive. Many reproduce famous landmarks, some of which have already gone under in the march of progress; their preservation in picture form is, therefore, of special interest and value. Other cuts are of historic personages, reproductions

of paintings and statues. Besides the familiar places and people always represented in books of this ilk, there are not a few illustrations which will be new to the general reader and which have been gathered from out-of-the-way sources. Silver, Burdett & Company, Boston, New York, Chicago. Price $1.50.

The same publishers have just issued two pleasing little books, "Through the Year," intended for supplementary school reading for third and fourth year pupils, and for the home. They contain bright, attractive stories and poems that will readily correlate with the lessons in nature work, history, and literature taught in elementary schools under the general head of "language lessons."

The selections are chiefly from the best standard authors, and include some charming poems, while the original articles are bright and crisp. Both books are beautifully illustrated, and attractively bound in buff cloth with a dainty design. Price 36 cents.

A new book has just been issued entitled "White Dandy," which is one of the best stories we have read giving a horse's own story and teaching kindness to the horse as well as to other animals. It is announced as a companion book to "Black Beauty," the noted book of which over two million copies have been sold.

This new book is written by Velma Caldwell Melville, a very competent and pleasing writer, and is issued by J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, 57 Rose Street, New York, and is sold for 25 cents per copy, and is also for sale by all booksellers.

"First Steps in the History of Our Country" is not a condensation or a digest, but a book upon an altogether new and unique plan. This plan is the telling of American history in the personal narratives of thirty-nine of the most eminent and representative Americans. They have set out to tell history like a raconteur; and, accordingly, the interest of the audience is never out of mind. Page after page is turned, and there is no sign of flagging attention.

In the story of Lord Baltimore, due credit has not been given to that staunch advocate of religious toleration; the motive of fear or conciliation is suggested in the words, "He also knew that England would never permit the Catholics to drive Protestants out of Maryland." With the exception of this narrow estimate of the broad spirit of welcome to all that marked the administration of Lord Baltimore, the History is one that anybody would like to read. Silver, Burdett and Company. Price 60 cents.

Maps for Ready Reference.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has just issued in convenient form for household, library and school reference an atlas of seven colored maps of the world, the United States and our new possessions in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, together with an amount of valuable information connected therewith—all up to date. This atlas will be sent free to any address on receipt of six (6) cents in postage.

Apply to Chas. A. Brown, New Eng. Passenger Agent, Boston, Mass.

QUESTION BOX.

Enochia asks:

1. Will you please explain why Catholics are forbidden meat on Friday and are not forbidden fish?

2. Did the Church always forbid meat? To what passage in Holy Scripture might one refer a Protestant to prove that abstinence on Friday is in accordance with the teaching of the Bible?

3. Did priests of the Roman Catholic Church every marry? Do the priests of the Greek Church ever marry?

4. What passage in Holy Scripture refers to Purgatory?

5. Is there anything in the Bible to prove that we have guardian angels?

The Church has forbidden the use of flesh meat on Fridays, rather than of fish or other foods, because meat is more nourishing and more satisfying, as also more pleasing to the taste, than other foods. And the intention of the Church is that this abstinence should be for us in the nature of a penance and an act of mortification. Penance is a virtue that must of necessity be practised by us all. The obligation is over and over inculcated in the Holy Scriptures. Our Divine Lord has positively insisted upon it. Abstinence from flesh meat on Fridays is a work of penance, whereby we recall to our minds the last sufferings of Christ for us on a Friday, and seek to honor by some small act, recurring every Friday, His love so manifested in pain and death for us on Good Friday. Coming towards the end of the week, too, this little mortification, when we understand the spirit of it, helps us to stir up within ourselves sorrow for the sins of the week, and also to prepare for the holy celebration of the Sunday. How much more Christian is the spirit of the Friday abstinence as a preparation for Sunday, than the Saturday night debauch!

It must be remembered that the Church in no sense blames the use of meat, or claims that the eating of meat defiles a man. She is in accord with St. Paul: "Every creature of God is good." She has condemned as tainted with Manichaean heresy whoever believed that flesh meat is unclean food, and she has instructed her children that they do not abstain from meat as from something unclean, but only for the afflicting of their bodies. It is not a condemnation of meat, it is not saying that meat is not as good on Friday as on other days; it is not a question of good or harm to the stomach; it is a question of the heart, of obedience to law.

Other penances we may do privately. This has the nature of a public penance, in so much as people generally are not alone at their meals.

There is no tyranny in this law. The Church stands to us always in the nature of a Mother, good and kind. She will dispense her children from this obligation, if they bring a serious and legitimate reason. The simple statement of one's needs to one's pastor or confessor is the easiest and plainest way to learn if the motives be sufficient for a dispensation.

2. The precept of abstinence is anterior to Christianity. God gave as His command to Adam in the Garden of Eden that he should not eat, under penalty of death, of the fruit of the tree of good and evil. Later, we have many instances recorded in Holy Scripture of the law of abstinence. The law of Moses forbade to the Jews the flesh of many animals that were declared unclean, Leviticus XI. Consider the vision of St. Peter recorded in Acts X, and see the horror of the Jews for flesh of animals legally held to be unclean. The use of wine was forbidden to priests while occupied in the service of the temple, and St. John the Baptist lived in the desert on locusts and wild honey. One of the first acts of the Apostles, assembled in Jerusalem, was to order that the faithful should abstain from blood and things strangled. Acts XV, 29.

These are sufficient indications regarding the teaching of the Bible on the matter of abstinence. There is no passage of the Sacred Text to define abstinence on Friday. The Church has made the selection of the day, and of the mode of abstinence. Surely she is in perfect accord with reason, with tradition, with Scripture and with the practice not only of the Jewish people, but of pagan nations.

Abstinence days are of remote antiquity in the Church. From the earliest days, the Christians at certain seasons denied themselves flesh and wine, or even restricted themselves to bread and water. In the monasteries of Egypt, the monks fasted all the year, except on Sundays, and the days between Easter and Pentecost. Then they modified their rigor by simply abstaining from meat. The faithful in general did not fast

on Sundays of Lent, as the Church discouraged it, but they abstained on those Sundays. No meat was exposed for sale in the markets of Constantinople during Lent. Wednesday and Friday, as abstinence days of weekly occurrence, have been observed from the earliest time in the East. In the West we find a number of statutes, prescribing sometimes abstinence, sometimes abstinence and fasting on Fridays. Such statutes date back to Nicholas I, Pope from 858-867. An authority on this question says, "Even after the year 1400, the Saturday abstinence was rather voluntary, than of obligation among the laity; but the Friday abstinence had long since passed with a law. I say abstinence, for in spite of efforts made, the fast was never well established."

3. The question is of the celibacy of the Catholic clergy. The Apostolic legislation seems to state nothing definite on this matter. than that a bishop should have been only once married. From the days of the early Councils. we find a law of celibacy. It was recognized as early as 325, at the Council of Nicaea, that there was an ancient tradition that a cleric should not marry after ordination. What are called the Apostolic Constitutions and the Apostolic Canons prohibit bishops, priests or deacons to marry. A priest who should marry after ordination was threatened by the Council of Neocaesarea between 314-325 with degradation to the lay state. So the known and acknowledged practice of the ancient Church prohibits the marriage of those already priests.

Now for a separate study of the Western (or Latin) and the Eastern (or Greek) Churches.

In 305 or 306, the 33rd Canon of Elvira required bishops, priests, and all serving the altar to live, even if already married, in continence. The Council of Nicaea, 325, refused to impose this law on the whole Church, yet it prevailed in the West. The principle followed was that expressed in the words of St. Jerome that a priest "who has always to offer sacrifice for the people, must always pray, and therefore always abstain from marriage." Leo the Great, Gregory the Great and the 8th Council of Toledo, 653, renewed the prohibition against the marriage of subdeacons.

It has been said by misinformed persons that Gregory VII. (Hildebrand) instituted the law of celibacy. We know differently from the proofs cited above. But he, like other Popes, proclaimed strong punishments against priests who were not obedient to the law. Such priests were forbidden to say Mass, or even to serve at the altar; deposition was to be their punishment, and the people were instructed to absent themselves from being present at Mass said by such men. Gregory fought the evils and corruptions that had invaded the Church.

But now a change. A series of synods from the beginning of the 12th century declared the marriage of persons in holy orders not only unlawful, but invalid, no marriage at all. The Council of Trent in the 16th century repeated this, pronouncing the marriage of clerics in holy orders null and void.

Today, in the West, a married man can receive holy orders, only when his wife gives a full and free consent, and makes herself a vow of chastity.

Now for the East. In Achaia, Thessaly and Macedonia, the practice in the 5th century was as in the Latin Church. Also, it was the established custom that bishops, if married, should not live with their wives. At the synod in Trullo (692) it was enacted that bishops, if married, should separate from their wives, and that no one could marry after receiving subdeaconship. This is the present discipline.

4. The Holy Scripture does not mention the word "Purgatory," but the idea is conveyed of a place of expiation after death. This is neither heaven nor hell. From the Old Testament we infer the existence of purgatory, as a belief of the Jews, from the passage telling the action of Judas Machabeus regarding the dead. He made a collection and sent to Jerusalem 12,000 drachmas of silver, that sacrifice might be offered for the sins of those who had died. (II Mach. XII, 43, 55.)

In the New Testament, reference is generally made to the words of our Divine Lord in Matt. XII, 32. "He that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come." St. Augustine and St. Gregory, among many others, have gathered from these words that some sins may be remitted in the world to come, and that, consequently, there is a purgatory.

The passage of St. Paul, I, Cor. III, 11-15, is taken in its concluding words, "But he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire," to refer to the cleansing fire of purgatory.

Besides these passages, which by argument may be referred to as proving the existence of purgatory, there are a number of general principles that clearly indicate

to us that there is such a place. Then, too, the Church has made her definition, as in the Council of Trent, she says, "that there is a purgatory, and that the souls detained there are helped by the prayers of the faithful, and, above all, by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar."

Regarding Guardian Angels, we refer to Gen. XLVIII, 16: "The Angel that delivereth me from all evils, bless these boys," to Psalm XC, 11, 12: "He hath given His Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands shall they bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone," and to Matthew, XVIII, 10: "Take heed that thou despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you, that their Angels in heaven always see the face of My Father who is in heaven."

A Cure for Asthma.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Phœnix Mutual Life.

Its Excellent Statement for the Past Year

The forty-eighth annual statement of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company is published elsewhere and gives gratifying evidence of the wise management and healthy progress of this large Hartford concern. The gross assets exceed $11,660,000, having increased over $600,000 during the past year. The surplus is now over $660,000. and the amount of insurance in force is $51,170,782, represented by 31,592 policies.

The assets are all figured at conservative valuations and are worth decidedly more than they are set in at. The company has disposed of about $50,000 of its real estate during the year, and has added over $500,000 to its stocks and bonds. Its strength is very great and it has the confidence of all in the insurance business as well as the general public. The drift of new business toward the Phoenix Mutual is shown by the figures. During the past three years the new policies issued were respectively 5,506, 6,570 and 7,757 for respectively $9,871,601, $11,770,989 and $13,068,715—an increase of over 2,000 in number and $3,200,000 in amount in two years.

The management, under President Bunce, Vice-President Holcombe and Secretary Lawrence, has proved a noteworthy success, as the figures amply demonstrate.

An Easter Offering.

When Young Things Come Out.

An Easter Procession.

"Heavenward we hasten through the cloudlandsdim!
And lo! the wide wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset; on Heaven's joyous shore
Eternal peace hath sway;
God wipes all tears away;
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade forevermore."

Donahoe's Magazine.

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HAS AMERICA A NATIONAL LITERATURE?

BY BROTHER PASCHAL, O. F. M.
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Are the United States—so far as literature is concerned—still provinces of England, or do they constitute a nation? This question, although not, perhaps, a burning one, nevertheless possesses a special interest just now, and the present article is an attempt to furnish something like a satisfactory answer. It may be useful at the outset to indicate what is commonly distinguished as American Literature.

American Literature may be said to have begun in 1640, the year in which the first book was printed in this country,* and may be divided into three periods, the Colonial age, the Revolutionary era and the present century. The Colonial age (1640-1761) was most unfavorable to literary production. There was no early American novelist or poet. The colonists had little time to devote to literary pursuits, but the reading of the Holy Bible served to preserve their love of letters, and what few books they did produce were for the most part written in New England, and were mainly theological—an expression of the vigorous religious views held by the stalwart leaders in the various sects. "New England was all meeting-house," as Lowell puts it. With the exception, however, of the works of Jonathan Edwards, there is, as Jenkins remarks, hardly a single work in the literature of the whole Colonial period which now serves any purpose except to gratify the curiosity of antiquarians.

During the Revolutionary era (1761-1800) political and judicial arguments formed the staple of our literature. Indeed at this time politics gained a prominence almost equal to that enjoyed by theology during the preceding period. But apart from works of local and temporary interest, the literary output of the Revolutionary era was insignificant in amount and imitative in character. The style adopted by our writers was essentially that prevail-

* According to Griswold, this was the "Bay Psalm Book" printed at Cambridge. The first English literary production penned in America which has any claim to rank as general literature is the translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" by George Sandys, Treasurer of the Colony of Virginia, of whom Bancroft tells us that his verse was tolerated by Dryden and praised by Isaak Walton. But this work, although published fourteen years earlier than the "Bay Psalm Book," that is in 1626, was printed in England.

ing in England, nor was any innovation attempted upon established models, either in form or expression. If we except Franklin, no American writer before the Declaration of Independence can be named with the masters of eighteenth century English. During the closing years of the last century, however, the influence of the great English essayists and novelists of that century began to affect our writers, and America commenced to supply herself with a species of literature, but it gave little promise of all she has done within the past hundred years. Indeed, as late as 1820, an American book bearing the stamp of ability was so rare, that Sydney Smith, writing in the "Edinburgh Review" could sneeringly ask, "Who reads an American book?" Time has wrought a change in the answer made to that question by English critics. We now find the "London Athenaeum,"—which has superseded the "Edinburgh" as the foremost exponent of English literary criticism,—sounding a note of praise for American books in general. But, although literature has had such an unparalleled growth in the United States, it is still an open question whether or not we have yet developed a distinctive American literature. This question has recently been treated at length by a continental critic,* whose opinion is interesting. After discussing the subject from several points of view, he reaches the conclusion that although the literature of the United States cannot as yet be called a national literature, it is seeking to become national with a purpose that is continually growing stronger and more conscious. "There can be no doubt," he says, "since this desire has become so widespread, that it will finally be fulfilled. A few men of genius," he concludes, "is all that will be requisite to solve the problem."

In our own country literary opinion is divided upon this question. Some think that a national literature has already come to pass in the United States. Professor Brander Matthews may be taken as the exponent of those who hold that Americans have a literature of their own that is worth studying. The distinguished professor of English Literature at Columbia goes so far as to assert that from the time of Franklin to our own day the literature of the United States has developed freely and spontaneously without submitting to any other influences than that of its own genius. Professor Matthews' views are set forth in his recent work entitled an "Introduction to the Study of American Literature," which, though little more than a school primer, is written to advance the thesis that the great writers of the United States have been American "through and through," and that their greatness is the direct result of the national sentiments that they have expressed in their works. "Literature," he says, "is a reflection and a reproduction of life, and as life in the United States is more and more unlike life in Great Britain, American literature must needs become more and more unlike British literature." Prof. Matthews declares that there really is something that constitutes Americanism, and that this Americanism has stamped with its seal our national authors.

The keynote of Prof. Matthews' book may be caught from the foregoing extract. Certainly no one can accuse its author of evincing any desire to tuck his head "under the mother country's wing." On the other hand, that tone of shrill assertiveness

* M. De Wyzewa in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for June 15, 1898.

"characteristic of the half-grown boy eager to cut his parents' acquaintance" is nowhere to be found in his pages. But while we cannot fail to acknowledge the national note in our literature that Prof. Matthews has sought to disengage, neither can we agree with one-half or even a tithe of the claims of originality and Americanism made for our authors by him as well as by Prof. Carpenter of the same university in his more recent work for advanced students on "American Prose," and by other enthusiastic critics. For example, when Prof. Matthews in his patriotic zeal tells us that our writers do not "seek light outside their own country," he clearly overleaps the mark, for it were idle to deny that in literary matters England still holds us in a state of dependence. Not only is everything judged by British standards, but everything is seen through British spectacles. American writers, at least, have not yet lost their provincial or rather colonial attitude Several of our "national authors," as Prof. Matthews calls them, have themselves borne testimony to this effect.

"The number of good writers truly American," says Parkman, "by which we mean all those who are not imitators of foreign modes, might be counted on the fingers." Oliver Wendell Holmes implies the same thing in his assertion that "the Yankee mind has for the most part budded and flowered in pots of English earth." James Russell Lowell tells the truth more forcibly when he declares that "we steal English books and think English thoughts."

A glance at the evolution of our literature is sufficient to show that our "national" authors, far from rejecting the literary traditions of England, have made it their aim to adhere to them rather than to depart from them. Although Franklin is unquestionably the first American author of distinction—the first to make a reputation on the other side of the Atlantic, as he is also the first genuine literary specimen of the self-made man—it cannot be denied that Washington Irving is the real "Father" of American literature, the first American that made literature a profession. And, as all the world knows, Irving spent twenty-three of his sixty-six years abroad, being the first of a long line of American writers to seek inspiration in the storied lands of Europe. He was specially attracted by the picturesque traditions of England, that land, to quote his own words, "where poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land." Thackeray has borne witness to Irving's extraordinary sympathy for England—a sympathy on account of which he has more than once been somewhat severely criticised by his own countrymen. This sympathy is especially manifest in "Bracebridge Hall," concerning which book an ultra American critic tells us that "there is in all the libraries of England no book more filled with the gentle spirit of English country life." "Bracebridge Hall" is one of the two works on which Irving's fame rests; the other, as is well known, being the "Sketch Book" which was the result of his second visit to Europe and "which has sent thousands of Americans across the Atlantic, passionate pilgrims to Stratford, entranced wanderers through Westminster Abbey and happy loiterers in the country churchyards of England." After the life and literature of England, Irving's study was on the history of continental people of bygone days—on "Moorish architecture, Iberian landscape and Spanish character," rather than upon his own country. "The Alhambra," the most fascinat-

ing of all his works, is as Spanish as "Bracebridge Hall" is English. The great historic pile after which his work was named has acquired increased interest for Americans on account of the wonderful mantle of fiction which Irving has woven about it in what Prescott calls his "beautiful Spanish Sketch Book"—and Prescott himself was another of our "national" authors whose labors have been prosecuted beyond the limits of local or domestic history. Irving himself regarded the "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada" as his best work, and assuredly his "Life of Washington," in spite of Bancroft's praise, is not entitled to a place even on the same shelf with his biography of Columbus—that is as a literary work for as historical works the less said of Irving's productions the better.

A recent writer * calls attention to the fact that every American of distinction prepared for after success in a literary career by an apprenticeship abroad. The "Sage of Concord" was no exception. True, ill health was Emerson's plea, "but the instinct of genius, the thirst for draughts of wisdom from its fountain head, the hunger for the beautiful, to be fed from the very hand of Nature herself in her choicest land and clime—all these would have urged the great sentence-contriver to follow the example set by the best of New England's sons." It was during his first European trip in 1833 that Emerson became acquainted with Carlyle, and the marked influence which the Scotch stoic exerted over Emerson is evident in other works as well as in "Representative Men."

Emerson's second trip to England took place in 1856, and the criticism in his "English Traits" which embodies the result of these two visits, is tempered by a tone of kindly and fraternal feeling for the elder branch of the race.

Longfellow and Lowell both studied abroad for a similar end. We learn from his biographers that Longfellow made his acceptance of the professorship of English at his Alma Mater conditional upon his being allowed to prepare for it by a prolonged stay abroad. He subsequently qualified for Ticknor's chair at Harvard by spending another year and a half in further study in Europe. To what use Longfellow afterwards put the vast fund of materials gathered during these trips every reader is aware. It is true that "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" are essentially products of our own soil, but we may cull from Longfellow's pages not only "songs from Indian wigwams and stories from Canadian woodsmen, but also tales from Scandinavian homes, sketches from Spanish cloister or German workshop." As a matter of fact his last prose work, "Kavanagh," which is an avowed sketch of New England manners and customs, is considered, both in plot and execution, as inferior to "Hyperion," which deals with the manners and customs of Europe—as "Poets and Poetry" deals with its language and traditions. At least two favorite places of resort in the old world—Nuremberg and Amalfi—possess a special attraction for Americans, because they form the subject of some of Longfellow's best descriptive verse. Longfellow has been called with justice the poet of mediæval-

* Brother Noah in his excellent "Manual of English Literature," which is unequaled by any text book on this subject written by a Catholic. To this work the writer begs to acknowledge his indebtedness for several of the references herein contained.

ism. He caught the keynote of his verse from the German lyrists, and taught his countrymen at home what he had learned abroad.

As Longfellow's genius was powerfully influenced by his travels in Europe, so Lowell's muse was inspired to utterance by sights and scenes in the old world. Like Longfellow, Lowell prepared himself for his professorship at Harvard by serious study abroad. Our foremost literary critic spent his life in the study of the English classics, and his ultra English proclivities are well known.

Hawthorne, too, enriched his mind by travel and study during his seven years' sojourn in Europe, and thus effaced all traces of that native narrowness which so often marks New England minds. Though he loved New England, Hawthorne founded his most elaborate novel on Italian soil. In the "Marble Faun" he has in the words of a well-known critic "felt and reproduced the physical charm of Rome more subtly than any other artist." It certainly contains pictures of Italian life and scenery of unsurpassed beauty. "Our Old Home," the title which Hawthorne gave to his collected papers on England and the English, is an evidence of the influence of the same spirit that inspired the English pages of Irving's "Sketch Book."

As for the works of the brilliant but erratic author of the "Raven," they might as readily be taken for the works of an Englishman as of an American. Poe was in fact like Longfellow, a cosmopolitan, and enjoys, perhaps, a higher renown on the continent than in either America or England. Indeed it is probable that with the exception of Byron, Poe has left a deeper impress upon literature outside the English speaking countries than any other imaginative writer of the present century. A recent writer goes so far as to assert that French literature for the last forty years is largely a creation of Poe. It is certain that to him, Victor Hugo, Verlaine and Baudelaire, as well as Rosetti and Swinburne, were largely indebted for the stimulus of their imagination. Foreign critics have not ceased to express surprise that a poet who has exercised such influence as Poe has exercised upon the great writers of other lands, should have so little in his own country. Hence the disparagement of Poe by such American critics as Professor Gates of Harvard causes European critics to rub their eyes with astonishment.

Bryant is usually called the "Father of American poetry." He is certainly among the most typical Americans in our literary world, and it has been justly remarked that his poems are more American in their subjects, imagery and spirit than those of his countrymen. Yet Bryant slaked his thirst at the fountain head of culture during several trips to Europe, and even though it may be true, as his son-in-law Parke Goodwin boasts, that Bryant "did not bring his skies from Italy, his singing birds from the tropics, his forests from Germany, or from regions beyond the pole," it is also true, as another writer has pointed out, that Bryant has not invested his native Berkshire Hills with any poetic halo like that with which the English lake region has been invested by Wordsworth—to whom Bryant has been so often compared.

That Bryant endeavored to "elevate" our journalism by copying the English type of newspaper is well known, and as a writer we hardly think that he is so entirely free from obligations to English writers as is Whittier, one of the few Americans

who, in his over-refinement, could never be mistaken for a European. In the household lyrics of the Quaker poet, we catch for the first time the voice of a genuine New England bard—accents not cramped by any half conscious imitation of foreign styles or methods. All his descriptive poems are strikingly national. This is especially true of his masterpiece "Snow Bound," which has been well described as "a genuine New England idyl, which puts between its verses more of the spirit of the region than any other American book." Whittier was:

"No singer vast of voice, yet one who leaves
His native air the sweeter for his song."

The most eminently original and thoroughly American of all our poets, Whittier was even less than national—he was local. This can doubtless be attributed in great measure to the fact that he is the only leading American author who never crossed the Atlantic. Indeed, Whittier hardly ever traveled beyond the limits of New England. Thus it was that he became for New England what Burns was for Scotland.

Fenimore Cooper, the first American novelist, was likewise a truly original and national writer, and did more perhaps than other American author to attract attention to home scenes and characters. He at least enjoys the distinction of having been the first of our writers to make the Indian the subject of story. Yet even the creator of the inimitable old woodsman, Natty Bumpo, did not hesitate in some of his later stories to satirize our "louder national characteristics," as Richardson puts it. Nor was Cooper impervious to old world charms, as is evident from his "Gleanings in Europe" and "Sketches in Switzerland." For that matter, Cooper's first work, "Precaution," was a tale of life in England, and it contained nothing whatever to indicate that its author was an American. Indeed his biographer tells us that when the book was published in London, it was reviewed with no suspicion of its American authorship. Two of Cooper's later works, "Bravo" and the "Headsman" were also European in subject—a result of his seven years' sojourn abroad. And in this connection it is interesting to recall, that Cooper was one of those who agreed with Halleck as against Drake and others, that the scenery of the new world lacked the romantic associations and consequently the poetic possibilities of the old.

But even admitting that Bryant, Whittier and Cooper made such a felicitous use of native materials, this fact does not prove the existence of a national literature. On the contrary. Three writers do not make a literature any more than one swallow makes a summer. These authors are the exception which proves the rule namely that the chief features of our national scenery, legends and history find but few illustrators, while the familiar imagery of an older civilization is being often reproduced. It cannot be denied that our writers continue to look at life "through the stained glass windows of European tradition" —to borrow Professor Matthews' fine phrase. In view of this fact it is not to be wondered at if many competent critics deny us a literature of our own outside of the works of Walt Whitman and Mark Twain—and even Mark Twain took his "Innocents" abroad and his "Connecticut Yankee" to the court of King Arthur. "It is quite a common plea with some people," says a recent En-

glish critic,* "that America has not developed a great American literature. If this merely mean that in casting off her allegiance to George III. America did not cast off her allegiance to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Swift, Pope, the reproach, if it be one, must be accepted. If it be a humiliation to American authors to own the traditions and standards established by these men, and thereby to enroll themselves in their immortal fellowship, why, then, it must be owned that they have deliberately incurred that humiliation. One American of vivid originality tried to escape it, and with what result? Simply that Whitman holds a place of his own in the literature of the English language, and has produced at least as much effect in England as in America. If, on the other hand, it be implied that American literature feebly imitates English literature, and fails to present an original and adequate interpretation of American life, no reproach could well be more flagrantly unjust." It is thus that Mr. Archer puts the vexed question of American literature in a nut shell, and his opinion on this point is valuable because he is an English critic whose views differ from those held by most of his countrymen.

American literature, then, is something more than a mere imitation or rather continuation of English literature. When we have arrived at this conclusion, various questions at once suggest themselves: Does American literature differ from English? Should it be expected to differ, and if so, what is the nature of the difference? The answer to these questions would seem to be that up to a certain point our literature does differ from that of England. And it should be expected so to differ. A new country naturally presented new phases of thought. In the realm of fiction especially, various themes have grown up that are not English, and these themes are being treated by American writers in an American manner. The names of George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, Charles Egbert Craddock and Mary E. Wilkins, immediately occur to the mind in this connection. Some few years ago when "Pembroke" appeared, many critics hailed Miss Wilkins as the great American novelist for whom we are all so eagerly waiting, but already her vogue seems to be declining, and after all Miss Wilkins is but a local writer; her field is the life and character of New England, just as Charles Egbert Craddock's field is the mountaineer life of Eastern Tennessee, as Joel Chandler Harris' is the life of the Georgia negroes, and crackers and George W. Cable's that of the early nineteenth century creoles of Louisiana. At most, these writers can only be said to have made their section felt in literature. And it seems to us that the sectional diversities manifested by their writings constitute one of the most potent reasons why we cannot be said to have a national literature. As one of our best known critics recently pointed out,* it is only when American life has become a unit, when local pride is swallowed up in national pride, that the American soil will be ready to produce the great book. Until then no one can speak for America as Homer spoke for Greece, Dante for Italy, and Shakespeare for England.

Moreover, it cannot be denied

* "America and the English Language," by William Archer, "Pall Mall Magazine," October, 1898.

* Hamilton W. Mabie, "Werner's Magazine" for June, 1898.

that, in spite of home productions, America is still practically dependent on England for her reading. The eagerness of American readers for English fiction is well known. The sums derived by American novelists for English sales are infinitesimal beside those received by English novelists for American "rights." Bret Harte might be cited as an American author whose works are more appreciated in England than in his own country—indeed it is said that his English rights are worth exactly double his American. But Bret Harte is the exception which only goes to prove the rule, and it cannot be said that American fiction is generally appreciated outside of the United States. Of course it may be argued that sales have very little relation to intrinsic worth, and it is certain that popularity is no criterion of merit. But whatever may be the cause, it is a fact that our representative living writers—in spite of the vast field for original literary effort which this country affords—have done very little towards developing it. Though his pen still loves to linger in the neighborhood of "Roaring Camp" and "Poker Flat," Bret Harte went to school with Dickens, and he has long since foresworn his native country. So has Henry James, who originated the class of fiction known as transatlantic. The author of "Daisy Miller" has resided in England for more than a quarter of a century, and we are told by a late writer that "one of the thorns in his literary side is the remembrance that America was his birthplace." Marion Crawford is, by his own confession, more than half an Italian, and it was during his sojourn in the same country from which the author of "Mr. Isaacs" draws his inspiration, that Howells obtained the material not only for his "Venetian Life," but also the nucleus of several of his other romances. Both in methods and ideals Howells, like James, follows Continental traditions. "There are times when the former seems to give us the very accents of Heine," says a recent reviewer, "and the latter is probably the most loyal of latter day disciples of Flaubert."

Other instances might be cited to show how largely our living writers have profited by European travel and study—as Bancroft, Motley, Bayard Taylor and others did before them. And how deeply these last three drank at the fountains of European literature is shown in their works. Enough has however been said to demonstrate that our writers still continue to look across the ocean for light and leading. But apart altogether from this phase of the question the fact remains that American literature—for the present at least—is identical with that of England. The story of American literature is merely a chapter added to the history of English letters, and Professor Carpenter's "American Prose" can be regarded merely as a supplement to Craik's "English Prose." It is only with a view to convenience of treatment that the literature of each country can be treated separately. This truth is very clearly demonstrated by Professor John Nichol in his "History of American Literature," which contains many things that cannot fail to astonish our over-patriotic critics. For Professor Nichol, although he appreciates the genius of our great "national" writers no less highly than Professor Matthews, never for a moment regards these writers as the representatives of a separate nation. Professor Nichol does not consider the United States from a literary standpoint as any more separated from England than are Ireland and

Scotland; even less so, indeed, since he declares that these countries have given a distinctive quality to their great writers, of whom he cites Moore and Burns as notable examples. So that at least the substance of both English and American literature must needs be the same. It is only in accidentals that those "picturesque differences" occur which as Professor Freeman puts it "show on which side of the ocean an author writes." It would seem that the specific difference between English and American literature lies in the "Americanism" which in Mr. Archer's opinion gives our literature its chief value. What are we to understand by that excellent thing we call "Americanism?" Lowell once defined it as "that dignity of human nature which consists perhaps in not thinking yourself either better or worse than your neighbor by reason of any artificial distinction." But this definition is hardly complete and even Professor Matthews, though he has written a book to prove the "Americanism" of our literature, does not make it at all clear what "Americanism" is. Indeed he appears to recognize this fact himself since he admits that "despite the great difference between the English and Americans it is not easy to declare what that difference may be."

At most, then, we may allow that English and American literature are "two main arms of one majestic trunk." Whether or not the American branch of this tree will eventually detach itself from the trunk to live its own life is another question. Strictly speaking, no such separation can take place so long as the linguistic unity of the two nations is preserved, since a literature is named not from the soil on which it thrives but from the tongue in which it is written. During the Revolutionary era, it was quite a probability that a new American language might have developed. That nothing of the kind happened is due mainly to the unwillingness of our forefathers to renounce their literary heritage. That literary heritage belongs to us as much as it belonged to them, and we have an equal pride in this glorious possession. And those, who, in our day, maintain that an American language, radically different from the English, may still come to pass, have yet to adduce any considerable evidence to support their view. It seems more likely, as Prof. Hill points out, that, with increasing facilities of intercourse between England and America, the "little picturesque differences" now existing in the phraseology of the two countries will become fewer and fewer.

OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

A SKETCH.

BY REV. D. A. MERRICK, S. J.

(Concluded.)

Mr. Wills, a very anti-Catholic writer, is obliged to admit Monroe's utter rout. "(O'Neill) was in expectation," he says, "of a strong party which was on its march to join him. It was near sunset when this expected reinforcement came up. Monroe had mistaken them for his brother's forces, and experienced no slight vexation when he saw them join the enemy. He also saw that it was impossible now to continue the battle unless under great disadvantages, and there was even much to be apprehended should his antagonist assume the offensive. Very injudiciously he ordered a retreat—than which, under the circumstances described, no movement could be so certain to bring on an attack and to throw every advantage into the hands of O'Neill. The two armies were but a few paces asunder, and the Scottish lines were beginning their retrogressive movement, when just as their order was irrecoverable, the Irish came rushing impetuously, but in excellent order, down the hill, horse and foot, and were instantaneously charging through the broken lines of Monroe's army. To render the charge more decisive, Owen had commanded them to reserve their fire until they were within a few pikes' length of the Scots, an order which they executed with perfect accuracy. Under this unexpected and terrific attack, the Scots, confounded, separated, and dazzled by a nearly horizontal sun, could not have any hope of resistance. Their native sturdiness of character, and their habits of discipline, which rendered them reluctant to fly before an enemy whom they despised, much aggravated the slaughter; for, scattered into groups and confused masses they were slain in detail and without the power of retaliation. Among the most desperate instances of protracted resistance was that of Lord Blaney, who fought at the head of his regiment of English, until he with most of his men left their bodies on the spot."

O'Neill was not allowed to follow up his victory, for the nuncio summoned him to come to his support in his opposition to the party in the Irish Council, who favored peace with the King's lieutenant. "The counties of Down and Antrim would have been lost in a great measure," says Carte, the historian of Ormond, "if the nuncio had not despatched an express to O'Neill to desire him to march with his forces to support him in his opposition to the peace. The messenger overtook O'Neill at Temrags as he was ready to fall into the Scotch quarters; yet, to show his obedience to the nuncio, he quitted the opportunity of conquest in Ulster and marched into Leinster." The nuncio, who was now president of the Council, indignant at the weakness of the Leinster leaders, and the amazing credulity with which they allowed themselves to be deceived by King Charles and the Marquis of Ormond, had taken the control of matters into his own hands, and even went to the length of casting some of these lords for a time into prison. It was determined to carry on the war. The nuncio addressed the Irish parliament assembled in the Castle of Kilkenny. Regretting that he was obliged to neglect spiritual affairs for temporal

duties he gave thanks for the great Irish victory. "For," said he with emphasis, "if Heaven had not fought on the side of O'Neill on the memorable day of Benburb, the representatives of the Catholic confederates would not be today assembled in this goodly city. The churches must have been desecrated, the priesthood scattered, and the peers temporal and spiritual, who now listen to my voice, either sacrificed by the swords of the Puritans or languishing in prison." It was known that Monroe intended to penetrate to Kilkenny and destroy the whole Irish government. Before the assembly broke up, they bound themselves not to lay down arms till the Catholic religion was established in Ireland as it was before the Protestant reformation. And, to help the country, now greatly exhausted by the war, it was ordered that the church plate should be coined into money for the use of the confederate armies.

The nuncio now commanded Generals Preston and O'Neill to unite their forces and proceed to the attack of Dublin. Preston belonged to the Anglo-Irish party. It was hard to know what he intended to do at this moment. "As to the fear of jealousies between the generals," wrote Rinuccini, "it was said that the goodness and conscientiousness of O'Neill who has always been most faithful to the Catholic religion, would suffice to insure perfect safety." That was very well had Preston been equally honest. "O'Neill distrusted Preston," says Webb, "and Preston was really more anxious to fall on O'Neill than to march on Dublin." Finally the nuncio, unwilling to arrest Preston in opposition to the Council, gave up the attempt to take the city. "A fact which, if it moves us to pity," writes Father Meehan, "and excites our contempt for the vacillating Preston, conveys also a moral, never too often repeated, that in union there is hope, and in everything else beside, reverse and ruin." O'Neill withdrew his army. "He collected together his troops by cannon shot," says Webb, "crossed the Liffey by a temporary bridge, and retreated to West Meath and afterwards to Connaught."

Alas for Ireland!

Had Rinuccini been more bold and deprived Preston of his command history might have been differently written. Preston's soldiers would not have rebelled against the authority of Rome, as subsequent events proved distinctly; besides they knew that if they did they would be crushed by the unconquerable Owen.

Later another attempt was made to capture Dublin, now in the hands of the parliamentary troops. Preston was in command; but he was crushingly defeated by Jones, the general of the Puritans. Then all his enemies cried out for help to O'Neill.

"He made instantly a descent into Leinster," says Rinuccini, "amid the acclamation of the frightened inhabitants, placed himself not far from Trim, and there never moving for four months he hindered every attempt of the enemy to advance. This mode of acting was believed to be by those who understand warfare the saving of the kingdom under the circumstances, because the English, victorious and daring, would have advanced with security to Kilkenny, if this Fabius, by taking up his position among the bogs and dikes, had not demonstrated how often patient endurance triumphs over the sword." O'Neill laughed Preston to scorn, not for being overcome, but for allowing himself to be forced into battle; all the armies in England, he said, could not make him give battle but when he pleased. "Fearing a surprise which might utterly destroy him,

Jones retired into Dublin, and Owen Roe's light troops advanced even as far as Castleknock, getting plunder and provisions galore," says Father Meehan, "and reducing the English within the walls to the direst distress." "At times the citizens," says Webb, "could count from their church towers, 200 Irish watch-fires."

But another disaster awaited the confederates in the South, where the terrible Inchiquin, "O'Morrough of the burnings," defeated the incompetent Catholic commander, in a battle in which both Scotland and Ireland lost the gallant Alexander MacDonnell of the Isles, "Colkitto," who, after killing four out of fourteen men that surrounded him was struck dead in the back while parleying with their officer. Two armies destroyed within four months, the country ravaged and untilled, and the government again in the hands of the peace-at-any-price party! Was Ireland lost? No; for there stood one man between the proud English in Dublin and the dreaded traitor of the South. Neither of the victorious generals dared to move against O'Neill, and the Irish Council was enabled to meet again in Kilkenny, protected by the strong arm of the giant of the North. As an illustration however of the manners and spirit of the times, and the strained relations between O'Neill and the men again in control of the Irish Council, the latter decided to send the Bishop of Clogher as ambassador to France, perhaps to get him out of the way. The doughty bishop said he knew nothing of the French or Sassanach languages, that he preferred what he had been doing all along, to fight by the side of Roe O'Neill, and that he would not go. The angry Council threatened to throw him into prison, but O'Neill sent word that they should let him alone, and they did.

It was at this time that Owen received from Father Wadding the sword of the earl of Tyrone, blessed by the Holy Father. A book published about the same time on the continent, exhorting the Irish to choose a king from among themselves, gave the impression that he aspired to the Irish crown; an accusation which Rinuccini brands as "an arrant falsehood." From that day his ungrateful enemies seem to have determined on his ruin. The Council concluded a truce with Inchiquin, the infamous Murrough O'Brien, the shame of his race, who had now changed sides from the parliament to the king, and he and Preston, taking hands, marched to the attack of O'Neill. But O'Neill had one friend left, and that was a priest. Seven days after the publication of the truce the nuncio affixed to the gate of the Cathedral of St. Canice a decree of excommunication "late sententice." against all abettors of it, and an interdict against all places in which it should be received. Preston's soldiers were not "excommunication proof" as he said himself, and 2000 of them went over to O'Neill. Preston declared that O'Neill should perish; but it was not to be by his hands, for he was defeated by a mere wing of O'Neill's army. Military strife was now embittered by ecclesiastical controversy. The Ormondists found clergymen to maintain the invalidity of the nuncio's censures, and the latter saw that he could be of no further service to Ireland. "Despairing," says McGee, "of a cause so distracted, he sailed in his own frigate, from Galway, on the 23d of February, 1649.

On the 30th of January of that year, Charles I was put to death by his parliament, and war was now waged by the royalists in the name of Charles II. One can easily imagine the straits in which O'Neill found

himself. "From his camp at Cavan," says the Rev. Denis Murphy, S. J., in his work on Cromwell in Ireland, "he wrote to Rinuccini, the 18th of May. 'We are almost reduced to despair; on the one hand, Ormond entreats us to join him; on the other the parliamentary party seeks our friendship. God knows we hate and detest both alike. . . . Either course is worse to me than death. Yet so pressing are our wants, that we must unite with one or the other unless we get help very soon.'" In fact according to Webb he first made a truce with the parliamentarians.

"Having stormed the castle of Nenagh, the fortress garrisoned by Inchiquin's soldiers, he occupied a fortified position at Ballaghmore. Rinuccini leaving Ireland it became O'Neill's only object to keep his army together, in the hope of continental assistance. At one time he even entered into a treaty with the Generals Jones and Monk, and in return for a herd of 2000 cattle, raised the siege of Londonderry where Coote, who held that city for the government, was shut up. But the English parliament refused to ratify this agreement, and on the 10th of August, the house declared that it disapproved of concluding a treaty with the grand and bloody rebel, Owen Roe O'Neill, and did abhor the having anything to do with him." Nothing was left but to join hands with Ormond; and so eager was O'Neill to show his good-will and entire forgetfulness of past injuries, that, even before a treaty was signed he sent 3000 men under Lieutenant-General O'Ferrall to Ormond's assistance. He strove to follow himself in all haste; but at this critical moment he was struck down by his fatal illness. This illness was imputed to poison from a pair of russet boots sent him by a gentleman named Plunkett in the county of Louth, who afterwards boasted he had done the English good service in dispatching O'Neill out of the world. Some said it was Lady Coote. Whatever foundation there may have been for these suspicions,—he suffered from gout,—Owen battled against the disease, hoping he might so far recover as to be able to place himself at the head of his army, "a thing he was infinitely fond of doing," says Carte. His secretary describes his last moments thus:—He died in Our Lord the sixth of November, 1649, at Cloughouter Castle, the residence of his brother-in-law, Philip O'Reilly,—at Clough Uachtair upon St. Leonard's day,—a true child of the Catholic religion ("Owen Roe, the most cordial Catholic in the world") in sense and in memory, many of both secular and regular clergy assisting him in such a doubtful transit, behaving himself most penitentially. Being most devout unto all regular orders in his life, and especially to the order of St. Dominick, he wore his habit as a sure buckler against the rigor of future judgments, but was interred in the monastery of St. Francis at Cavan, to oblige both patriarchs." O'Neill had a cross made of the wood of the true cross, sent him by the abbot of Santa Croce in Rome, with the words, "Receive this from a poor monk and in this sign conquer, and give back Ireland to God." The army would not believe in his death; they thought that God had taken him away like Elias, to return for the salvation of his county. He was about fifty years of age. "His widow, Rosa," says Webb, "lived until November, 1660. She died at Brussels, and was buried in the convent of the Franciscans at Louvain, where her tomb may still be seen. His son, Henry, was taken prisoner by Coote, on the 21st of June, and,

notwithstanding promise of quarter, was killed in cold blood. His other sons, Bryan, Con, and John (a priest) ultimately reached the continent, but no further record remains of them.

"The name of Owen Roe O'Neill stands out more clearly," adds this impartial writer, "than that of any other of the actors in this drama, as one sincerely anxious to sink personal considerations, and serve his country and religion." This is true. Owen MacArt O'Neill was more than a mere soldier; he was a peer among men; humane in a time of general inhumanity, honest in an age of dishonesty, a slave to the very letter of his word amidst a generation of traitors, a knight who fought purely for his country before men knew what the love of country was, for the right of Catholics to practice their religion, not in corners or behind hedges, as slaves, but in the broad street and public place, like men,—he was this and even more, for he had gained the victory over self, which is greater than the taking of walled cities, and accepted wrong that the cause he had espoused might suffer not. As a general, he simply knew the art of war perfectly, as it was understood in his day. "O'Neill had in truth," says Father Murphy, "all the qualities that constitute a leader of men. For seven years he kept together an army, created by his own genius, without a government at his back, without regular supplies, enforcing discipline and obedience, gaining victories, and maintaining a native power even in the very heart of the kingdom. Even now, had he been spared to meet Cromwell under the walls of Drogheda, or to carry out the plan of defense which he urged Ormond to adopt, viz: to avoid an open engagement unless at a great advantage, and to defend the mountain passes of Wicklow and retard the enemy's advance until the winter should set in, like his Roman model, "Whose wise delay restored the fortunes of the day," he might have saved his country. But it was not to be; "he lived for Erin's weal, he died for Erin's woe."

Miss Lawlor opines, however, that Owen Roe died, fortunately, perhaps, for himself, before meeting Cromwell in the field. Perhaps; but why? It is not certain by any manner of means that Owen Roe would not have been more than a match for Cromwell. With his Fabian tactics and his knowledge of the territory, he might have harassed the Puritan general until he had gathered the whole country around him and obtained succor from abroad. Rinuccini intended to return to Ireland with assistance, and by this time, at last, Protestant and Catholic loyalists of all shades were united against their common enemy. Cromwell's soldiers were veterans, so were O'Neill's; and they who had already beaten the Covenanters in more battles than they could remember might perhaps have beaten Cromwell, too. Cromwell's men were enthusiasts; O'Neill's soldiers were men who received on their knees the God of battle into their hearts, before they raised their arms in defense of their firesides and their altars. The Irish are the first soldiers in the world by the admission of all mankind. Why should they not have defeated Cromwell under Owen Roe? Let us read this letter of the nuncio. "Five times during my mission," says Rinuccini, "has General O'Neill saved religion from destruction; 1st in the year '46, by the victory of Benburb in Ulster, when the Scotch at the instance of Ormond were to advance upon Kilkenny, at which time the Confederates could only muster 2000 strong. 2d, in the same year when he alone

declared for the clergy in the rejection of the Ormond peace; since without his aid we must have succumbed to Preston and Ormond and been forced to accept the peace. 3d, in the year '47, when after Preston's defeat he was summoned by the Council to descend from Connaught into Leinster to restrain the victorious Puritans, which he did so successfully that, while quartered himself in a secure post, he kept at bay for four months an enemy who never had the courage to issue forth and march against him. 4th, in the same year and the same time, when Inchiquin marched upon Kilkenny from one side and Jones from the other in the hope of surrounding the Council, O'Neill, on receiving a summons to the rescue, advanced so rapidly and with so large an army that Inchiquin was obliged to retire hastily and give up all thought of a union with Jones. 5th, in this last matter of the truce with Inchiquin, when he had at the beginning but 2000 soldiers at his command and seven generals to oppose, he managed so skilfully as not only to save his Ulster army from the attacks of their opponents, but increased it by degrees to the number of 8000, and made a descent upon Leinster. He then raised the army in Leinster to 12,000 and more, made himself master of all the strong places, defeated all the generals except Inchiquin, "whom he defeated shortly after this was written," as Rinuccini states in his next letter. "O'Neill has marched into Munster and news arrived yesterday that he had routed Inchiquin near Cashel, had made himself master of all the passes and the strongest castles of the province in conjunction with the forces of the marquis of Antrim."

"The freedom and splendor of religion are consequently, under God, to be ascribed entirely to him." Who would fear to oppose the Irish under this general to Cromwell or any other general in the world? And who will say that such a hero does not merit to be counted among the great captains of history? And who will dare to say that the Irish race all over the world, today and during all time, should not take off its hat and bow its head to the name of him who five times saved Ireland and religion so far as Ireland and religion in Ireland could be saved? All honor then to the memory of Owen Roe O'Neill, the soldier, the patriot, the Christian; Ireland has no hero of whom to be more proud.

The first published, if not the very first written, poem of Thomas Davis was entitled: Lament for the death of Eaghan Ruadth O'Neill.

"Did they dare to slay Owen O'Neill?
Yes, they slew with poison him they feared
To meet with steel."

The closing stanzas are as follows:

Sagest in the council was he,
Kindest in the hall—
Sure we never won a battle;
'Twas Owen won them all.
Wail, wail him, through the island:
Weep for our pride.
Would that on the battle-field, our
Gallant chief had died!
Weep the victim of Benburb; weep
Him, young men and old.
Weep him, ye women; your beautiful
Lies cold.
We thought you would not die, we
Were sure you would not go,
And leave us in our inmost need, to
Cromwell's cruel blow,
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow
Shuts out the sky.
Oh, why did you leave us, Owen? why
Did you die?
Soft as a woman's was your voice, O'Neill,
Bright was your eye—
Oh, why did you leave us, Owen? why
Did you die?
Your troubles are all over: you're
At rest with God on high:
But we're slaves and we're orphans,
Owen—why did you die?

GOOD BYE.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

Blest be thy journey,
  Wheresoe'er thou go!
God guide thy footsteps
  Over land and sea!
All the dim future
  He alone can know.
Sweet Heart of Jesus!
  Let us meet in Thee.
There, are no partings;
  In Thee, all are one.
Forever and ever,
  Thy dear will be done.
Sweet Heart of Jesus!
  Ah, Sacred Heart!
Friends may be sundered,
  But souls cannot part.

HARK!

BY ANNIE G. MURRAY.

The angels paused in the perfumed air,
  Where the lily was lifting her regal bell,
And, over each golden chalice there,
  Stooped down, their secret to tell.

So holy and sweet the exquisite calm,
  As the lilies bowed in their dim white bower,
That the breath of the angles grew to a psalm
  In the golden heart of each flower.

O love, to whom I have whispered "farewell,"
  O fair white soul that has broken its prison,
The lily that beautiful secret will tell,
  To thee who art blooming in heaven.

WOMEN AT THE TOMB.
The early pilgrimage made by loyal hearts

THE ETERNAL EASTER.

BY REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S. J.

Easter lilies, Easter sunshine, Easter anthems and Easter greetings are once more with us to uplift our hearts with the happiness for which there is no expression in words. For all these welcome messengers whisper to us glad tidings of a joy deep beyond compare, a joy without change, a joy without end. And the saddened heart of the mourner is disburdened and the weak limbs of the toiler grow strong at the sight of the fair visions that cluster around the Easter feast of time and that are to have a happy realization during the Eternal Easter. Therefore, it is not without a purpose that we venture to draw aside the curtains that hide our abiding home from view and gaze upon the transcendent glories of Heaven as they are portrayed by the learned teachers of truth.

We must in the first place, not lose sight of the fact that for all who have passed the bounds of infancy, Heaven is to be a reward. It is something to be earned, something to be struggled after, something to be merited by grace-assisted toil. Heaven will not be thrust upon the unwilling, its portals will be opened only to those who crave admittance, and who show the passport of loyal service wrought for God.

That there will be perfect happiness in Heaven is evident from the very nature of that reward. Nothing indeed, will be lacking to the fullness of our joy. But this happiness is to be the happiness of a rational creature. We are not to be transformed into other beings, we are not to become angels. Rational creatures we are and rational creatures we shall remain, in spite of meaningless hymns that attempt to picture a theological absurdity and a philosophical impossibility.

Now perfect happiness has been defined as the "harmonious action of all our faculties." There must be action, for there cannot be happiness in inactivity. Sleep is not happiness, torpor is not happiness, idleness is not happiness. Activity is the natural state for the living being, but if we would enjoy true happiness, our activity must not be the exercise of half of our powers and the slumber of the rest, but the concordant movement of all our faculties, each one playing the part allotted to it by a wise Maker. Hence, since the crowning gift conferred upon man is his reason, the leading part in Heaven's activity must be assigned to the wondrous power of mind. It is well known that the object of intellectual energy is truth, and that the only object which can fully satisfy our mental longings is Infinite Truth or God Himself. The leading occupation, consequently, of the elect soul will consist in the knowledge of God and in the overwhelming love that will flow from that understanding of the Infinite.

But what will be the precise nature of this cognition? To grasp this clearly, we must bear in mind that outside of Revelation, our knowledge of God in this life is only through His works. We wander through the world and we see everywhere the result of His power. We consider these manifestations of divine power, we dwell upon them, we analyze them, we study them, and from their perfections we glean some faint idea of the greatness, the wisdom, the power and the skill of the Creator. It is like the student of the great masters, who thoughtfully contemplates the outlines, the rich colors, the expressive features of the different characters in some famous painting, and therefrom arrives at a certain insight into the artist's skill and ability. As we stand before the mighty cathedrals of the middle ages and scrutinize the lofty lines, the daring conception of the plan, do we not realize the greatness of mind possessed by the architect? It is the same in every department of knowledge. We may not see the organist or the singer, but when we hear the soul-stirring tones of some grand organ outburst or the sweet notes of a well-trained singer, we feel ourselves traveling, as it were, through the music and through the song, until we seem to see in the musical flood the face of the player, and in the limpid anthem the features of the singer. We have not seen the organist, we have not seen the singer, yet we know them, because we know their works.

But this kind of knowledge is imperfect knowledge, because it is indirect and through a medium, although outside of revealed truth, it is the only knowledge we have of God in this life. We cannot see Him with our eyes. We cannot grasp Him intuitively with our minds. Go to the highest mountain-peak, traverse the trackless ocean, and everywhere will be found traces of His footsteps, everywhere the imprint of His hands, but He Himself escapes us. Thus we only see God's works and examining these we come to a conception of Himself, but that conception is vague and obscure. Revelation, however, clearly unfolds to us that, through divine generosity, the human race has been lifted up to a far higher plane than the purely natural, and that the crowning glory of this elevation is to consist in the direct and immediate vision of God in the life to come. It will be the principal exercise of the Blessed to gaze, not through a glass, not obscurely, but directly and face to face upon the unveiled splendors of the divine essence. Aided by the light of glory, mortal man shall feast upon the sight of the Blessed Trinity, upon one nature yet three persons, three persons distinct yet not separable, without

OUR LADY'S CORONATION.

"On then, dear Pageant, on!
Sweet music breathes around;
And love like dew distills
On hearts in rapture bound;
The Queen of heaven goes up
To be proclaimed and crowned."

superiority and without subordination, each one of the three equal in essence to the others, and all living a life of ineffable perfection that knows neither change nor shadow. This vision is to constitute the essential element of man's happiness and of man's occupation in Heaven, and from this vision will burst forth transports of love as the soul grasps Infinite Truth, Infinite Goodness, Infinite Beauty.

Another question that is much discussed is the following: Is Heaven a place? Is Heaven merely a condition or state of existence, or is it, over and beyond this, a place? And if so, can its precise position in the astronomical universe be determined?

It is perfectly apparent that this question cannot be raised with regard to the disembodied spirits, for souls have no parts. What is a simple substance cannot be said to be in place, because it does not occupy room; at the most, it can be said to be present to a place. Consequently, the question "Is Heaven a place?" need not disturb us, if we confine our contemplation only to the soul. But since we profess belief in the resurrection of the body, and since bodies are in place, it necessarily follows that Heaven must be a place.

Where is this place? In the middle ages many of the theologians accurately defined it. Dante instructs us with great exactness on the position and the divisions of the "Christian Heaven." In the early ages St. Gregory tells us: "To reach Heaven man must pass through degrees of atmosphere and then through trackless depths of air until he comes to the outermost bounds of space, and there beholds the elect." However, a calm consideration of the records of Revelation, forces us to the conclusion, that although we know from the inspired records that Heaven is a place, we cannot determine its precise locality in the astronomical world. Nevertheless, it is the general teaching of Catholic theology that among the scenes and places of man's future habitation will be this planet, not as we have it now with its Winters and Summers, with its biting winds and enervating atmosphere—but as it will be, after the great Day of Judgment, when, according to the clear teaching of Holy Scripture, the world is to be deluged by fire, and in the purifying elements of fire, the world is to be renewed and regenerated. The world will then be transformed into a scene of changeless and surpassing loveliness, a fit dwelling-place for glorified man.

"I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams."

Moreover, we are taught by our masters in theology that we shall rise again in our own body. There have not been wanting doubters who boldly assert that this is an impossibility, because the particles that once formed the body go back to mother earth, there to remain. In answer to this difficulty, we urge that for the body to rise the same, it is not necessary that every particle existing in the body at death should be in the risen body, nay more—we know that this will not be the case, because the risen body will be purified from its imperfections and endowed with new and marvelous properties. Does not science teach us that, even in this life, there is a continual change going on in our bodies, and that within seven years every particle has undergone a change? Yet do our friends think that we are not the same? Do they deny our identity? Then why attack the resurrection of the flesh on the

ST. JOHN'S VISION OF HEAVEN.

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb
It is there, it is there, my child!"

ground that it will not be the same body, unless the particles are identical with those that formed the human frame during this life? The body will be substantially the same, though the present infirmities will vanish. The scars, the unsightly wounds, the repellent seams of sorrow will pass, for the body is to be perfect. Hence we must exclude from the future life everything that savors of imperfection. St. Thomas, in consequence, teaches that there will be no children and no old people in Heaven. No children, because infancy is not a perfection. No old people, for old age is certainly a defect.

It might be asked: "How, then, will the mother recognize her child in that new life, if the babe is to rise in all the perfection of mature manhood? But tell me: What is man? The developed babe. What is the babe? The undeveloped man. Study the infant's features, impress them upon your memory, and years afterwards you will trace those same features in the face of the mature man. What a striking confirmation we have of this in that majestic Greek drama, the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles. The question therein raised was concerning the origin of the Theban ruler. Was he who sat upon the throne of Thebes the child that three days after birth had been cast adrift upon Mt. Cithaeron. As the climax approaches, the queen scans the face of her imperial consort, and then she utters those significant words: "I shudder, O king, as I gaze upon thy countenance." Why does she shudder? Because in the visage of the developed man she now beholds the lineaments of the ill-starred baby-boy whom, in fear of the foretold curse, she had thrust from the Theban palace. And so in that future life we shall trace in all the stately splendor of man in his prime the lineaments of those whom we now know with their imperfections and defects.

We are often asked what are the gifts which are promised to this "glorified" body? The Apostle of the Gentiles calls it a spiritual body. He does not mean thereby that it will be transformed into a spirit, for that would be an impossibility; but he means that other forces will be added to those already possessed so that matter will be sublimated, as it were, and raised above its present condition.

A welcome result of this inestimable gift will be that the risen body will be freed from the necessity of food, of drink, of sleep, and of all those functions, which, by their very nature, belong to the animal life of man. It must not be inferred from this statement, that the senses will be deprived of their lawful pleasures in Heaven, but they will not be "weighed upon with heaviness and utterly consumed with sharp" cravings as they are at present. Food and drink are demanded now to supply the waste in our frames caused by the corroding elements. Where there is no waste and no decay, there will no longer be need of nourishment for the support of life and of strength. Neither shall we need sleep. Do the angels before God's throne ever grow weary in the contemplation of His Infinite Beauty? Do they ever fold their wings in the inactivity of slumber? Assuredly not. Neither shall we bury ourselves there in the oblivion of sleep. All that wearies us, all that fatigues us will be no more, and we shall no longer be forced to "steep our brows in slumber's holy balm" in order to give new energy to tired eyelids and to weary limbs.

Among the many barriers of the material, one of the most difficult to conquer is space. How successfully it parts friends, how irresistibly it

To a Better World.

"The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
"Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?"

keeps the distant kinsman away from the bedside of the dying! Who is there that has not, at times, ardently longed for some human power to bridge over the distance that made it impossible to be with a loved one in his last agony. Alas! we are sensible of the limitations of matter, we know that inch after inch of space must be travelled over gradually, before we can greet our own. But then, with those new forces we shall pass, swifter than the lightning's flash, from one realm of creation to another, from the earth to the most distant planet of the star-depths.

Another property by which our movements are hampered here is impenetrability. What an obstacle a ponderous mass is to our onward march! We cannot pass through it, and, when such masses obstruct our path, we are necessitated to turn aside, frequently at great outlay of time and trouble, before we can resume again our direct journey. Yet this barrier is to be conquered by another force and we shall pass through opposing masses, even as the rays of light pass through the crystal. This may seem past belief. Upon reflection, however, it will not appear less wonderful than some of the marvels in the realm of nature. What could be more unlike than the sparkling diamond that gleams in a lady's tresses and an insignificant piece of charcoal? Yet science teaches us that the diamond is only crystallized carbon or charcoal, a fact which is well attested by experiment. Now, if we find such well-nigh incomprehensible wonders in every-day life, why should we hesitate to admit the almost indescribable features of life in Paradise?

Precious as these gifts must be, what shall we say of that other priceless treasure that will be lavished upon us, the absence of suffering. When we gaze around us now, are not our hearts torn by the spectacle of agony that meets us on every side? Look at the blind, those who have never seen the beauty of a human face, who have never been gladdened by the clear glow of the sunrise or the bright glories of the sunset, who have never looked into the crystal depths of flowing water, nor upon the smiling meadows sown with flowers and ferns. There are those, also, whose founts of hearing have been closed, who have never known the rich melody of the human voice, nor the sweet comfort of a friend's greeting. And there are other sufferings too dreadful to think of, the mangled limb, the gaping wound, the charred hand, the leprous frame. But these pains are as nothing compared with the soul agony, when the blackness of unhallowed crime has darkened the soul and shut out therefrom, more effectively than prison bars, the sunlight of God's grace. What more dreadful lot can be imagined than to sit down with the blackness of despair in the soul, because the light of God's encouraging presence has been banished? In the future life, there cannot be any soul darkness, but in all the vigor, all the freshness of unclouded mind, without one ray of sorrow, without one ray of suffering, we shall enjoy the pure light of happiness that is changeless, of happiness that is endless.

How delightful it would be, if every portion of creation were as resplendent with glory and as resonant with the anthems of eternity as the halls of Heaven. And yet we know that this cannot be said; that there is one portion of the universe (we know not where, for its locality has not been revealed to us) from which springs neither prayer of entreaty nor song of praise; which is not covered with sunshine, but covered with eternal shadow. It is the home of those

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

"Finished is the battle now;
The crown is on the Victor's brow!
Banish sadness,
Sing with gladness
Allelnia!"

THE VIRGIN'S DREAM.

"Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore!
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life where sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!"

"At the second birth
He'll bid the woes and wrongs of ages cease,
And bring to an emancipated earth,
Judgment, and truth and peace;

"And gather all His own
From the four winds to that eternal shore,
Where Mercy sits upon the great white throne,
And Death shall be no more."

"When tempests toss and billows roll,
And lightnings rend from pole to pole,
Sweet is the thought to me,
That one day it shall not be so;
In the bright world to which I go,
The tempest shall forget to blow;
There shall be no more sea."

who, having had their trial, having had the choice of life or death, have elected death, and having chosen death have made a failure of supernatural life, and have, consequently, lost everything. It is a sad thought, a thought almost crushing in its intense grief, to think there should be those who wittingly and willingly doom themselves to such a fate. And the question that naturally arises in considering this, is: Will the knowledge that those near and dear to us have lost everything, have made a shipwreck of life, and are there in that home of banishment, exiles from Heaven, lessen our own joy, if we are among the elect? This is a question that must puzzle the tender and loving heart. The soul that is burning over with affection dreads nothing so much as misfortune for those it loves, yet, looking over the pages of Revelation we know that no clouds will ever steal across the serene depths of Heaven; that no shadows will ever fall athwart the everlasting hills; that no mists will ever gather upon that sea of transparent bliss; that no pain, no regret and no suffering can ever find admission therein, and hence there is only one logical conclusion we can draw, namely: That the fate of those who have incurred banishment from God will not mar, will not lessen, will not diminish the joy of the elect.

We must bear constantly in mind that in this life prejudices and personal affections warp our judgment. Let me give you an example, and let me take it from one who has written clearly upon this subject. "Suppose you hear of some dreadful murder; a murder that is one of premeditation, that is accompanied with atrocious circumstances; a murder that is full of revenge and cruelty. Instinctively the judgment springs up in your heart that that murderer has written his own doom; instinctively your decision is that the assassin must suffer the punishment of his crime. There is no loop-hole of escape; everything shows premeditation, everything shows that life was taken with full knowledge of the crime, that the crime was intended, that there was malice in the deed. After a few hours, you find that the murderer was your father, and then what a change comes over your judgment. Immediately you begin to seek for motives to palliate the crime. No stone will be left unturned to change the judgment in the minds of others that you had already formed. And why of this? Because you have become more just? Not at all, but because now there is another motive, there is another force that is beginning to work upon you. This force is love, and it colors wonderfully our opinions! How difficult it is even in the ordinary career of daily life to find men who are perfectly impartial. When there are great crises in the intercourse of nations, do not the people of one nation instinctively wish their fellow men to win in the struggle? Is it possible to conceive of any man belonging to a nation who would not cherish that desire? And yet it is impossible that both sides of a quarrel should be just. One side clearly is in the wrong, and yet men will go to war and will battle for that wrong. Why? Because their minds are warped. How few, how very few there are who are able to consider calmly the circumstances of a deed, and to pass an unbiased judgment. Now, when we consider the life in Heaven, we must remember that it is a life of the most supreme justice. No clouds there will befog our intellect, no sentiments will spring up and warp our opinions, no affection will steal wrongfully across the path of justice. There, in God's

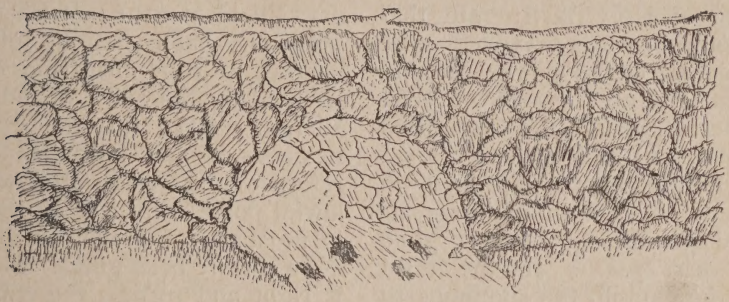
calm land of eternal right, we shall see the crime and we shall see how justly punishment was awarded for that crime; and in that sight there can never come a pang across the personal views of the one who sees that others having had the occasion and the means placed in their hands, have, of their own free will, and persistently, chosen not to accept them. It is as though we were strugglers for citizenship in a country to which the right of citizenship is to be given for those who run in the race. They all run in the race, but not all win; some lag behind, some falter, some fall by the way. Those who win do not lose their happiness because others have fallen in the race. The strength was given to all, the means to win were given to all; some rejected the gift. If eternity is lost, it is lost simply because of the self-imposed decree of banishment. We write this decree. No man ever yet had banishment from Heaven thrust upon him. It is placed within our own power. If we will, it is given to us; but if we will not, if knowingly and wilfully we banish it from us, we sign it away from us of our own free choice, and being our own free choice, no rational man can do otherwise than acquiesce in the choice thus voluntarily made. Then, too, we must consider that in that life we are to see everything as God sees us, and think you that sadness steals across the divine mind when His creatures wilfully thrust from them the blessings He wishes to lavish upon them? He made us free, and in man's freedom is rooted his own position before the Eternal One. He has the choice. Let him choose what is good, and that choice is ratified; let him choose the evil and according to the eternal decree that evil also is ratified, for if it were not, man would not be a free creature. Thus it is that we are brought to face with this clear conclusion, that no matter how few may enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, their happiness will not be marred by those who are without, and no matter how many are there, the many will not have their happiness destroyed because of the few who have failed to share it with them.

In this restless, commercial age of ours, too little is thought of Heaven. Men would be happier, life would be brighter, sorrow would be more easily borne, if our eyes were lifted occasionally to the reward in store for us. It is a powerful incentive to a noble life and to self-sacrificing deeds. For, if the reward be so transcendently great, if the glory of Heaven is past the power of man to describe, how trivial are the sacrifices we are called upon to make, in the cause of God and the cause of virtue. What are all the strugglings and all the battlings against a proud nature, which must be held in check if we would lead a life of the spirit, if we would lead a life of reason, what are all these when placed in comparison with the companionship of the angels, with the eternal enjoyment of the pleasures of heaven? What a consolation in the hour of trial. How the clouds fade away and the shadows pass when we reflect that all afflictions are but for a time, and that the end will come and the end must come. As Father Faber so beautifully says:

"Rest comes at length though life be long and dreary;
The day must dawn and darksome night be passed.
Life's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last."

At last, after all the trials of life,

after all our failures and struggles and heart burnings, after all the weary battles and the silent vigils, after all our earnest prayers and our intense aspirations, after all these, endless rest; after all these, companionship with the angels; after all these, the fadeless crown; after all these, the unveiled vision of God; after all these, Heaven.



LUMEN IN CŒLA

BY J. J. M.

Nor as the sharp electric flame that leaps
With danger fraught athro' an angry sky;
Nor like those lesser gems that gleam on high
Inconstant; nor as Luna pallid creeps
Faint with reflected rays; the sun that sweeps
Supreme amid his kindred orbs is thy
Meet emblem, who dost strongly lead us nigh
To Eden-land, whose glory round thee peeps.

Yet Leo, whose pure ray doth cheer us on
O'er darkling deeps, what light sustaineth thee?
Does Mary, Morning Star, before the dawn
Of Justice's Sun, becalm the storm-tossed sea
And surely guide thy bark, the darkness gone,
Into the portals of Eternity?

LEO XIII.

BY REV. MORTIMER E. TWOMEY.

II.

A good man is a great man. A great man is very often not a good man. The first statement has the authority of Holy Writ: "He that conquereth himself is greater than he who taketh cities." The second statement is in accord with universal experience. Leo XIII is recognized as a great man; he is no less a good man. His greatness is essentially in his goodness. And with him greatness and goodness have ever gone forward pari passu. In the early ages of the church, the summons to the Papacy was the summons to martyrdom. And in all ages, the call to the Papacy is by preference to men of a life of more than ordinary holiness. And the Supreme Pontiff naturally feels in the great weight placed upon him the need of a supporting hand; in the administration of a spiritual kingdom, the necessity of spiritual aid; in the distribution of supernatural assistance, the presence within himself of God's grace. Prayer to a churchman is the weapon of offense and defense. What wisdom is to the scholar, what the army to the general, what treasures of unlimited resources to the ruler, prayer is to the Supreme Pontiff. The "homo Dei"—man of God—as St. Paul characterized his beloved Timothy, must stand revealed in the person of every teacher of the spiritual, of every guide of souls, if his work is to have a supernatural character. And if it lack the supernatural character, it may secure admiration; it will not advance the work of salvation.

Leo XIII even to his outward appearance, is a spiritual man. Through the features, white as alabaster, the luminous soul appears. Living in the flesh, no one associates his name with the idea of the material. Of abstemious habits, slight of frame, sparing of rest, unsparing of labor, he lives by the spirit of indomitable energy. Even in the passionate demands he has formulated for the return of the Temporal Power to its lawful possessor, the Holy See, there is no mark of greed, or desire for mere earthly belongings. The theme is right and justice, the reason that the spiritual functions may have a full and perfect opportunity for their exercise. And as Leo XIII so regards the temporal, it were as idle to hope that he will abandon his claim, as to suppose he will concede the subsistence of the soul on this earth apart from its attendant body. It can subsist alone, it will so subsist between death and the General Judgment. But the natural union of soul and body shall after disunion be again an accomplished fact forever.

Deprived of earthly possessions, and dependent upon the alms of the faithful from all parts of the Catholic world; imprisoned in the Vatican, where his household of industry is about him, and whither come the curious to hear the man whose voice thunders "Urbi et orbi," the sightseers, to gaze upon Peter who died under Nero, the world's sovereign in 66, and who lives still at the dawn of 1900, himself the sovereign of the universe; looking out over that Rome which belongs to him, and into which he may not enter, lest dishonor and insult and death greet him from the lips of the obscene and the

hands of the atheist, who desecrated the remains of his saintly predecessor, Leo has looked to the holy hills whence comes help to the poor in spirit, the distressed in heart, the persecuted for justice's sake. Meek and humble, the seeker after peace, Leo has received in abundance of the blessings promised by Him who, in His sermon on the Mount startled a world into righteousness by the proclamation of the beatitudes, which find every one an exponent and a living commentator in Leo XIII.

To prayer Leo has given a marked impetus. His encyclicals on devotion to God's Mother are the outpourings of a loving child. All his early training to trust Mary, all his life-long ardor of dependence on Mary, all his gratitude for favors received, all his hope for favors to come, betoken the sturdy faith of sturdy ancestors in belief, a faith to be transmitted for the ages of ages. And oh! the marvelous hope, the magnificent trust of one who, having nothing, yet owneth all things, because he knows God is over all, and that trusting in Him and His Providence, he is sure. To such a man despair can never draw nigh, disaster can never descend, defeat is unknown. The woman who crushed the serpent's head shall triumph over the enemies of her Son, and Leo knows it. He knows it; he knows it. It is more than human knowledge, it is belief in God; it is repose in the promises of God. All study of Leo that centres itself upon his natural gifts, so wondrous as they are, and that forgets the divine alchemy, that reviews his youth like the eagle, shall leave an unsolved enigma. Like the great master, St. Thomas Aquinas, whom he so admires, and with whose immortal teachings he indoctrinates the world, Leo has learned that wisdom is from God, that when the prayer of a humble heart ascends to heaven, wisdom comes down, and, as to Solomon, are given in addition a multitude of accessory benefits. The proud have fallen and on the magnificent ruins that lie by the roadside of the past generation, the mourning followers read: "Why have the nations raged, and the people meditated vain things? He who dwells in heaven shall laugh at them and the Lord shall deride them." Like Aquinas, Leo believes to the fullest in earthly knowledge, but knows too that the smallest knowledge of God and His truth surpasses all human acquirements; like St. Bonaventure, he will answer as to the source of his marvelous attainments by pointing to the crucifix; like St. Paul, he will announce that he can do all things in Him who gives him strength; and like St. Peter, he will rejoice to suffer for the name of Jesus.

The man who is truly spiritual yearns for the highest advancement of his race. He is content with no petty achievements, and while "Alps on Alps arise," his word to himself and others is "Excelsior!" Leo looking over the world of his day recognized the decay and the vanishing of ideals. He saw but too plainly the absorption of human life in trivialties, in vileness, in baubles of material pursuit. And his great mind shuddered, and his great heart rebelled at the sad spectacle. He viewed in its appalling significance the dreary truth that the destinies of life were too lightly estimated, and the frivolities of existence too persistently loved. The remedy? But first the cause? The evils were manifold, and so was the cause. He sought to combat the evils, to expose them in strong, plain, pleading language, one by one, and to apply the remedy to each in turn. That the remedy was in hearkening to the voice of the

Church is the natural and foregone conclusion; that a heedless world received this advice and welcome with only respect and not obedience is to be regretted. But the honesty, the noble purpose, the calm and high judgment of Leo have not been denied. They have gained the goodwill of many an erst-while enemy of Catholicity. And they have strengthened the faith in the children of the Church, and quickened into life many a sagging energy. The voice of a true lover of mankind is never hollow. But in addition to the arguments of faith, Leo has ever asserted the prerogatives of reason. He has not only advanced the theses and conclusions of theology, but he has no less strenuously advocated the claims of right philosophy. In all this boasted century there is no greater champion for liberty of thought, than Leo XIII. More than to any other source he has attributed to a false philosophy, to a cruel aberration of the mind in the ways of falsehood and error, the ills that attend us at the closing of one century, and promise to enter with us into the new century. "With desolation is all the land made desolate, because there is none who thinketh in his heart." The words of Jeremias have never been more fitted for application than today. No greater mistake is made by the enemies of the Church, or by her friends, than to imagine her as desirous of holding in thraldom the intellects of men. By every instinct of self-preservation, she is in a position where she must encourage the use of reason. And by her avowed declaration of divine law, by her reference to divine revelation, she upholds the doctrine of a holy, steadfast, fruitful alliance of reason and faith. "Amator unice veritatis,"—a lover of truth, generously, purely, solely for its own sake —did Leo designate St. Thomas Aquinas. And it would be hard, indeed, to find a word to better portray the public manifestation of his own life and of his character.

When Christ came into the world, he came as light, and God's sacred word positively insists on this fact. And as the true Light His mission is to enlighten every man. If the darkness refuse to receive Him, and men today love the darkness better than the light, they shall follow after evil counsels, as did so many in the days when Christ sojourned on earth, and perish miserably. And the vicar of Christ must be like to his Master, bearing and scattering light. And the Master forced no one; neither shall His vicar. And the Master proclaimed the truth, being Himself the truth, which makes men free, yet he interfered not with their freedom; and His vicar expounds the glad tidings of salvation to the individual, to society, to nations, and they shall freely receive or freely reject. Happy they to whom such vision is given that in the Christ they can recognize the uncreated Truth of God, and exclaim with Peter: "Thou hast the words of eternal life." Happy who understand the Master's choice of Peter, confirming him in truth, that he in turn may confirm the world.

"Yea, thro' life, thro' death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning,
Christ shall suffice us, for He hath sufficed;
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ."

If men were to take upon themselves the labor of a little investigation, and not seize with avidity upon every slander against the Catholic Church, they would learn what a lover of truth is that Church, and

how highly she regards the human intellect. Put aside the abstract, and take the concrete as it really appears in the teachings of Leo XIII. Go back beyond the days of his Pontificate, study his long episcopate in Perugia, examine into his own pursuit of knowledge, and his eagerness to instruct the little children of his flock in the simple saving truths of life and the requirement of daily knowledge, while to their elders he imparted counsel against the insinuating and misleading doctrines of the times. He did not disdain the learning of antiquity, nor confine himself to theological discipline. A scholar welcomes truth wherever seen, and Bishop Pecci studied and absorbed the beauty of the pagan Virgil, while he bowed in admiration before the sublime genius of Dante. Fearless in denunciation of the revolutionists who invaded the sanctuary, grasping better perhaps than any other bishop of his day the extent of evil inflicted on religion, he did not refuse in friendly conference to speak with officers of that despoiling army, and learn from their own lips the reasons by which they would justify their usurpations. And in his every letter as Pope to correct error, he has never assumed the tone of a proud and arbitrary demagogue, but as a father he has imparted instruction to his children, and as one having authority he has spoken the decisive word of truth, after quietly, gently, compassionately dislodging his opponents from their strongholds. He has never as a scoffing levite gathered his cloak about him and passed upon the other side but he has bowed down to the enemies of his Church, and with oil and wine of good words and kindly counsels he has sought to heal the fallen adversary.

The career of Leo stands out broadly before the world. Daily he has been teaching in the temple, what he has said has been said openly. He challenges inquiry; his life has borne, and will bear the closest scrutiny. His doctrine is the doctrine of the Catholic Church. His appeal to the reasoning faculties of men is the old and tried method of the old Church of all the centuries. Haters of the Church, and prejudiced historians will gainsay this statement. Why? Because they love the darkness better than the light. Here is before us today a living man, a force in the intellectual and moral world. Let his life be examined, let his words be weighed, let his deeds speak. And do they convey a lesson? Do they not loudly assert his position of defender of man's best interests, and his own personal estimate of the power and virtue of human reason? And as head of the Church he speaks to the universe, he speaks with full appreciation of his unique, unequalled position as teacher, and with knowledge too of the awful responsibility with which he represents before men the word of Him who writes in the Book of Life, "Without faith, it is impossible to please God." But faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word, and the natural and the supernatural light must irradiate the intellect. If faith is above the understanding, it is not in opposition to it, but rather the best employment of the understanding is to weigh the foundation of belief, and to submit finite intelligence to divine manifestation.

Never has the human mind better set forth the harmony of reason and of revelation, the interdependence of human research and divine guidance, than the Angel of the Schools, St. Thomas Aquinas. And it is this supreme teacher that Leo has offered as the patron of all Catholic schools,

and it is the doctrine of St. Thomas that he elaborates in his encyclicals, and it is to him he bids all the advanced students of Catholic colleges and seminaries repair, as to the fountain of the best in philosophy.

Read and examine the writings of this remarkable Pontiff, for the twenty and one years of his glorious sovereignity. Meditate on his words: his letters deal with present evils, but their wisdom is not perishable. The errors of men crop up anew, old errors in new garb. The arguments of Leo shall repeat their timeliness. There is no better way to know Leo than from his writings. These speak the soul, the ambition, the yearnings of his great heart. Oh! that his voice might be heard, and over the land and the sea would arise the benediction of grateful peoples, as the woes of men would be lessened, as harmony would take the place of clashing interests, and as the peace of God brooding as a dove over the dwellings and the haunts of men, should rest in sweetness of a divine gift upon the troubled children of a whirling world.

EVANGELINE.

BY ROB LEAR.

O gentle maid, much have I pitied thee,
For all the sorrow of the valiant heart
That through the dark kept bright thy constancy,
And cheered thy pilgrim way through wood or mart.

Sweet is the lesson of thy wandering,
For I, emboldened, firmer seek my Love,
And, to the path He bids, shall firmer cling,
Content, if I may see His face Above.

MIDNIGHT ON THE OCEAN.

BY CELIA BURT WALL.

Low hangs the moon, the shadow robe
Of night is now unfurled,
Revealing gems so wondrous bright
They flash across the world.

The restless waves unceasingly
Complain to Heaven's dome—
Anon, some black fantastic shape
Looms up amid the foam.

And flinging out its long gaunt arms
Sinks back in the cold wave,
Mayhap a soul that finds no rest
In that vast ocean grave.

Across the miles of trackless waste
The weary wind wails on—
As if in terror of the deep,
And night so drear and long.

We sit upon the broadened deck,
And watch the moonbeams play,
God grant there be no derelict
To meet us on our way.

Then when the bright day dawns once more,
And every phantom's gone—
How fair will seem the distant shore
Where all our hopes now run.

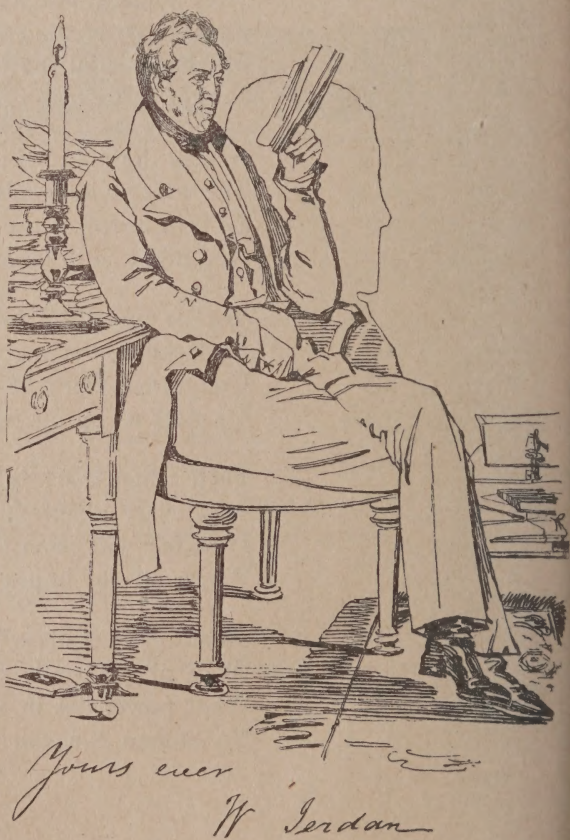
Moan on ye restless waves, moan on!
Blow, all ye winds so free!
What power lies in your mighty depths
No human eye can see.

DANIEL MACLISE: HIS LIFE AND ART.

BY ROBERT M. SILLARD.

Before entering on a short sketch of the great Irish artist, whose name heads this page, it may not be irrelevant to glance at the local conditions of the city that gave him birth, in reference to art-culture, when he commenced his studies.

Cork, in common with other parts of Ireland, had artistic traditions and memories of which it might justly be proud, but they were tinged with saddening reflections. The talent which Ireland produced appeared, from some inscrutable cause, to droop and decay until it was transplanted and became, as it were, an exotic in the land that gave it life. Poetry and painting were in the same ill-starred category. Authors and artists, those who had contributed to delight and adorn the age in which they lived, who wrought and toiled with an undying energy of genius, were permitted to pine under the influence of withered hopes and chilling neglect, and die, perhaps in poverty, unrequited save in a few cases, by posthumous honors. The scenes of distress through which so many an Irish artist and author have struggled form a disheartening retrospect. But there have been many instances where calm judgment has prevailed over the pardonable weakness or pride of preferring fatherland with poverty. England has always afforded encouragement to literature, science, and art. She never fails to cherish in life and to honor in death those who possess the indisputable stamp of genius, whether the produce of her own soil, or transplanted there from a less favored land. The biographies of many an Irish artist demonstrate that they would have acted more wisely if they too had sought in the sister country that favor and fair field which was denied to them in their own. James Barry, the friend of Edmund Burke, and the contemporary and rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose magnificent pictures in the large hall of the Society of Arts, in London, illustrating the progress of civilization, have stamped him as one of the giants of his time, what could he have done—his ardent soul yearning for fame—had he remained in his native city, Cork? For a con-



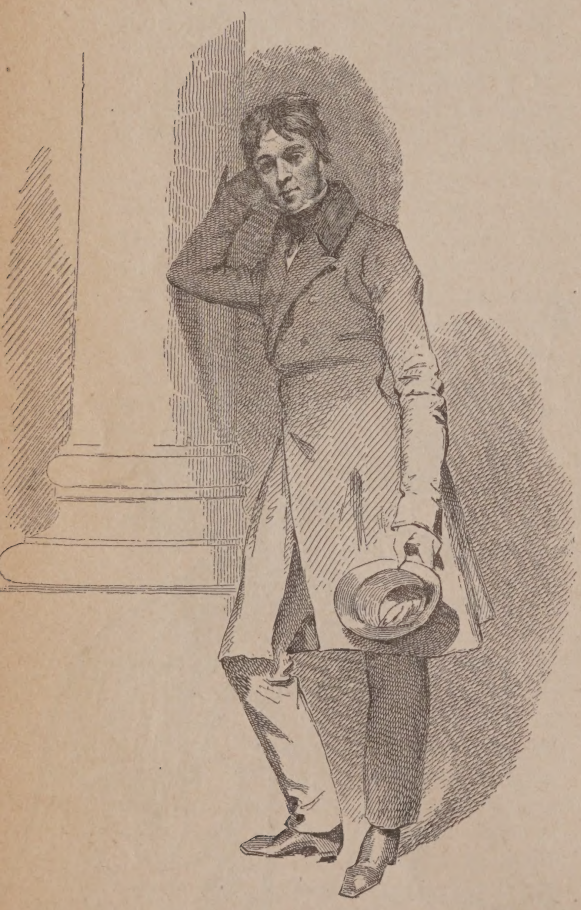
Editor of the "Literary Gazette."

siderable period after the Royal Academy in London was opened, the only Irishman it could reckon amongst its members was Barry; but, it should be noted that he had already won a high position in art, first in his native city, then as a pupil in the schools of the Royal Dublin Society, where at the age of twenty-two he gained the prize for historical painting, and later in Rome, and in the Academy of Bologna. However, when the English Academy began to vindicate the purpose of its existence, many distinguished Irishmen availed themselves of the facilities it presented for acquiring fame and fortune, which their own land could not offer them. Sir Martin Shee and William Mulready, Thomas Roberts and Francis Danby, received their early art education in Dublin, and all attained the honor of being elected academicians of the famous British institution. From time to time various attempts were made to establish schools in Cork for the education of artists after Barry's genius had spell-bound his English contemporaries; but these efforts were generally unavailing, until the year 1822, when a felicitous accident placed within the reach of the citizens a medium for achieving that for which they had yearned so long and so fruitlessly.

In the conflict of the first Napoleon with England and her allies, the important services rendered to Pope Pius VII made a deep impression on His Holiness, and, in testimony of his gratitude to England, he presented George IV (then Prince Regent) with a superb collection of casts from all the celebrated marbles of antiquity then in Rome. The "Apollo Belvidere," the "Medici Venus," the "Laocoon," the "Dying Gladiator," and many others of equal sublimity in ancient art. To render the gift worthy of the object, the Pope commanded Canova to superintend the preparation of these casts. They were transmitted to London, and arrived there in the year 1818. It is said the Prince Regent thought so little of these works that they were permitted to remain for a considerable time at the Custom House. After a while they were to be found in the gardens of Carlton Palace. They appeared to have been so very much in the way here that the Prince indicated to the members of the Royal Academy his desire that they should possess them; but that body was constrained to decline the offer, as a sufficient space could not be found for them. This having become known to the then Earl of Listowel

Author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

—himself a distinguished patron of the fine arts, and whose gallery contained some of the finest pictures in Ireland—he waited on his Royal Highness, and solicited the casts for the citizens of Cork. The request was readily complied with, and they were immediately afterwards transmitted to their destination. The gift of this splendid collection, like the myrtle which Minerva presented to the Athenians, induced a love of the art to revive and strike deep root amongst the people of Cork. By their exertions, and very much by their liberal subscriptions, a theatre was fitted up for the reception of the casts and the admission of students, and it was quickly placed under the superintendence of a competent master. This Academy was opened in the year 1822, and then, indeed, commenced the golden period of the famous Cork school of art. Hogan, who attained unrivaled fame as a sculptor, studied in this institution. It was in drawing from the models there, that he attained the classical purity of conception and the ineffable grace and grandeur which pervade all his works.



Yours faithfully,
T. Carlyle

Translator of "Wilhelm Meister."

It has been said that in these days we know too much about our great men. The "fierce light" that beats around the lives of men of genius exaggerates and often distorts every unimportant detail, every subsidiary feature, so that we are shown shreds and patches rather than any comprehensive or comprehensible unit, and a jargon of discussion rises in place of a calm judgment. It is as though some great old picture were exposed to a glare so intense that only its cracks and scores would attract notice. Daniel Maclise, however, will never suffer from anything that men may say about him. Partly from the fact that his personality was of the least complex nature; partly because in his works he gave himself so entirely and unreservedly to the world that they remain his most faithful biographer.

Daniel Maclise was the grandson of a Scotch Highland soldier—who, by the way, spelled his name McClise, as did also the subject of this sketch until the year 1835, when he lengthened the Mc to Mac. When his regiment was disbanded Maclise grand pere came to reside in Dublin where he married a lady named Hill

in the year 1750. He was blessed with a family of seventeen children, the eldest of whom, Alexander, became the father of the painter. He also joined a Scottish regiment and at an early age obtained an ensign's commission in the Elgin Fencibles, stationed in Cork; and here in 1797 he married Miss Rebeccca Buchannan, the eldest daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian family settled in Bandon. He quitted the army shortly after his marriage, and became the proprietor of a tannery in the town of Cork, where he was given several government contracts for military boots and other leather ware.

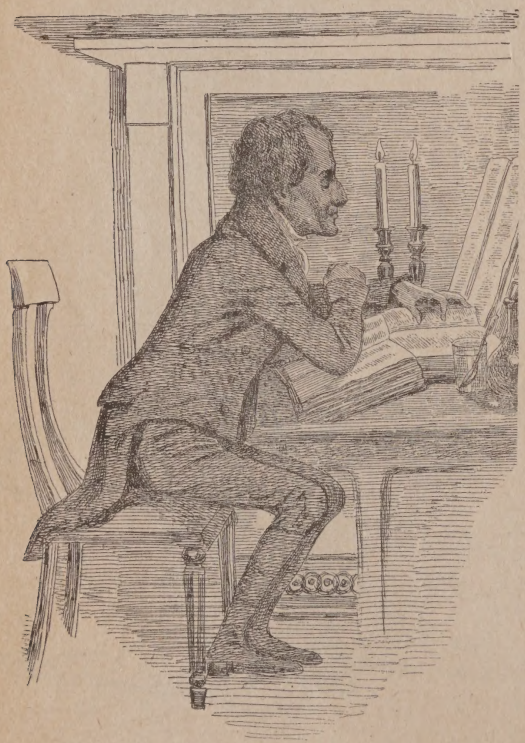
Daniel, their first son, was, according to the baptism register in St. Peter's Presbyterian Church, Cork, born in that city on the 2d of February, 1806. He had three brothers and two sisters. At an early age the future artist was sent to a day school presided over by a pedagogue famous for "turning out" some of the best classical and science scholars in the south of Ireland. When little more than a child young Maclise manifested in what direction his talents lay. He began by exciting the delight of his schoolfellows by the pen and ink sketches with which he adorned their copy books; mostly portraits of themselves, or irreverent caricatures of the master. Later his clever drawings of soldiers and horses attracted the attention of his elders and the astonishment of his young companions.

He left school when fourteen and obtained a situation in the Cork banking house of Messrs. Newenham, where he remained but a short time. He had from the earliest evinced a great taste for reading, and at this time had, we are told, read Shakespeare and Milton, Spencer and Chaucer, as well as many of the modern English poets and dramatists—history and romances, tales of chivalry, and legends of his own land. When he resolved to enter the Academy as an art student, he did not give up his home reading and studies; on the contrary, he applied himself more assiduously than ever to them. Maclise continued to work perseveringly in the Cork Academy, where he made rapid and brilliant progress. His wonderful skill of hand attracted the notice of a local gentleman named Sainthill, a lover of the fine arts and a learned antiquary, who threw his splendid library open to the young art student. Through this gentleman Maclise became acquainted with Crofton Croker, the celebrated author of the "Fairy Legends of Ireland." This famous work was first published

Author of "Waverley."

in 1825, and when Maclise saw a copy of it in Mr. Sainthill's library, he at once commenced those exquisite illustrations which appear in the second edition of it. Maclise also attended lectures given by Surgeon Woodroffe at his School of Anatomy in Cork, to the students of the Academy, and here also he occasionally dissected under the doctors' instructions. This early discipline of his hand and eye in the science of anatomy contributed very much to produce that marvelous facility and accuracy in delineating the human figure which impart such a charm and grace to all his works.

One of those felicitous opportunities, which fortune not infrequently offers to genius, and of which genius alone can fully and triumphantly avail itself, occurred at this time, and determined the direction of his talents. In the autumn of 1825 Sir Walter Scott made a tour of Ireland, and amongst other places he stayed a short time in Cork. One day he visited the shop of a local bookseller named Bolster which, as can readily be imagined, was instantly surrounded by an eager crowd, anxious to get a glance at the author of the Waverley novels. Maclise, of course, was there, and with his wits about him conceived the idea of making a sketch of Scott, for which purpose he placed himself unobserved in a part of the shop which afforded him an opportunity to take a few outline sketches. These he brought home, and having selected the one which he considered the best, worked at it all night, and next morning brought to the bookseller a highly finished pen and ink drawing, handled with elaborate minuteness. Bolster placed it in a conspicuous part of his shop, and Sir Walter having again called during the day, it attracted his attention when he entered. He at once inquired the name of the artist who had executed it. Maclise, who was standing in a remote part of the shop, was brought forward and introduced to the famous author, who took him kindly by the hand and expressed his astonishment that a mere boy could have achieved such a work, and predicted that he would yet distinguish himself. The sketch, with Scott's autograph underneath, was shortly afterwards lithographed and copies were sold as rapidly as they were printed off. This portrait of Sir Walter Scott created such a sensation amongst art critics and the public, that Maclise was induced by his friends to open an atelier in Patrick



"Author of Eila."

Street. He at once attained full practice for his pencil, commissions for portraits flowed in upon him, and his rooms were daily crowded with sitters.

As his marvelous skill of hand became every day more extensively known, men of wealth and eminence were to be found in his rooms sitting for their portraits, giving commissions for book-illustrating, or glancing over the last creations of his magical pencil. Drawing was now the business of his life. His enthusiasm for art subdued every other thought, and yet he contrived to steal moments from the easel which were appropriated to his other favorite pursuits—music and athletic exercises. Three of his patrons, Sir Thomas Deane, Mr. Sainthill, and Crofton Croker, earnestly urged him to proceed to London, and enter as a student in the schools of the Royal Academy. Maclise, however, thought the experiment just then would involve too serious a risk, and so resolved to remain at Cork until he had acquired such a sum as would render him independent of the consequences of a failure in his first effort to attain studentship. His friends met this objection by generously offering to sustain him in London until he had achieved his own position. The offer was, as might be expected, declined.

Although his charge for three-quarter length portraits at this time was five guineas, his commissions multiplied beyond his power to execute them. He now began to feel that his pencil was a talisman of fortune in his hands; and the dream of possessing what would justify him in removing to London was approaching realization. During the winter evenings of 1825-1826 he devoted many hours to finishing a large and highly wrought drawing intended for Somerset House whenever he should determine to become a candidate for admission there. Mr. Sainthill sent it to London, with a letter to Crofton Croker, who had it placed in the Exhibition where it attracted some attention.

In the spring of 1827 Maclise resolved on leaving Cork to prosecute his studies in London. The drawing which was sent to Somerset House had secured his admission to the Royal Academy as a student. He arrived in London in the middle of July, 1827, and took apartments in the house of a carver and guilder in Newman Street, and immediately

Author of "O'Donnel."

afterwards entered the schools of the Academy.

Readers of theatrical biography will recollect that on the 1st of October in this year Charles Kean made his first appearance on the stage at Drury Lane Theatre as Young Norval in Home's tragedy of Douglas. Curiosity to see the son of the great actor, Edmund Kean, filled the vast theatre to overflowing. Maclise having secured a seat in the pit, as near as possible to the footlights, determined to make a sketch of the debutant. Young Norval does not, as my readers are aware, appear until the first scene of the second act opens, when he is brought before Lord Randolph, whose life he has saved.

Lord Randolph says:
"Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon, in honor and command, shall Norval be."

Young Norval. "I know not how to thank you.
Rude I am in speech and manners.
Never 'till this hour
Stood I in such a presence.—Yet, my Lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me bold
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favor."

The appropriateness of the lines to the circumstances of the young actor produced an electrical effect on the audience. Peals of applause greeted him from all parts of the house, and whilst he stood for a few moments, transfixed as it were with feelings of pride and graceful embarrassment, Maclise made the sketch. This he brought to his rooms and made a finished drawing of it before morning. He gave it to his patron, Crofton Croker, who had it lithographed and published immediately; the sale of the copies at ten shillings each was very large, and realized for the young artist a considerable sum. As was to be expected, commissions for portraits in pencil and in water-colors now flowed in upon him, and he began to be known in London society as a rising young artist. He attracted every one he met, for he was very handsome, and his rollicking humor shone like sunlight on all around him. He still worked diligently at the Royal Academy Schools, making drawings for the competitive exhibitions of the students. His progress was rapid and successful beyond all precedent. Every honor which the Academy could confer on a student was gained by Maclise. He was awarded the medal for the best drawing from the antique, then followed a medal for the best copy of a picture by Francesco Guardi; and his culminating triumph, the highest prize that an art student could win, was the gold medal he was presented with in the year 1829, for the best historical composition, the subject selected by the Academy being, "The Choice of Hercules." The distinction of having won the gold medal (which, by the way, was presented to him by the then president, Sir Thomas Lawrence, R. A.) placed at his command the Traveling Studentship of the Academy, an advantage of which his friends thought he should avail himself, as the pension attached to it would have afforded him ample means for a few years' residence in Italy; but his native pride of disposition induced him to decline it.

Conscious of his powers, and full of ambition, he was resolved to tread a new path of action and fame. In the summer of 1829 he appeared for the first time as an exhibitor in the Royal Academy. He chose for his subject one of the most interesting and humorous scenes in Shakespeare's play of "Twelfth Night,—where Malvolio presents himself before

his mistress, in yellow stockings and cross gartered, "a color she abhors and a fashion she detests." This picture is now in the Vernon gallery collection. It appeared in the Dublin Exhibition in 1861, and a fine engraving from it can be seen in an early volume of the "Art Journal." This picture proved that the young artist had deeply studied the springs of human action and passion so indispensable in rendering the characters of Shakespeare on canvas, and it gave prophetic indications of the genius which he afterwards manifested in illustrating other scenes from the great dramatists' works. It would be difficult to discover in his later efforts anything more graceful and pleasing than this picture. The maid, Maria, who has wrought all the mischief, stands behind her mistress to watch the denouement. Olivia's face exhibits a mingled expression of anger and astonishment; while Malvolio's ineffable vanity and coxcombry, in affecting the airs and manners of the gentleman, are all exquisitely expressed.

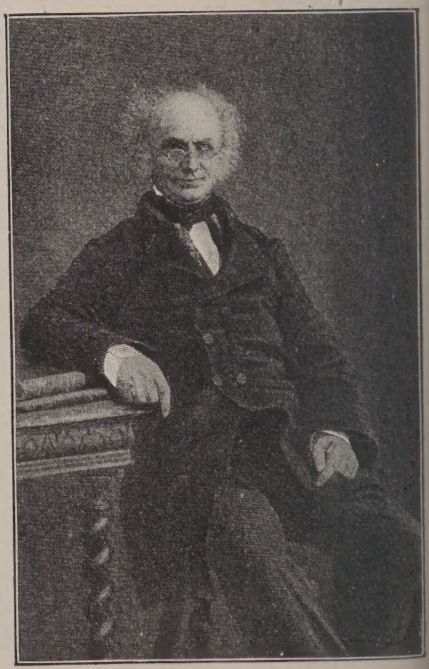
WASHINGTON IRVING.
The author of "The Sketch Book."

Maclise now became the "lion" of London society; the spell of a new enchanter in the art appeared to attract men of genius and influence to his studio and his society. Some idea may be formed of his wonderful skill and rapidity of execution from the

From a painting by E M. Ward, A. R. A.

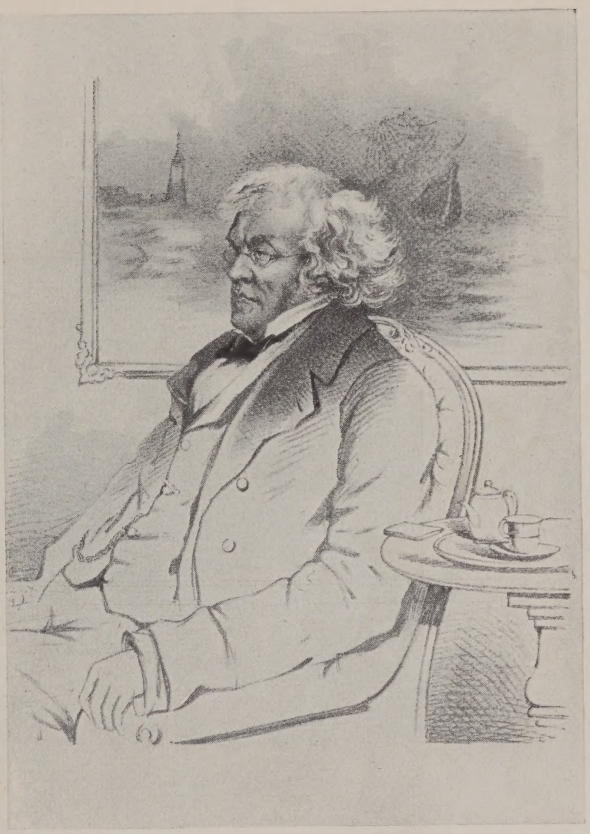
fact that between the winter of 1829 and the summer of 1830, he produced seven pictures, all of which were exhibited in the latter year at the Royal Academy; viz., "The Trysting Place," "A First Sitting," "Isabella's Favorite," "Portrait of Mrs. S. C. Hall," "Portrait of H. R. H. The Princess Sophia," "Portrait of Miss Landon (L. E. L.)," and "Portrait of Thomas Campbell the Poet." The following year, after a visit to France, he exhibited six pictures at the Academy, viz., "The Sleeping Page," and five portraits, one being of Lord Castlereagh.

Shortly after his arrival in London, Maclise became acquainted with his celebrated townsman, Dr. William Maginn, who in consequence of some differences with the editor of "Blackwood's Magazine" had quitted Edinburgh, and was now busy making preparations for the first number of "Fraser's Magazine," which was born in February, 1830. Maclise's services were secured by Maginn for a portrait each month of some notable of the day, to form a "Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters," and in the fifth number—that for June, 1830—appeared the outline portrait of the celebrated critic, William Jerdan, the editor of the "Literary Gazette." This novel feature in a magazine pleased the public, and thenceforward each succeeding month produced its portrait, till some fourscore had appeared, and the magazine had reached its fifteenth volume. From the satirical character of some of the portraits, and especially the accompanying biographical notices usually written by Maginn, it was desirable that the identity of both



Rev. F. Mahony ("Father Prout").
Author of "Shandon Bells."

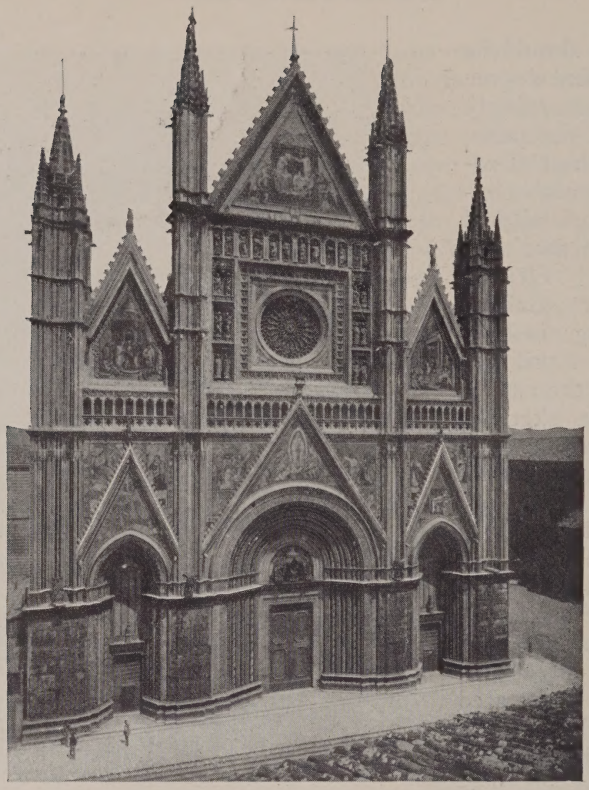
artist and writer should be invested with some degree of mystery, accordingly Maclise adopted the pseudonym of "Alfred Croquis," while Maginn's contributions were signed "Morgan O'Doherty," and on occasions, "Oliver Yorke." Dante Gabriel Rossetti writing in the "Academy" of April 15, 1871, regarding the republication of these sketches said: "I suppose no such series of the portraits of the celebrated of any epoch, produced by an eye and hand of so much insight and power, and realized with such a view to the actual impression of the sitter, exists anywhere; and the period illustrated possessed abundant claims to a worthy personal record. Each portrait produces the impression of absolute trustworthiness as in a photograph. Both in rendering of character, and in the unfailing knowledge of form, which seizes at once on the movement of the body beneath the clothes, and on the lines of the clothes themselves, these drawings are on an incalculably higher level than the works of even the best professional sketchers. Indeed, no happier instance could well be found of the unity for literary purposes of what may be justly termed 'style,' with an incisive and relishing realism."



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.
Author of "Vanity Fair."

The originals of these inimitable sketches are now preserved in the South Kensington Museum. They are all characterized with great spirit and truth, wonderful technical skill, and great variety of idea. Eighty-one of them were reproduced in a most entertaining volume edited by Mr. Bates in 1874 entitled "The Maclise Portrait Gallery."

(To be continued.)



A MIRACLE IN STONE.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

Like a gorgeous jewel sparkling and scintillating on the white forehead of a beautiful woman, the gem-like Cathedral of Orvieto shines out in resplendent beauty on the brow of fair Italy—the Empress-Queen of the lands of the South. It is a dream of medieval mysticism; an epic poem in stone; and above all and over all the memory of a miracle—the profession of a glorious faith, firm and enduring as the rock upon which its foundations are built. Such indeed is the grand old Lombard Cathedral of Orvieto, a structure which alone would support Italy's claim to supremacy in art, if she had produced no other marvel, which is far from being the case; for Orvieto does not stand alone in isolated greatness, but has many compeers to share its deathless fame (and stand) as everlasting memorials of an age of faith that loved to decorate God's House with a more than earthly splendor.

One can wander through the plains of Lombardy where Milan's glorious Temple lifts her marble pinnacles to the snow-peaked Alps to rival their magnificence; or dream in the City of

the Adriatic before that vision of Oriental splendor which is called "St. Mark's;" or stand in the heart of the Florentine "Duomo," looking up to the dome which even a Michelangiolo could not surpass.

And there are many others in this "land of shrines;" the Cathedrals of Siena, Pisa, Lucca, and majestic "Monreale," down in Italy's sunny garden-island; while Rome's marvels need not even enter in the reckoning; for Rome —the eternal— is as a thing apart. Enough, therefore, can be seen to prove that Orvieto's pre-eminence is due not wholly to her architecture (in itself a treasure) but to her history—to all that she represented, and will represent throughout the ages to a believing generation Countless are the travelers from various lands who come to the Cathedral of Orvieto, and are awed and hushed into momentary silence, perhaps, by the revelation of beauty which bursts upon them. But how few, ignorant of its history, ever reach the "inner side" of all this wealth of art, the mainspring which gave the skilled workers much of their skill, in the faith which enabled them to believe in the miracle the edifice was to represent; and slowly, painfully perhaps, with all the "infinite capacity" of genius, to reproduce in painting and mosaic and architecture truly a miracle in stone.

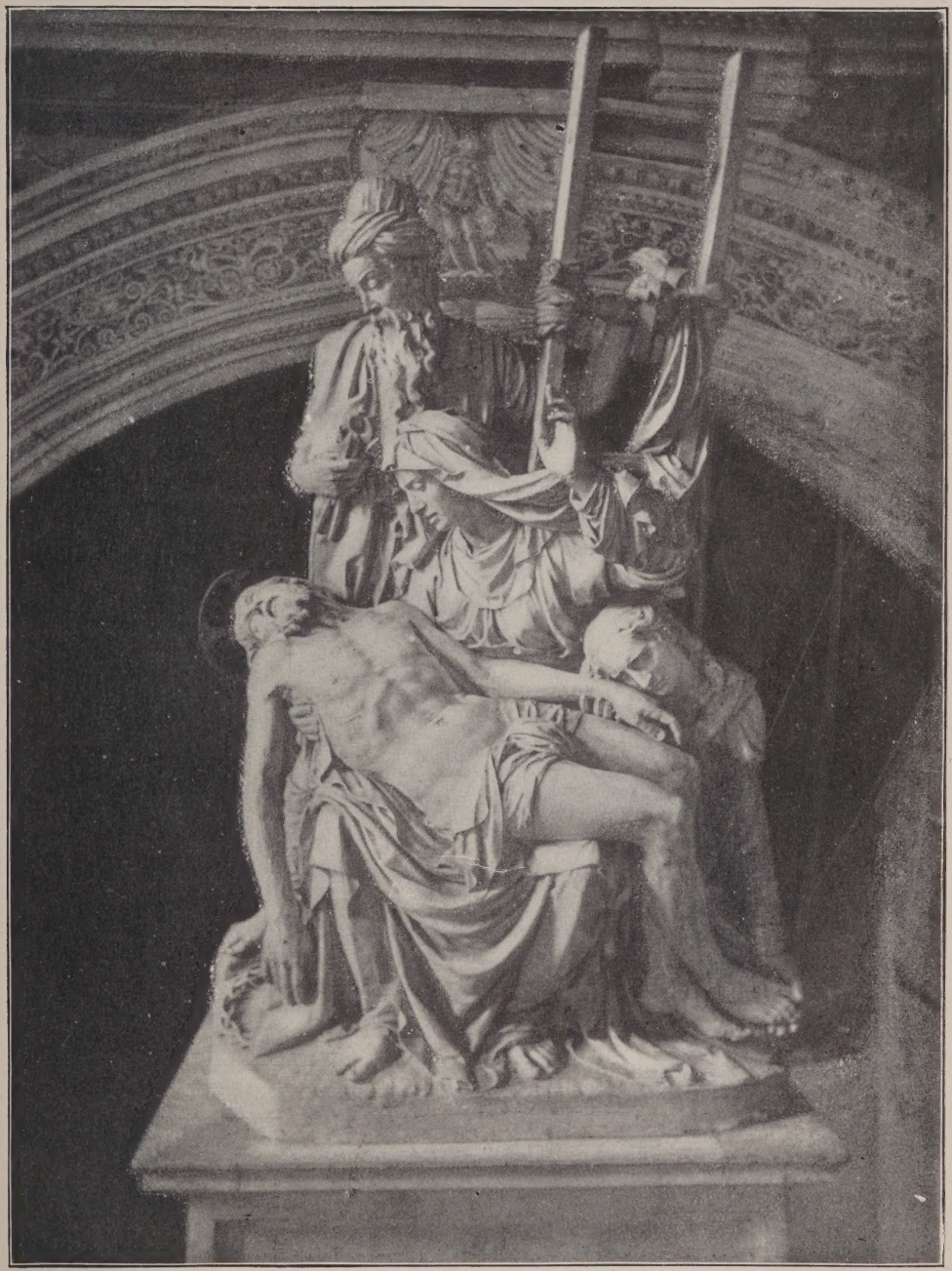
MADONNA CHAPEL, ORVIETO CATHEDRAL.
With frescoes of Fra Angelica and Luca Signorelli.

Even to Catholics the history of this most magnificent of shrines is not well-known; and though there are many fine descriptions of Orvieto, few are treated from a Catholic point of view, representing it as the Cathedral-Church of the Blessed

CHAPEL OF THE SANTISSIMO CORPORALE, ORVIETO.
With frescoes of the History of the Miracle of Bolsena.

Sacrament. We know in a kind of general way that Orvieto is connected with a miracle of Bolsena, which Raffaelle has undyingly illustrated; but as a general rule, our knowledge extends no farther; for in Italy we are spoiled by so many edifices of highest architectural beauty, that we take them too much as a matter of fact; only reveling in the harmonious forms which constitute the charm of that heritage of the ages—"eternal art." But we did not know, till we had seen its mystic beauties and heard every detail of its story, that Orvieto Cathedral was erected in memory of a miracle, to contain the relic, and in eternal remembrance of the miracle of Our Saviour's residence amongst us in the Blessed Sacrament—the Eucharistic Pilgrimage-Church of the whole world. However, our ignorance is in some degree excusable, for this early history dates so far back into the remote past, and the events in connection with it took place so near Rome, the weight of whose mighty memories exclude all others.

It is a long story and an interesting one: In the year 1263 a priest who had been afflicted for years with doubts on the doctrine of the substantial presence of Our Saviour in the Sacramental Species resolved to make a pilgrimage to the Eternal City and pray at the shrines of Rome's martyrs that his doubts might be removed. Wearily he started on the toilsome journey from his far-distant German home—his sole companions being the wretched doubts which perpetually assailed him and threatened to wreck his life, even redoubling, it seemed, with every step that brought him nearer the Eternal City. At last the priest stood in the little mountain-town of Boi-



[Marble Group of the Pieta, in the Madonna Chapel, Orvieto Cathedral.

PORTRAIT OF DANTE IN THE MADONNA CHAPEL AT ORVIETO.

sena, only a day's journey from his destination, and said his accustomed daily Mass in the village church, in the dim dawn of a winter's morning. The doubts came back as usual with all their accustomed force; and almost despairing, the unhappy man held the Sacred Host above the altar, when suddenly the scene was transformed! The priest's face changed from melancholy to deepest wonder and emotion, for the purity of the round white Host he held uplifted was stained with drops of lurid blood, which fell on the linen Corporal beneath, marking its snowy folds with a dull red stain.

A miracle was accomplished, and peace came once more over a troubled spirit; and the priest no longer "faithless," but "believing," treasured up the miraculously blood-stained Corporal and went his way rejoicing, to lay the story of his doubts and their wonderful conclusion before the Sovereign Pontiff, who at that time was staying in the city of Orvieto. The reigning pontiff was Pope Urban IV, who not only listened to the poor priest's story with the greatest attention, but was deeply impressed with its entire veracity; so much so that he caused the relic of the Corporal to be brought to him by the Bishop of Orvieto. He went out to meet it in person with a great retinue of his court and cardinals; and he himself was the first to reverence the relic and press its blood-stained folds to his lips. Great and universal was the impression produced by this miraculous occurrence, the fame of which spread far and wide; and out of it arose not only a quickening of faith and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, but also two great events most important in the history of the Church—the effects of which continue even to the present day;—namely, the institution of a

special festival, "Corpus Domini," or "Corpus Christi," in honor of the most Blessed Sacrament, and the building of Orvieto Cathedral.

As time went on the desire of the people to perpetuate the miracle wrought among them and hand its memory down to posterity grew stronger and stronger; and the scheme being approved by the Pope, took the form of the laying of the first stone of a new Cathedral in Orvieto in the year 1290 by the hands of Pope Nicholas IV—a Cathedral which was to serve not only as a memorial of the event, but as a shrine to contain the precious Corporal. Not till the next century, however, was the Sacrifice of the Mass offered up in the new building on the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, Aug. 15, 1309, the Bishop of Orvieto pontificating. This was but the beginning of Orvieto's history, for whole centuries of toil and patient labor were to elapse before it stood forth in finished beauty before the eyes of a wondering world.

The building of the Cathedral was indeed a "labor of love" in which the "master-builders of old" were aided by the whole populace; a peaceful "crusade" in which all sorts and conditions of men joined, esteeming it the proudest honor in their lives that they had helped in the erection; so that they and their descendants can call Orvieto truly and proudly "our Cathedral, the work of our hands and hearts." And those centuries of earnest endeavor after the Divine Ideal of the beautiful, to adorn the earthly dwelling of the "All Beautiful" reaped their reward. No life-work can be wasted that points to such results as this—results which make posterity pay the supreme tribute of silent, reverential admiration, causing too some realization of what must be the "fulfilment" when this is but the earthly "promise" of that "which eye hath not seen."

The ancient town of Orvieto—the stone setting of the precious jewel—crowns the lofty eminence of a great rock which rises like a sentinel from amid the broad Campagna-lands and smiling vine-clad valleys stretching away far to the north of the Eternal City. It is only a short journey from Rome on the direct railway line to Florence; but as is the case with so many of the Italian hill-towns, one never feels farther away from the town than when one descends at the little Orvieto railway-station lying so calmly distant in the depths of the valley from the fortress-rock which guards the treasure. Those good people of the middle ages went on the good old principle that what is hardly-earned is more enjoyed, so they hid their "marvels" in mountain-fastnesses, and if you wanted a splendid sight you must needs work for it, and go toiling up the steep road of an almost inaccessible hill before you came to the "Promised Land."

Until a very few years ago Orvieto was one of these "buried treasures;" secure in its mountain-eyrie, far from the haunts of men. But other times bring other customs; and ours of the present day is anything but a medieval patience—not that we admire or reverence beauty less, but we have become more luxurious even in our æsthetic pleasures; and what we are called upon to admire must be brought closely within our line of vision. "Life is too short for so much exertion" we say, at the sight of one of these Italian hills; and "hey presto!" a funicular railway, that most useful product of modern civilization, arises on the spot at our bidding; and chuckling over our superiority, we are whisked comfortably in a very few seconds up the sheer crest of the hill. What would

the builders of the old Orvieto say if they could behold this modern power of witchcraft with which the 19th century is endowed. We make our way through the narrow, crooked streets of Orvieto, paved with great paving-stones which surely were laid in the middle ages and have seen little wear or tear since. As we stand before the Cathedral, we feel little inclination to say here "Life is too short for the exertion of building a structure like this,"—for a hundred, nay a thousand lives were fittingly employed in the construction of this great Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament.

It stands in a magnificent open space high on the mighty hillside,—unspoilt by the vicinity of any other buildings, the most beautiful of which would seem incongruous here. Words fail to describe the richness of the facade, where, within perfect forms of architecture, whose pinnacles pierce the very heavens, gold and jewels, carvings and sculptures, are piled together in a seemingly reckless profusion, yet with thorough symmetry running through the wealth of graceful designs. At first the eye is hardly able to take it all in, there is so much richness as to be almost bewildering, carried out minutely to the smallest detail. From a description this gorgeous facade might seem startling in its overflowing abundance of design and color, but such is not the case, for tints and shades are blended together with such consummate skill that it is like a great medieval picture, full of harmony and perfect peace, restful to the eye even as Nature's loveliness. It is this harmony which is Orvieto's sovereign charm. It has all the coloring of St. Mark's at Venice without its Orientalism; and all the beauty of form of Milan Cathedral without its cold marble whiteness—truly the "Domus Dei;" where one feels that the "soul of things" is present as well as the mere semblance of outward loveliness. Though we have not seen the miracle which took place long centuries ago, God has set His impress on the glorious "miracle in stone" which still remains to us, unchanged and unaltered through the lapse of ages. The architecture is of the pure Lombard style; and a Sienese artist, Lorenzo Maitain, together with that master-mind who designed the Duomo of Florence—Arnolfo del Cambio—conceived the plan of the marvelous edifice, assisted by other celebrated sculptors, many of them Pisans, who completed the decorations at various periods; filling every space of the vast surface with the bas-reliefs, carvings and traceries which make it immortal. Three splendid doorways surrounded with exquisite arched pillars—each row of whose carving is a different design—form the entrance to the Cathedral; and flanking each door rise four great pilasters literally covered with a series of bas-reliefs executed in free and intricate workmanship, containing thousands and thousands of figures, each figure standing out with vivid force and character from the background. These reliefs represent the history of the Old and New Testament, beginning with the "Creation" and recording all the principal events. It is one of the most perfect pictorial representations of the Bible story in the whole world.

There are people even in our enlightened land who would have us believe that the "Roman Catholics" know little of the Holy Scriptures, an assertion most unnecessary to answer in the face of this living witness of the centuries, this open book of the Sacred Writings, graven indelibly like the law of Moses, on tablets of stone, in the old, old language of humanity

which even the most ignorant and unlettered can read. If those great sculptors of the "unenlightened" middle ages knew their Bible well enough to reproduce it so faithfully and accurately in stone, surely their descendants ought to know it too; and the fault is but their own if they pass it with blind and unseeing eyes; for it is there, clear and open in the free broad air of heaven.

The facade of Orvieto Cathedral is a complete scheme not only of architecture and color, but of the history of religion from the very beginning, embodying all the doctrines laid down by Catholic belief; for on the lower part it is carried out in sculpture; above in mosaic pictures framed in graceful architectural ornaments. Richly—lovely on their gold background—these beautiful mosaics stand out from the setting of stone, looking as fresh and new in glowing beauty as if only finished yesterday; and we can read in their pictured characters the life-history of Mother and Son so indissolubly connected—the joyful expectation of St. Joachim and Anna; the birth of the future mother of the Messiah, and her espousals to St. Joseph; the Annunciation, the Presentation of the Infant Saviour in the Temple and Our Blessed Lord's Baptism in the Jordan. In exquisite contrast to these mosaics, and separated from them by a long open gallery of gothic arches, is a Rose-Window—literally one mass of lovely architectural detail—a window which is surely the most precious gem in this concentration of splendor. In the centre is the sculptured head of Our Saviour, and around it wheel within wheel and arch within arch of graceful carvings; framed with fretted niches each one containing a sculptured head of saint and martyr, turned towards the "Key-stone."

Above the window and down the sides, in solemn company, each in his gothic niche, stand full-length majestic figures of the band of apostles and prophets—the sculptor's powerful creations, strong and living in the gray time-worn stone. As we look, the sonorous eastern language of the Scriptures transcribed into stone, which has been telling the Bible story until now, seems changed into the solemn harmonies of a grand "Te Deum," an outburst of thanksgiving rising through the fretted casements, while from every side this vast stone army of the Blessed joins in the hymn of praise, as it soars among the gothic galleries and the starry pinnacles dying away at last in the pictured mosaic presentment of ineffable rejoicing—the coronation by Jesus of His mother in heaven. The great central doorway is always open, and within the grand and massive interior bathed in softened light from the high arched gothic windows of the upper galleries stretches away before the gaze—a study in black and white marbles, vast and imposing in its vistas of space. The nave is divided into aisles with gigantic columns of black and white marble like the walls, whose well-defined perspective of gothic arches, unmarred by any ornament or decoration to break the view, leads straight to the gloom of the choir, with its tender frescoes and old stained-glass windows. Until a very few years ago, large white marble statues of saints and apostles (17th century additions to the Cathedral) stood before each of the pillars in the nave, but with a very laudable desire to preserve the primitive beauty of its medieval architecture, the authorities removed the statues and put them in an art gallery near the Cathedral, and restored the gothic roof to its original design, so that, with a very few exceptions the

Orvieto of today is the Orvieto of six centuries ago, stately and beautiful, more beautiful perhaps with its mellowing of ages, beautiful as it will be till time shall be no more—ever "the miracle in stone."

The chief beauties of the interior of the Cathedral, the rich side-chapels, which hold all that is most precious in its memories and its art are enclosed from the rest of the Church, hidden from the view till one approaches closely. As the "memory of a miracle" the "Chapel of il Santissimo Corporale" (the Holy Corporal) where the precious relic is preserved, interests us most in Orvieto Cathedral, and we enter its precincts, near the choir. It is a peacefully lovely little gothic chapel, enriched with carvings and traceries innumerable, and a wealth of soft-toned frescoes covering the walls, telling the complete story of the "miracle of Bolsena." In the centre of the chapel, over the altar, is a tabernacle or shrine of marble inlaid with beautiful mosaic work, and with doors of bronze painted in enamel painting. This shrine contains a silver reliquary, the work of the 14th century, which is worthy in its perfect beauty to be a receptacle of the relic of the blood-stained Corporal of Bolsena. It is kept closely under lock and key, having three keys which open it; one of which belongs to the Chapter of the Cathedral, one to the Archbishop, and one to the "Sindaco" (mayor) of Orvieto. But on special occasions and by special permission it is shown to individuals, besides being publicly shown on the festival of "Corpus Domini" which is naturally the great "festa" of the year at Orvieto. Then throngs of people from all parts crowd to the tiny chapel to see the relic, and join in the splendid celebrations of the Eucharistic festival in the "Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament." The frescoed story of the Corporal is apparently of the 14th century, depicting its every event, and is most interesting, not only as the history of the miracle but as a picture of the times.

The first fresco, upon which the eyes of the "pittore divino" must often have rested, and which he afterwards immortalized on the walls of the Vatican, represents the poor doubting priest with the blood-stained Corporal in his hand; the second represents the priest relating to Pope Urban and his court the story of the miracle; while underneath in another fresco is seen the Bishop of Orvieto, sent by the Pope, examining the miraculous Host and Corporal in the Church at Bolsena, surrounded by a quaint group of bystanders in medieval dress. Then comes the most characteristic of all the frescoes, the Pope's procession in all its pomp and splendor issuing out of the walled city of Orvieto to meet the Bishop carrying his precious trust, and the Pope kneeling to reverence it on the bridge. The last pictures of the series are the showing of the Corporal to the multitude assembled in Orvieto; and the Promulgation of the Bull for the institution of the festival of "Corpus Domini," when the great angelic Doctor St. Thomas Aquinas (whose Dominican habit can be seen in the fresco) composed the office for the feast.

It is hard to turn away from this thoroughly medieval chapel, where the story of the old-world miracle seems to linger among the soft frescoed shadows; but we have not seen half the charm of Orvieto yet. Even on our way to the choir we must needs pause before a beautiful marble altar where a large bas-relief of the "Annunciation" is represented in delicately-lovely sculptures like pure snow-crystals. A companion-altar of

the "Visitation" is on the opposite side of the choir, enriched with the same wealth of designs in marble-work; but in spite of their rare and faultless purity the marble surface appears somewhat cold in its glistening whiteness after the mellow beauties of fresco and sculptured stone and life-like mosaic-work. We are spoiled by the treasures of this treasure-house of centuries, and here presume to criticise things which elsewhere would be perfect; or is it that after seeing so much perfection in the unearthly beauty of the facade, all else falls short of our ideal?

The choir must be the oldest portion of the cathedral, or else its frescoes, painted there by a 14th century artist, have never been restored; for though what remains of them are full of devotional feeling, they are slowly fading by degrees into a twilight gloom, into a background of soft color which forms a pleasant contrast to the black and white marbles of the Cathedral. They represent the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity; then the life of the Blessed Virgin, continued all over the walls; surrounded by a noble array of prophets and doctors, chanting the praises of God and their Virgin Queen. The choir-stalls at Orvieto are a study in themselves, of exquisite inlaid wood-work. The great beauty of this mighty Cathedral is the utter absence of mediocrity, every detail of its decoration being thought out with sovereign care so that no single beauty dwarfs or overshadows the rest, making them seem mean or poor.

To those who do not prize Orvieto purely for its religious associations, but for its art alone, all the glory of the grand old building centres in the "Lady-Chapel," where a stupendous amount of artistic beauty was lavished upon the shrine of an old miraculous picture of the "Madonna," which for centuries hung over the altar here. The wizard's wand of Luca Signorelli, was waved over the walls which he covered with splendid frescoes; and the reverent tenderness of "Fra Angelico" laid loving hands on the vaulted roof of the chapel, which is as a little domain or kingdom apart. In it we are face to face with a vision of eternal judgment wrought with masterly, unrelenting skill, which even Michelangiolo's terrible "Judgment" on the Sistine Chapel does not surpass. It seems strange that these subjects of the Last Days of Anti-Christ, the rising from the dead, the judgment and the torments of the lost, which were usually painted on the walls of a "Campo-Santo," should have been chosen for this especial chapel; but they are grand and convincing beyond words, and form a complete series of Meditations on the Four Last Truths; for not only all the fearful consequences which pursue sinning humanity are graphically represented, but all the joys of Paradise, from the stern, sad beauty of the Judge to the beatitude of the Blessed who surround Him. Fra Angelico painted the glories of heaven and the loving saints who surrounded the "God of mercy" always with a suggestion of pitiful human compassion, and Luca Signorelli, the first great "Realist," depicted with almost Puritanic tendencies the "God of Death and Awful Judgment." Scrolls and arabesques, and other fanciful decorations form the framework of these frescoes, painted in compartments; and a frescoed paneling runs round the lower part of the wall where the most curious feature imaginable (for a chapel) is introduced—a series of medallion portraits of great poets, splendid specimens of coloring and portraiture executed with great skill, but to me incongruous always in this

weird spirit-kingdom, where no crown of earthly fame and greatness can exempt its owner from the dread realities of life and death and judgment pictured here. Only one of the poet-band would I leave where he is painted as singularly appropriate to this "Vision" which is a counterpart in fresco of his own "Inferno" and "Paradiso"—the stern, sad face of Dante, the "altissimo Poeta;" poring over the open volume of the "Divina Commedia;" as if from the written pages he was reading all the strife and pain and misery reflected from the walls.

The atmosphere of suffering is oppressive, in spite of the golden glory of the roof; and one turns with relief to the colossal marble group of the "Pieta," the "Dead Christ on His Mother's knee." It stands in a niche near the doorway of the chapel, grand, solemn, sorrowful,—a picture of life's deepest pathos, yet full of tender, reverent hope not only human but divine. It may not be of the artistic value of many of its surroundings, and it may have its defects of execution, but here it represents the "supreme expiation" and atonement for all the ghastly sin and horror we have seen; the price by which the glory was bought, bringing more peace to the mind and more compunction than all those painted judgment terrors.

So we come out into the dim-aisled Cathedral once more from this medieval vision of splendid color, and the peace of the solemn Gothic architecture steals over the senses. The repose of centuries hovers about Orvieto. There is no one stirring in the noonday stillness of the vast building, where every footfall seems to re-echo, and not even the usual noisy guide, who haunts one's footsteps in Italian churches, is present here. Only one little sacristan or "custode" flits about quietly through the shadows; never conscious, never obtrusive, but gentle and courteous if you ask him for any information. He was born in the shadow of this mighty cathedral, where he seems to have spent most of his life, and every stone of which he loves with keen personal affection as if it were a living creature. No figure on those frescoed walls, no almost hidden gem in the carved traceries but with which he is familiar, discriminating on their beauties with the trained eye of the "connoisseur" and art-critic that seems a birthright to so many Italians. Standing under Signorelli's frescoes and descanting on them, he said simply, with a sigh and a wistful look upwards, to the giants of his ideal, "Yes; they are almost perfect; and I know, Signora, for I too am an artist, but not like them." After some pressing he showed us some of his water-colors; mostly copies of details of the great frescoes, or architectural "bits," the best of them being a really good copy of the head of Dante. This little sacristan of Orvieto has the artist soul, with all its dreamy ideals, in his pale, thin face, but I fear it will scarcely bring him a living; life for the poor in Italy is terribly hard.

Outside, the facade of the Cathedral is gleaming and glinting in the sunshine, with all the glories of an evening sky reflected on its splendid mosaics, and making the statues in the niches almost lifelike. We linger long before it. Our last recollection of Orvieto must be not that gothic interior from which we have just emerged, or the sombre grandeur of the Madonna Chapel, but of this matchless and ever-beautiful facade, which is truly the crowning glory of the "Miracle in Stone."

THE PARISH SCHOOL ORDER.

BY REV. J. J. KENNEDY.

The work which has been done by the Brothers of the Christian schools in the United States is certainly praiseworthy. Many of the clergy know full well what help the Brothers have been in many of the larger parishes of the city. Their work of education has kept abreast with the public schools. Moreover, their labor in teaching the Christian doctrine has gone hand in hand with the priests and greatly assisted them in preparing the children for their first Holy Communion. The Brothers not only give the boys a practical, solid education, but they send them forth into the world to grapple with the problems of life as conscientious, moral citizens. By word and example they embellish the minds and hearts of their pupils and prepare them for business, society, and the home. Not a few of our citizens, too, have they fostered on the road of vocations to the Church and the liberal professions.

No doubt the idea of this grand organization—the axiom of their rule—to do a great good to the greatest number of people—is surely grand and noble. Wherever the Christian Brothers are established they generally succeed in educating both mind and heart. Though the work in many places is arduous, yet when persevered in, success crowns their efforts.

To curtail the good work of such an excellent order would be wrong. Moreover, to deviate from the guiding star of their rule is certainly incompatible with the object of their founder, the great La Salle. Looking to the amelioration of the people, he conceived the idea of forming a brotherhood of Christian scholars, under the auspices of the Church, to elevate the standard of education and morality. Rallying to his cause men of erudition and zeal for the honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls, La Salle established the main house of the new order in France, about the year 1679. The order was sanctioned by the Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict XIII. The object of the Brothers of the Christian schools is not the teaching of the higher branches of science and literature—the classics, philosophy or theology,—but the ordinary branches of education and the knowledge of Christian doctrine, which are so necessary for the good citizen. The days of expansion have been growing ever since the foundation of our republic, and though in a geographical point of view, we might deem our growth sufficient, still in regard to the education of the masses we believe that the principles of La Salle will best subserve the needs of the people.

The various orders of the Church, such as the Jesuits, the Benedictines, and others, are amply able to carry on successfully the higher institutes of learning, which can only come within the reach of the minority. The larger field, and by far the most necessary for the people, is that tilled by the Brothers of the Christian schools. Blessed be the memory of Abbe La Salle, who gave to us such a holy and wholesome order. To perpetuate his work every effort ought to be put forward to keep the Order where it belongs—the rightful place for which it was established by its holy founder.

In these days of over education,

thousands are graduated every year from our public schools and have very little religion, and no technical knowledge. Many of the schools aim very high, and the children grow up imbued with too lofty ideas. When they take leave of their Alma Mater they consider themselves prepared for the higher positions of life. The fact is, that many of our public schools cram the pupils with too many studies, and hence the little knowledge obtained is a dangerous thing.

The benefit of a good, practical and Christian education cannot be over estimated. Such a school is a necessity together with the Church in every community. We send missionaries abroad and spend hundreds of thousands of dollars for the enlightenment of the heathen, while millions of people are within our very doors famishing for knowledge and the gospel. It appears to me that a propaganda could be established here at home with much profit. Our Catholic fellow-citizens of the more wealthy classes could build monuments to their honor in the hearts of the people, and before God by erecting school houses in the country and placing them in charge of the Christian Brothers. How much better Christians and citizens then would our boys become. They would be more loyal to God and this blessed country.

It makes my heart sad, yet this is an undoubted fact, that thousands of our Catholics are falling away from their holy faith for the want of a practical Christian education. I dare say that in some of the cities and in almost every country district throughout the continent of America there are many, very many persons, whose names indicate their Catholic ancestry, but they themselves have departed from their ancient holy religion. The words of the Saviour, "Go forth and teach all nations," should be better understood and obeyed right here at home. Moreover the prelates of the American Church in council assembled enjoined upon all the obligation of parish schools. What is being done to carry out this good work? Many zealous pastors indeed, with the aid of some Catholic laymen, are doing very well and have flourishing schools. The majority, however, in some cities and in most of the country districts have no schools at all. While the higher institutions of learning are fostered and flourishing, we should not neglect to provide schools for the poor.

A MESS O' GREENS.

BY HERBERT M. SYLVESTER.

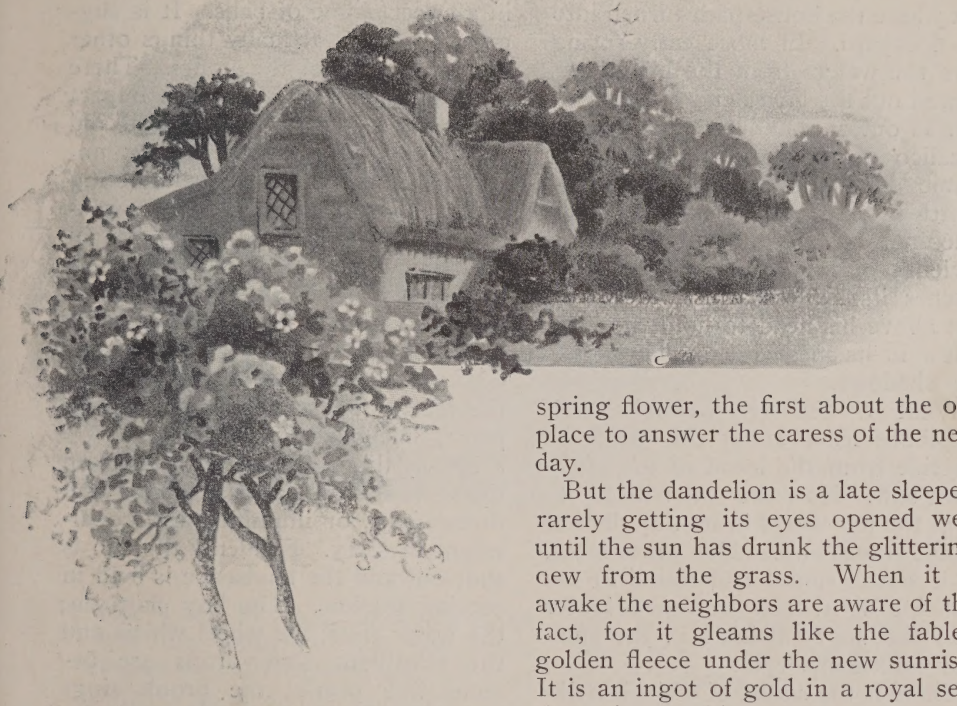
THERE is a mystery in the first swelling of the buds, when the spring saps begin their upward flow. The tops of the trees redden with the glow of a new life. The catkins puff themselves roundly out, to lend to the willow sprouts in the lowland hedges, new grace and beauty. The tiny grass blades are tipped with warm green tones that fill the heart with a new music, and the soul with a new hint of fruition.

It is in these days, when the maples reach out into the pasture openings, making capes of ruddy treetops, woody headlands that fling their blood-red blossoms to every coaxing wind, with the crows hovering about, shouting to each other across lots; when all the runlets and swales in field and pasture, gleaming with the inlaying of countless winding, twisting silver threads, are noisy with trickling streams; when the flood of the brook lays over the flat meadows with all the meadow elms turned upside down in its depths, that the first dooryard flower of spring unfolds its disk of deep-hued gold to the blandishment of the sun.

These ingots of color are not abundant. The first comes as does the evening star. Look across the monotony of springing green, and it is not there. Look away to the hills; over the reddening woods; into the blue sky; it is color,—color everywhere. Your eyes are again upon the earth; and lo, at your feet, glows a dandelion blossom, as if a drop of molten gold had fallen from some invisible sun-lit star. It is here and you revel in its glory. It touches your heart with a quick warmth. As the day goes it disappears, as quickly and mysteriously as it came. Another day, and its gay spangles of yellow are spattered up and down, over and across the patches of growing green beside the roads.

Within each narrow dandelion rim is a beautiful landscape of wide-circling horizon, bright, sunny, riant with fresh bloom and subtle scents and flying shadows; pulsating with broken bars of song; brilliant with the flashing of swift-moving wings, their scarlet, gold, steel-gray sunglinted with a quivering light; its atmosphere tremulous with the low-pitched tuneless murmur of chirping

"Across the pasture between the meadow and the farmhouse."



"The old grey homestead."

insect, and the strident hum of the pollen-ladden bee hieing homeward from its scouring of the wet runs and waysides for new sweets, its sipping here and there the fresh dainties of Nature's giving.

When the sun hangs low in the western sky and far out over the horizon of its hills of deepening azure, the dandelion slowly shuts its eyes to pull about its golden head more closely its greenish brown-frilled hood. The frogs in the hollow below the gray old homestead are singing these same blossoms to sleep that have hidden their glowing faces within their quaint night-caps. In the orchard the hylas makes a lullaby with its crooning tremolo for the white and purple violets and the bluets that have followed this bright spring flower, the first about the old place to answer the caress of the new day.

But the dandelion is a late sleeper, rarely getting its eyes opened well until the sun has drunk the glittering dew from the grass. When it is awake the neighbors are aware of the fact, for it gleams like the fabled golden fleece under the new sunrise. It is an ingot of gold in a royal setting of emerald.

Charming pictures are sketched upon these yellow sun-painted plaques. Pull the smoke-tinted petals apart, and each is a rare etching. Pluck them where I may, within their hearts of ruddy gold are winding country roads, stretches of wayside orchards, old-fashioned houses with low, rambling roofs each topped off with a single tall peaked chimney, their drifting smokes weaving romances in the overhanging elms; there are wonderful patches of color, drippings from the innumerable dyes that Nature makes use of,—blue from the sky; all the shades of gray and green from the woodland; blotches of blood-red from the maples, the glory of Tyre from the violets; a stain of sienna from the birches,—to dazzle the vision with their brilliance.

I recall one of these winding country roads. It had a broad culvert just where the house-path turned into the dooryard. In those early spring days the waters from the hill slopes poured out the lower end of that culvert as out of a mill-race. A boy in a calico pinafore is playing with a mimic dam and its water wheel of whittled pine, and as happy as the bluebirds that gossip to him from the ancient Harvey apple tree that reaches its leafless arms widely out just above his head to hold the little fellow in its mesh of noiselessly-falling shadows.

What a delicately-wrought web the limbs leave along this patch of wayside from the loom of the afternoon sun! How the water-drops fly from the toy wheel in its tiny dam of cobble stones and sodden grass roots, as it whirls round and round in the glancing light, each drop no brighter than the merry twinkle in the ameteur mill-man's eyes.

There is the sound of a clock striking mid-afternoon. It is so still out of doors that the vibration follows the sound down the winding dooryard path and across the highway, as its last stroke is done. It is a thread of harmony like what one listens for in a sweet chime of bells. It is suggestive of a great many things other than the flight of the hours. There are old voicings in the sharp impact of its notes upon the air, and old greetings that have been long unthought of. As if the slumbering storm had been unwillingly awakened, there are far-off rumblings almost inaudible, in the sky; for hosts of showery clouds have come out of the west to follow, noiselessly almost, the thread of Crooked river that unwinds its strand of silver just beyond the meadows outlined by a scarcely perceptible bluish haze.

Slowly the clouds gather, piling up their wonderful fabrics, dark with threatening, or illumined with opalescent mystery. Suddenly the sun is shut out and the landscape is held in cooling shadow. The boy plays on; the water runs; the wheel whirls and the scintillant water-drops are become like pearls; the brook sings lilting songs to the weeds that dip and bend in its edges. The echo of the low muttering thunder rolls down the sky to tumble into the tops of the

"The snow shrinking slowly from the hillsides"

"Upon the level of an inland hill-top."

woods, and breaking to scatter itself over the pasture. The boy, with clothes bespattered with wet and mud scurries up over the dandelion blossoms that are half shut in their drowsy watching for the rain, and into the shelter of the kitchen through the narrow doorway, to hide his flushed face in the ample apron of a sweet-faced, gray-haired woman whose eyes, soft and brown, are like the deeps to a well, and whose voice was ever like a chord of sweet music.

The curtain of the rain has dragged across the upland beyond the river,—a gray drapery that moves with the wind until it lays across the pasture pines, and then the sharp tattoo on the house-roof begins. A white face is pressed against the window with eyes filled with grieving at the fate of the little pine water-wheel that is already half-way to the woods,—a wreck of childish hope and happiness. How early the lessons of loss come, and how poorly one learns them! But a new wheel is whittled the next day to scatter its diamonds among the shadow tapestries of the gnarled apple tree, as if there were no such mishaps as a shower.

In one of these dandelion petals is the snow shrinking slowly from the hillsides. In another, the blithe return of the birds. In another, the hint of blushing clover, while the clouds sail through the sky, and the shadows play at hide-and-go-seek among the black spires of the pasture firs and the lighter green domes of the scrub pines, among the headlands of the beech woods at the edge of the alder-clad lowlands; and for a crooning song of summer afternoon, the whistle of Robin Redbreast and the piccolo of Robert of Lincoln, in their merriest maddest strains above the humming of bees and snapping of grasshopper's wings.

With these humble blossoms come the falling dews of night. The days

are warm and the nights are still and cool to distil ambrosia for the wild flowers. But what dews of summer nights more dazzlingly glorious than the tears of laughing May dripping from the shower-wet pasture ferns and wayside hedges, aglitter in the coaxing sunshine of Spring's latter days! The brown-streaked slopes, long since sated with their fill of melting snows, how eagerly they drink of these sky-filled fountains! The lichens on wall and fence and up and down the umber stained trunks of the apple trees in the home orchard hold up their sun-painted cups with their daintily-scalloped rims to catch this nectar of the upper air.

"The blithe return of the birds."

My dandelion is riches itself. In its heart are the secret springs of inspiration, as deep as is the marvelous intensity of its coloring attractive. It is a painter's palette, and recollection, the deft brush. Acres of yellow grain grow across the canvas. Ruddy horizons make the perspective, the vanishing point of the sketch. In the foreground the soft yellow loam crumbles from the feet of the ploughman; the sky is yellow but for the bolt of the red sun. It is yellow, yellow, the color of my dandelion.

But this vivid color suggests something, it is the garb of the sower. The sweetest poem

of the year is to translate the scribblings of the harrow teeth in the newly ploughed yellow lands—the moist lands of last year's cornfields that have kept through the winter, the tint of the corn leaves and glint of the yellow kernels—into the story of Nature's bounty of sun and rain and promise to the sower and lightly sketched upon the tinted canvas of a single day, to see, as in a vision, one of Nature's many miracles.

"They were a shy, peaceful folk."

Upon the level of an inland hill-top where once there were beeches, birches and maples, countless, and by the acre, in the gray shadows of which many an unwary rabbit and gray squirrel have fallen prey to boyish ingenuity and deftly set snare, and where, in the old days were piled many a blazing brush-heap, every vestige of the woodland has disappeared. Here are the cleared lands, like others in the neighborhood, where, instead of the primeval woods, are orchards, and the highways that men travel as they go from farm to farm; and low brown roofs are strung along their tawny threads and slender curling smokes of human habitations reach upward into the air.

The plowman is afield with his team. His loud shouts come down the wind. Some days I see him brushing in the grain athwart the yellow land, and what a trail of dust rolls along the stubble with the nimble-footed breeze! It is in these days bold Chanticleer with his flock takes to following the plow, or rather, the

fresh furrow; and many a tid-bit of big white worm rewards this sally of the barnyard folk among the moist upturned furrows on the side-hill. It is a grand procession they make, their lordly master at their head, as with decorous tread and slow, they march down over the hillslope to the more familiar purlieus of the old farmhouse—much like the way the Puritans were wont to go to church with Standish at the head with his drummer—in the leading strings of this tall strutting rooster in his gleaming armor of steel-blue feather, surmounted with a helmet of flaming red comb.

Not always did this feathered flock fare bounteously, for never was there a rarer lure for the trout in the meadow brook than these clumsy snow-white brown-helmeted earth worms. So it is,—

"My eyes make pictures when they're shut."

Pull these yellow petals wider apart. Look more sharply and you will see a lad among the furrows of the old field gleaning them of their creeping life to throw it aslant the ripples of the alder-shadowed stream that goes purling through the old Kemp meadow, when the catkins bend their willow twigs with their weight and the skunk cabbage has opened its purple spathe. How many afternoons in the latter days of this spring month, before the leaves have come out on the elms,—

> When delicate shadows fall,
> Pencilled on the grass,—

along the springing levels of the meadow lot before the varnished buds have let loose their woodland sprites, does one see him whipping the singing shallows of the brook; or where the yellowish-white foam is thickest, casting his invisible line in silence, while the frogs make the sun-

"The moist, up-turned furrows on the side hill."

down, that finds him at his sport, tremulous with shrilly pitched music.

Watch his slow leisurely movement. At times he seems a part of the meadow itself. It may be that is why he follows the brook so assiduously. No doubt there is a secret chord in his heart that responds to these tall elms that hold the winds a moment to steal of them the secret of their going; a harmony in his soul that throbs in unison with the pulse of the water that carries his line into one swirling pool and another to win a luscious trout, dripping wet and brilliant with rich spots of color, from the amber depths. Your true angler never hurries; nor does the lad stir hardly from one spot, not at least until the wary trout have taken alarm at some untoward step that has betrayed him. His jacket has been dipped in the dye of the dead grasses of the meadow. His hat holds his red cheeks in its shadow. No wonder the landscape absorbs his personality so readily; but in the dusk he is grown invisible. This is not strange, for is it not Enchanted Ground, with the piping of the frogs to weave the spell?

A noisy medley, this piping of the frogs; and it is after all a merry company these unseen dwellers in the lowlands keep one through the old wood road and across the pasture between the meadow and the farmhouse. With gable window thrown open to the warm night wind and lowland mists, one goes to sleep with the rune of these pipers in his ears, to sleep none the less soundly because the piping is kept up until the dawn breaks. It is not until the June nights come that these swamp singers lose their voices, or forget their slender scores, when the whip-poorwill, the veery and the far-off trumpeting loon take up the weird strains where the musicians who live in the wet places in the pastures leave off.

After a look at the dandelion one's eye is filled with color. The landscape wears a sober hue. One has to look into the old elm to match this rich dye of the flower; but one matches it to perfection. The Baltimore oriole has stolen the dandelion's glory.

On the wide-sloping lawn of an old-fashioned hip-roofed house I have reason to remember better than any other I have ever known one may count two elms and a maple, a most gracious triumvirate in their suggestions of quiet coolness in the growing summer. They grew quite apart from each other, and drawing an imaginary line from one to the other, a scalene triangle was the result. Each elm owned its pensile marvel of the hang-nest builder; and each nest, its regally attired family of orioles. It was a delight to the vision to watch these flame colored birds teetering up and down on the tips of the topmost twigs, a spot of fire against the sky when the sun shone brightly. They were a shy peaceful folk, not over lavish with their tuneful music, but always in motion, bubbling over with good nature, an effervescing of continuous good feeling, yet the aristocrats among the winged fraternity. One would readily understand that from a glance at their abodes; for the nest of the hang-bird is the brownstone front and the elm the most fashionable boulevard as compared with other nests and other trees. Aristocrats, but gentle-folk, always.

Round and round, from one tree to the other and over this triangle-like circuit, the orioles swept awing, stopping a moment in each tree to blow a few jubilant notes on their mellow, sweet-toned fifes. As they

crossed the intervening open space it was as if the air had been cleft with a huge ruby that had more of the brilliance of cadmium than of blood-red. It was like a lost ray of sunset glory. For all that it was not more brilliant than the heart of the dandelion low down in the springing verdure, or mayhap, thrust upward on its tall yet gracefully slender stem, as if for a look abroad to see how its belated neighbors were getting on.

These long-stem dandelions are magnificently regal. They bespeak a munificence that belongs to the households of kings. They nod and sway, making courtesy to remind one of grand dames and the days of the stately minuet. They nod as Jupiter might. When they bend one thinks of the firm round lines of a girl. If you doubt, watch one of these towering beauties when the soft west wind gently kisses its dainty lips.

As the orioles fly there is a moving shadow on the grass. It is the housewife who has caught the gleam of this dainty blossom. If one would live, one must needs be prosaic enough to eat; and a "mess o' greens," after winter's dearth of freshly plucked relishes, is a toothsome delicacy. It is, however, pot-luck for the dandelion. Its loss is another's compensation; for this outing of the housewife among the green things of earth, brings to the table a health-giving rarity, which is likely to grow common enough as the days go by, until the dandelion blossoms are no more, when their yellow flame is turned into a ball, a perfect globe of gossamer, light as thistle down, gray as a cobweb, a pregnant prophecy. They hold their perfect contour briefly to break apart as the wind blows more rudely, and the ripened seeds soar away into the air, millions of downy parachutes, to be again resolved into the mystery of nature. Lighter than vanity, they float away, the disintegrate atoms of what was once a marvel of human beauty.

No matter what luck comes to our dandelion,—if its glow is faded, the yellow butterflies have come to remind one of its fashionable color, and the oriole sings in the elm by the house corner unmindful of mortals, or the fate of this humble congener of the farmhouse dooryard,—sings and sways to the rhythm of the summer winds, the saucy reckless fellow. As one watches the singer in the elm,

> Whose mission is to woo the summer winds,
> The summer clouds that idly drift and drown
> In deeps of blue to merge their mystery.

within its own, one confesses the supple yielding top of this fairest of trees, the only one for the hang-nest. Every breeze is a cradle song.

Nature, pure and simple, is the best playground in the wide world. Nature exacts nothing but appreciation. Once she has that, and her most sacred ground is open to your willing feet. It is a barren soul that does not feel the swift pulsing of the blood as the senses reveal the pregnancy of even the intangible atmosphere, its suggestions of sound and scent; while the eye, that reader of the mute mysteries in nature arouses in the heart the quickest sympathy, the most perfect understanding of all.

It is the longing for the old things that is always tugging at the boy-heart that is never quite dead. Grown people may have outgrown their trousers, but not their appetites; and it is fortunate that Nature's feasting tables are large enough to supply the human family with graham bread in abundance. The perspective of youth is marvelously softened, once beyond reach. Its hills,

once steep and rough-set and tedious to climb at last lie beyond an impassible barrier. It is the Land of Enchantment, once its reality is lost. Its not far-off familiar places are tenderly upheld between earth and sky, and the latter is not fairer to look upon. Not even the golden apples of the Hesperides were more to be dreamed of and desired than the by-gone days, each a Hesperus, a fair country, a charmed cycle by itself.

It matters not much how one's brain makes so many places for these first proofs of Nature etchings so long as they are there; or whether the showman keeps them in a single portfolio, or each by itself, so long as they are set out for one to look at at will in hosts of dissolving views that come and go, growing, fading, blending one into another, sharply drawn, crisply and clearly, or sadly blurred and incomplete, unheralded perhaps, and unnamed. I have thought the brain might be like an old-fashioned escritoire, or secretary, with countless false panels and secret drawers and strange hiding-places, as was the fashion in days gone by, ingenious contrivances that puzzled even its owner sometimes to discover the spring that laid open its mysterious treasures.

One seeks for a thing so long, oftentimes, without finding it, the whereabouts of which should be so familiar, like the housewife in the first days of spring, scouring the slow verdure for a "mess o' greens," that proves a most elusive venture. It is a fruitless search until some stray sound, or sight, or touch, or smell happens along with its quick suggestion, greeting one in the queerest places and under the strangest guises leaving one to chide one's self for one's slow wit when the brain is so ready to turn its tenant-servitors into workers and players.

WORDSWORTH.

BY FRANK EARLE HERING.

The naked Beauty has God's seal.
  It is the True; we see the veils.
  A painter seeks the Truth, but fails,
For it is God; yet God is Real.

The changing tones of gold-lined cloud;
  The shades that stain a tumbling stream;
  The foam that flecks the river's gleam; —
These are but semblances that shroud.

So Wordsworth prayed to see the Real,
  And God in mercy heard his prayer;
  He saw; but we may never share
His Vision; we can only feel.

THE SIGNOR BRUTTI'S EASTER GUEST.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

You need not say that you do not believe this tale, Signor. Are my eyes blind? Do they lie? No man may say the eyes of Bruno Girimondi play him false, and live, and I tell you I saw this thing with these my two eyes! It was in this wise. We Paduans had been more or less embroiled with our neighbors—not that we were ever far behind in a fight—but this time the quarrel was none of ours. We were drawn into it—like fish into a net—by the meddlesome Guelphs and Thibellines, who could never let well enough alone. They one day wanted to have us Florentine and another time Milanese; they quarreled about our levy to the Holy Father and about our love for the Venetians; they envied our artists, Giotto and his friends, and borrowed them—as their Campanile shows today. They were jealous of our University, with its roll of honored names, Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, and, indeed, there was nothing about our little city which they did not envy and belittle save, perhaps, Il Santo. No one, not even a Pagan, could help bending the knee to the Padovani's patron, that Portuguese lad who loved our city and made it famed the wide world over.

Well have we repaid his love! His church is crowded with paintings of the finest artists; Donatello's bronzes shine before its altars; Bembo's marbles gleam in their niches, where the carven tracery of leaf and flower is like nothing so much as the ice-ferns and edelweiss flowers which the winter's frosts make in the mountain passes betwixt this and gay Savoy. I am but a rude soldier, yet there is something about the pictured face of San Antonio which stops the oath on my lips and makes me wonder that a mere boy such as he could e'er have been so great a saint. For hark you, Signor, he was no weakling! He could work as well as pray, and he was no coward. Know you not how when the plague beset our town—brought here from over sea in a cargo of merchandise from the Levant—he nursed the sick and buried the dying? Many a soldier fled from his own kin leaving them to die and rot, but for il Santo. There is not so much courage in fighting, Signor. There is the glow of action; the fierce love of killing which rises in the blood like fire; the thought of victory and the rich spoil, all this to spur one on! But to enter a plague-stricken hovel, to nurse a foul disease, to close a dead man's eyes and say an Ave for his soul—Dio! but that is courage, is it not? Well, so did il Santo, and greater than Ezzilino—Padova's tyrant—was that slender Portuguese lad. He was so frail and slight! I never saw a man so like a girl, yet with such eyes as but a man can have. You smile, Signor, because I say "I saw" —nay—listen and you will see that Bruno Girimondi speaks the truth.

It was the winter of 1525. Very well do you know, Signor Conte, of the miseries which smote Padova at that time. Between the French and Spanish we knew not where to turn, for one or another was always at our heels like a snapping dog. I had served with the Duke of Fenara and been discharged on account of a little affair with the Duke's secretary—a foolish lad, who played at cards far

better than at sword-play, and when he won my last scudi and I did but suggest to settle the quarrel with the rapier (giving him, I will admit, a prick with the point of my steel to show the way), he must needs run, woman-like, to his master with a cry that I was a murderous villain. I who never killed a man save in a fair fight, and scorn a stiletto—well, unless for it there be great need. However, it seemed best for me to leave the Duke, somewhat hastily and with less money in my pocket than I might have used. I walked to Padova, thinking to find place with my old master, the Signor Malti, but he was away at the wars and none could tell me where he might be found. Then—not having my stomach over full—I lay down to sleep one day and woke to find myself robbed of my last lire. This was a bad state to be in, for money was as scarce in Padova as virtue, and there came a time when I knew not where to turn for aid.

It grew toward Easter, and all Padova was making ready for the feast—a favorite one with us. As for me, I prepared to do one of two things—starve or steal; which I could not quite determine, for I thought of it like this: Starving is unpleasant—true, but there is an end of it at last; while stealing stops the starving but a space; one is found out, there are stripes or mayhap branding with a red hot iron and then one is turned loose to starve again. If one could steal and not be found out I think that there would be few honest hungry men in all the world, Signor—at least so say I who have been hungry. You who are sleek and well fed will talk to me an hour about the sin of stealing. It is a sin, I grant, but when you've had nothing past your throat for two days, methinks you'll not be so fearful about the sin.

Well, upon the third day I was starving, starving, man. Do you know what it means? There was no soul in all that wide city to give me aid. It was Good Friday. Each man and woman in Padova was wrapped in gloom for his or her own sins, with never a thought for the poor souls around who were driven to sin and death. In this they follow not the Blessed Christ. I am a rough soldier, Signor, yet I know a brave man. The brave Christ—he did not forget the poor. He saved that thief, you know, and thought of him even when He Himself was dying so horribly upon the cross. I thought of it that Good Friday morning as I knelt at Mass with all that holy crowd. Then I looked up to where stood the statue of our saint and I wondered if he was ever hungry—the little Padre Antonio? Then rose the famous hymn:

"All dangers vanish at thy prayer,
And direst need doth quickly flee.
Let those who know thy power proclaim,
Let Paduans say: These are of thee.
The sea obeys and fetters break,
And lifeless limbs thou dost restore;
Whilst treasures lost are found again,
When young and old thine aid implore."

It's a fine old chant, Signor, as stirring as a war song, and I tried to join in it but was seized with such a faintness at my belt that I ceased and staggered from the Church. This amid the frowns of the worshipers, and I blamed them not, for I reeled for all the world like a roystering soldier with too much wine beneath his jerkin. I sat down to rest within a loggia, then seeing near by a bakeshop, I staggered to it and gazed in at the window. By 'r Lady! I could have eaten every loaf. I fingered my dagger—the only thing left to me save my jerkin, hose and boots, for sword, hat and cloak were long since gone to the dog of a Jew who dwelt in the

street of San Felipeo. I had pondered selling the dagger for bread also, but a man without a dagger in Italy is a dead man, you know that well, Signor, and if I'm to die, I will starve to death clad like the gentleman which my father was before me. I will sell neither the jerkin from my back nor the dagger from my girdle.

As I stood by the window I thought how easily that good steel could pierce the glass for me and I could have the bread I so craved. But something held me back; that strange something within each man. Some call it conscience; if so, mine was stirred to life by the morning's Mass, and I remembered the things my mother used to say about the saints being ready to help us at all times. I wondered if all of them were not too busy to help me? Saints would have little to do with a vagabond like I, and I laughed bitterly.

"What find you so amusing in my poor window, Signor?" asked a voice at my elbow. It was a hateful, mocking little voice, quavering and old, yet with a note of sharp insistence. I turned hastily and saw a face fit to belong to the voice; a sharp nose, thin, drawn lips, eyes set near together and peering from under heavy lids. "What is there so laughable about my window, you dog?" cried the little man again, his voice rising with a ring of anger in its notes.

He angered me, and casting prudence to the winds I answered, "Nothing so laughable as its owner, Signor Isaac." To take him for a Jew, if he were not, I knew to be the deadliest speech I could make, and so it proved. Such a fury as he flew into! He stormed and raged and beat at me with his claw-like hands, but I only laughed the more. At last he ceased and turned away, entering the shop.

"Who is that man?" I asked a passerby.

"The Signor Brutti—a new baker but recently come from Rome," was the reply.

Then the old man came again to the step and called to me.

"You are a fool!" he said politely, "but you are strong. I need one to help me for an hour in moving the casks of flour. I will give you a lire."

My heart leaped within me. It was no work for a soldier, but neither was starving. However, I knew that I could not work as I was, so I said: "Good sir, I will work well, but give me a loaf of bread to eat ere I begin. I am hungry."

"Not a morsel," he cried. "You will eat and then run."

"I shall not run if I do not eat," I said grimly, for that dread faintness came upon me again and I saw the little old man as through a veil of smoke. "Upon the honor of a soldier," I added.

"Diavlo! Soldiers have no honor," he cried.

"I have as much right to say that I will work and you will not pay me," I protested, and at this he burst into a rage again.

"Dog! Beggar! Wretched Padovani!" he cried, almost foaming at the mouth. "Go! out of my sight!"

My guardian angel surely whispered to me then, for to my ears there came the memory of the line sung at Mass. "And direst need doth quickly flee!" I had not prayed for months, Signor, yet in my heart went up the cry, "Padre Antonio, pray for me and help me!" I slowly went across to the loggia and sat down in the sunshine. I would be dead before long. Easter would find me here no more. I wondered if I would be hungry in Purgatory? At that moment a hand

touched my shoulder. I looked up. A monk stood beside me. His face I could not see, but his voice was wonderfully gentle, and he said, "Poor man, come with me!"

I rose and followed him across the street into the shop. "Give this man food," commanded the gentle voice. "All he can eat." And before I could protest that I could not pay, he silenced me with a gesture, and I began to eat. When I could eat no more I fell upon a bench from very weakness and was asleep before the bell rang for the midday angelus. When I awoke it was night. I lay in a bed within an attic room, burning with fever, but I felt a kind hand bathe my brow, a gentle voice murmured an Ave beside me and I slept again. Thus lay I betwixt sleeping and waking for hours.

At last I awoke to some consciousness of what went on about me and an old woman came to my bed and gave me wine and bread.

"Where am I? Who has tended me here?" I asked feebly.

"You are in the house of the Signor Brutti—the baker," she answered. "Why I know not. A strange monk brought you here and has tended you as if you were his brother. In the day he works for the Signor below—works like a slave to pay your keep. He had no money, he said, but he could work! By 'r Lady of Loretto! He has a hard task, for the Signor Brutti is as hard to please as it is for the devil to be good!"

Then she left me alone and I pondered much at the turn things had taken. Who was this monk? Why did he succor me? Why make himself a menial for my sake? As I thought thus he came within the room and I plied him with the question.

"Thy Lord and mine made of Himself a carpenter and died like a poor slave to succor you, dear lad," he said, his large, dark eyes lighting up with a deep, beautiful glow. "I do but try to follow Him this blessed Eastertide. You are better. Tomorrow you will be well. Will you come with me to hear the Easter Mass?"

"I will do anything for you, Padre mio!" I cried.

"Anything?" with a little smile, which seemed as does the sun breaking over the quiet Appenines.

"Have you not saved my life?" I asked, aggrieved that he should doubt me.

"Mayhap," he answered, "I had rather save your soul. Will you go to be shriven tomorrow, lad?"

I was years older than he seemed to be, for from his slight figure, and sweet, almost boyish face I thought him not over five and twenty, but there was a fatherliness in his mien which, coupled with his gracious deed for me conquered my stubborn soul, and I said, "If you will, Father, and on every Easter after this, I shall go to the Church of San Antonio——" I stopped a moment, for like a flash had come to me the memory of my prayer. "It is he!" I cried. "Il Santo! Tell me, mio Padre, did San Antonio send you to me? I prayed to him."

He smiled again and a little color flamed into his pale cheeks, then he said gently, "The good God sent me, dear lad. Try to sleep," and I obeyed.

At midnight I awoke. A strange light was shed upon me from a chamber beyond mine. Sweet perfumes filled the air, scents such as I had never known before, so sweet as to make one dream of Paradise, and angel gardens. Through the violet-scented air stole soft, indistinguishable murmurs and a thrilling ecstasy

was breathed about. Softly I rose and crept to the door, which was ajar. What did I see? Ah, Signor! a sight which made me sink to my knees in speechless adoration. There knelt my monk—mine because he had loved me, tended me, toiled for me, saved my wicked soul, Signor. In his brown robes, his face uplifted, his arms outstretched. About him in the air were angel forms; roses lay upon the rough, stone floor, and before him, oh, the wonder of the sight—stood the Christ-Child Il Santo so loved. His baby hands were stretched out toward the saint—for in a moment I knew that this was San Antonio, come from Heaven to toil for me! And as I closed my eyes, fearing to look longer upon the heavenly sight, the Divine Child's lips whispered sweetly, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

Next morning he was gone, gone from my sight, Signor. Yet as I knelt to make my confession in the Church, and as I went happily to hear my Easter Mass that day he seemed ever near me, he—Il Santo—and the Blessed Christ.

I have fared well since then, Signor. I left my old trade of man-at-arms, for it is a hard life for a man to lead well. The little shop of the baker Brutti had an attraction for me, and before many months I found a place therein and the Signor's lovely daughter Carlotta was my wife. Our oldest boy is named Antonio. We are simple folk, but happy, very happy.

My father-in-law is good for all his peevish ways, the cause of which, Carlotta told me, was an old wound, received in a Thibelline brawl in Firenze, and which is always open, causing him torture. When he scolds we sigh and think he suffers more than usual. Often he complains that I do not half the work which did the monk who brought me to him, and then Carlotta, half laughing, yet with a tear in her sweet, dark eye, whispers to me that her father never had an underling whom he reviled as he did his Easter guest.

Then do I say over to myself, Signor, "Thy Lord and mine made of Himself a carpenter and died like a poor slave to succor you, dear lad. I do but try to follow Him this blessed Easter-tide!"

CHANCE.

BY B. F. GRIFFIN.

Two village lads with rival dreams
  Of glory to the war did go;
On one proud brow the laurel gleams,
  O'er the other head green grasses blow.

ALLELUIA!

See next page.

MOST REV. JOHN J. WILLIAMS, ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

REV. FRANCIS BROOKS DOHERTY, C.S.P.

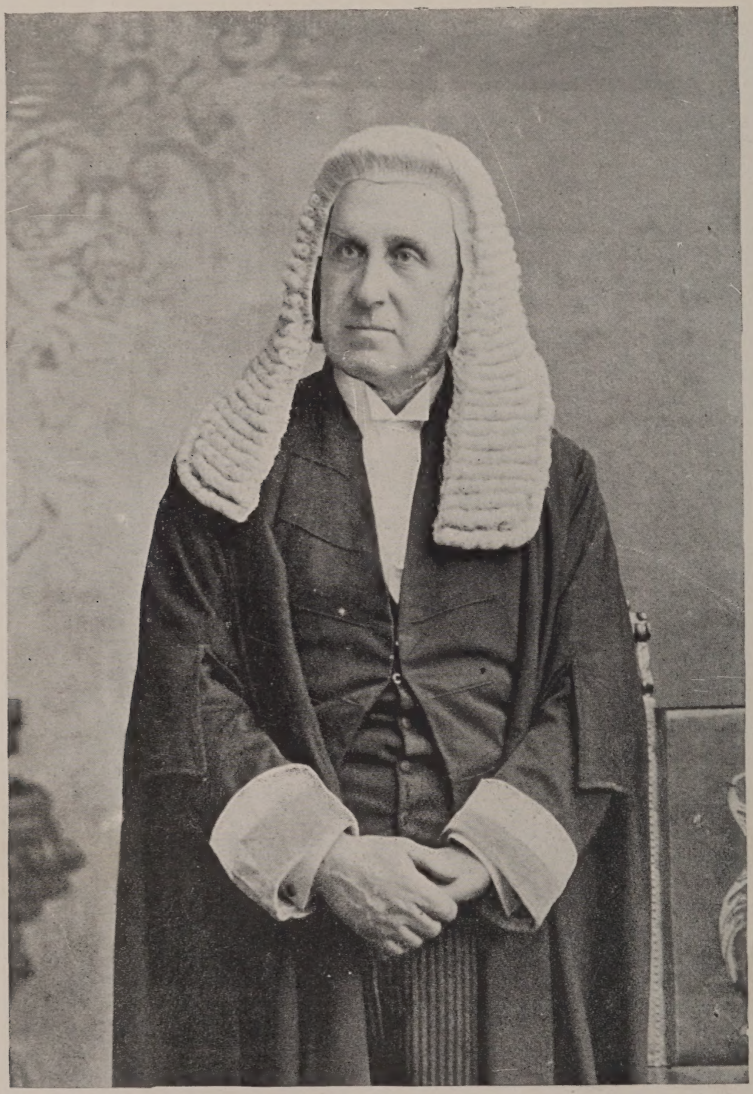
Archbishop Williams has just celebrated the 33d anniversary of his consecration as bishop. His Grace is in excellent health notwithstanding his seventy-seven years, and he received many congratulatory messages from the bishops and priests of his own and other dioceses.

Archbishop Williams was born in Boston on April 27, 1822. In 1845 he was ordained to the priesthood, and since then

he has been stationed in his native city. When the diocese of Boston was created an archdiocese in 1875, Bishop Williams was consecrated archbishop, the ceremony taking place in the Cathedral.

In May, 1895, the archbishop celebrated the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, the occasion being observed with services of great solemnity.

When war was declared, among the first to volunteer his services as chaplain was Father Doherty. He was chosen to go with the 1st California volunteers, 60 per cent. of whom are Catholics. He went to see General Merritt and it did not take the latter long to decide that the young priest ought to go with him. He found that Father Doherty was a fluent



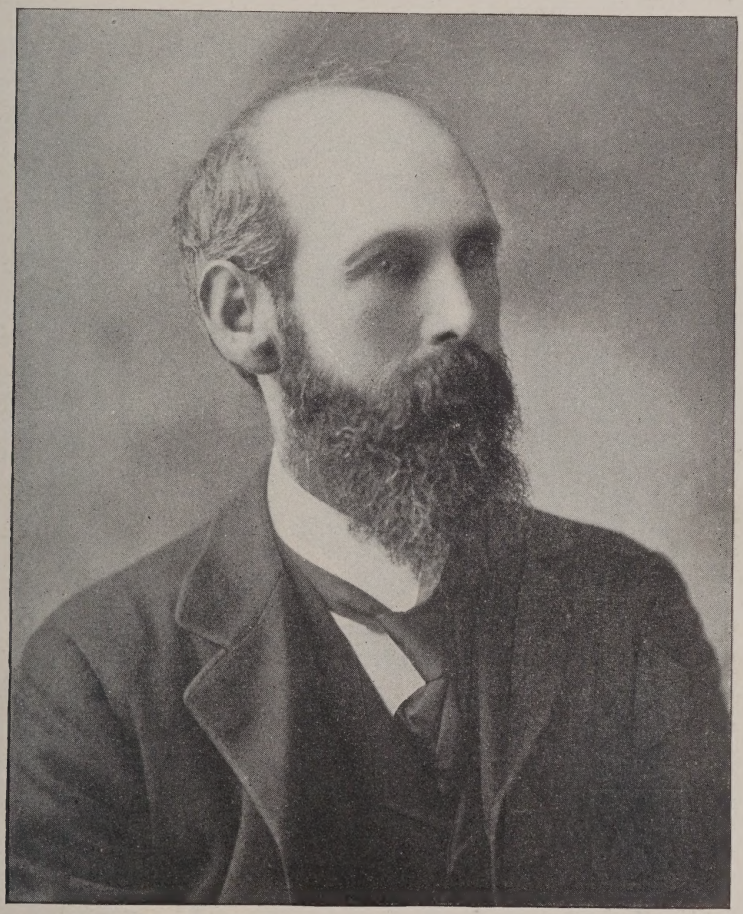
LORD RUSSELL.

speaker of Spanish as well as a writer and translator of the language. The wisdom of General Merritt has been fully verified, for the young Paulist has done distinguished service at Manila.

Father Doherty returned to the United States a short time ago. He has delivered some fine lectures, enlightening the public mind upon the real situation in the Philippines. He will probably revisit the scenes of his childhood while upon this tour.

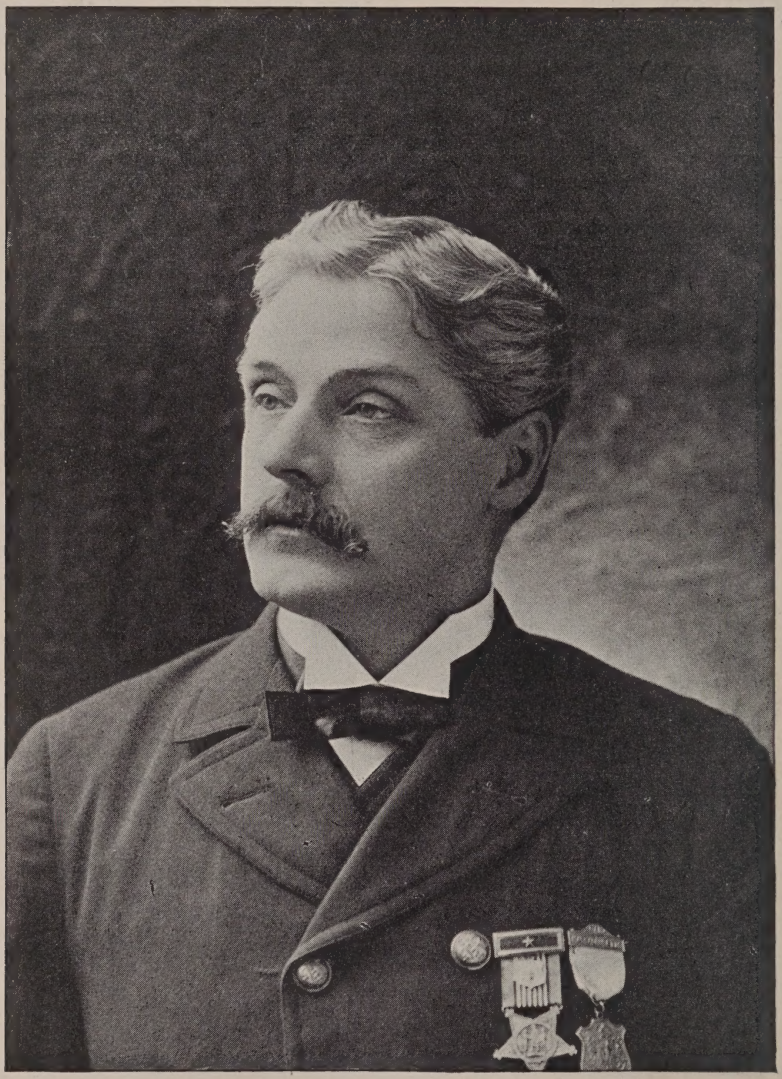
Francis Brooks Doherty was born in Boston thirty-five years ago. He received his early education at the Andrews school and later graduated from the Bigelow grammar school. He then entered the English high school, and after finishing there took up a business career. He soon rose to confidential and important positions of business trust.

About this time a zeal for a religious life again asserted itself, and the young man encouraged it until he finally sought the advice of Vicar-General Byrne. The result was that he went to Mt. St. Mary's College, Md. Later he was introduced to Rev. Peter O'Callaghan, the Paulist father, who is a Harvard graduate. The result was that the young neophyte threw his whole soul into the one ambition to become a Paulist. After his ordination he was assigned temporarily to the Church of St. Paul, New York City, the headquarters of the Paulist fathers. His great ability



HON. JOHN DALY, MAYOR OF LIMERICK.

as a speaker was immediately recognized and the head of the order determined to send him upon missionary work. He was



JOHN E. GILMAN, COMMANDER MASS. G. A. R.

engaged in these duties when the war with Spain was declared.

Good news for the American people comes from London to the effect that Lord Russell of Killowen has been selected by the British government to succeed the late Baron Herschell on the American-British-Canadian commission, and on the Anglo-Venezuelan arbitration commission.

Lord Russell is well and favorably known to our readers as the brilliant Irish barrister who has raised himself to the chief place in the British judiciary.

It was an interesting moment when at the recent reception of the Irish railway delegation by Mr. Gerald Balfour and Mr. Hanbury, Mr. John Redmond, M. P., announced the mayor of Limerick as the first member of the deputation to address the ministers.

Both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Hanbury evinced a keen curiosity by the expression of their countenances. It was evidently their first introduction to Mr. John Daly, who after 14 years in English prisons, has been chosen chief magistrate of the ancient city by the Shannon.

Anybody less like a truculent dealer in explosives it would be difficult to conceive. He is a mild-featured, soft-voiced gentleman, partially bald, but retaining a fair amount of coal-black hair.

He made a neat, business-like little speech, showing how the proposed railway monopoly would very prejudicially affect those whom he most directly represented—the workers of Limerick. All the while he was speaking Mr. Balfour's eyes were upon him, and the chief secretary seemed lost for the nonce in a psychological study.

John E. Gilman, the new commander of Massachusetts division, G. A. R., is a devout Catholic, and an enthusiastic Knight of Columbus. He is one of the most popular members of the G. A. R., not only in Massachusetts, but throughout the Union, having always been a zealous worker in the cause of the veteran. He was born in Boston, Dec. 22, 1844, and has lived here all his life. He graduated from the public schools, and when the war broke out went to the front in Co. K., 12th Massachusetts volunteers. He served under Generals McDowell, Pope, McClennan, Burnside, Hooker and Meade, and during his service showed himself a brave soldier. At Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, a ball shattered the right arm, which necessitated its amputation near the shoulder. Since his return from the war he has resided in Roxbury, and until 1883 occupied the position of settlement clerk in the state board of charities. In 1883 he took the same position in the institutions department, city of Boston. He is a member of Post 26, of Roxbury, and one of its past commanders. His wife is an active worker in the W. R. C.

THE PASCHAL CANDLE.

BY JOSEPH. J. MURPHY.

O thou pure emblem of the world's great Light
  That gleam'st amid the silent holy place,
  Methinks I can discern the rose's grace
In thee; thou breathest forth the lily white;
And waftest thro' the sacred fane the might
  Of clover laden fields; thou dost encase
  The chosen sweetness of the flow'ring race
Culled from secluded dell and lofty height!

But prithee, Lord, dost find a tithe in me
  Of that great love that thrilled Assisi's breast;
  Or fiery zeal that led thy Xavier on;
Or faintest glow of Vincent's charity?
  Then might my life exhale a perfume blest
    Before thy shrine; my crown were surely won.

WILLIAM HOPKINS (BUD BRIER.)

At the request of many readers, who follow with pleasure Mr. Hopkins' department in DONAHOE'S, "People in Print," this portrait of the young editor is published. For obvious reasons it is difficult to say here all that might well be said of a career so bright with promise and so rich in achievement.

As "Bud Brier" of the Boston Globe, Mr. Hopkins has acquired an enviable reputation for epigrammatic sayings and homely truths. No column in any New England paper is more widely read than is "Under the Rose," of the Boston Globe.

Courteous and kindly, with a broad interest in all movements tending to the betterment of human affairs, Mr. Hopkins holds high place in public esteem. A recent proof of this is his appointment as a director of the Boston Press Club.

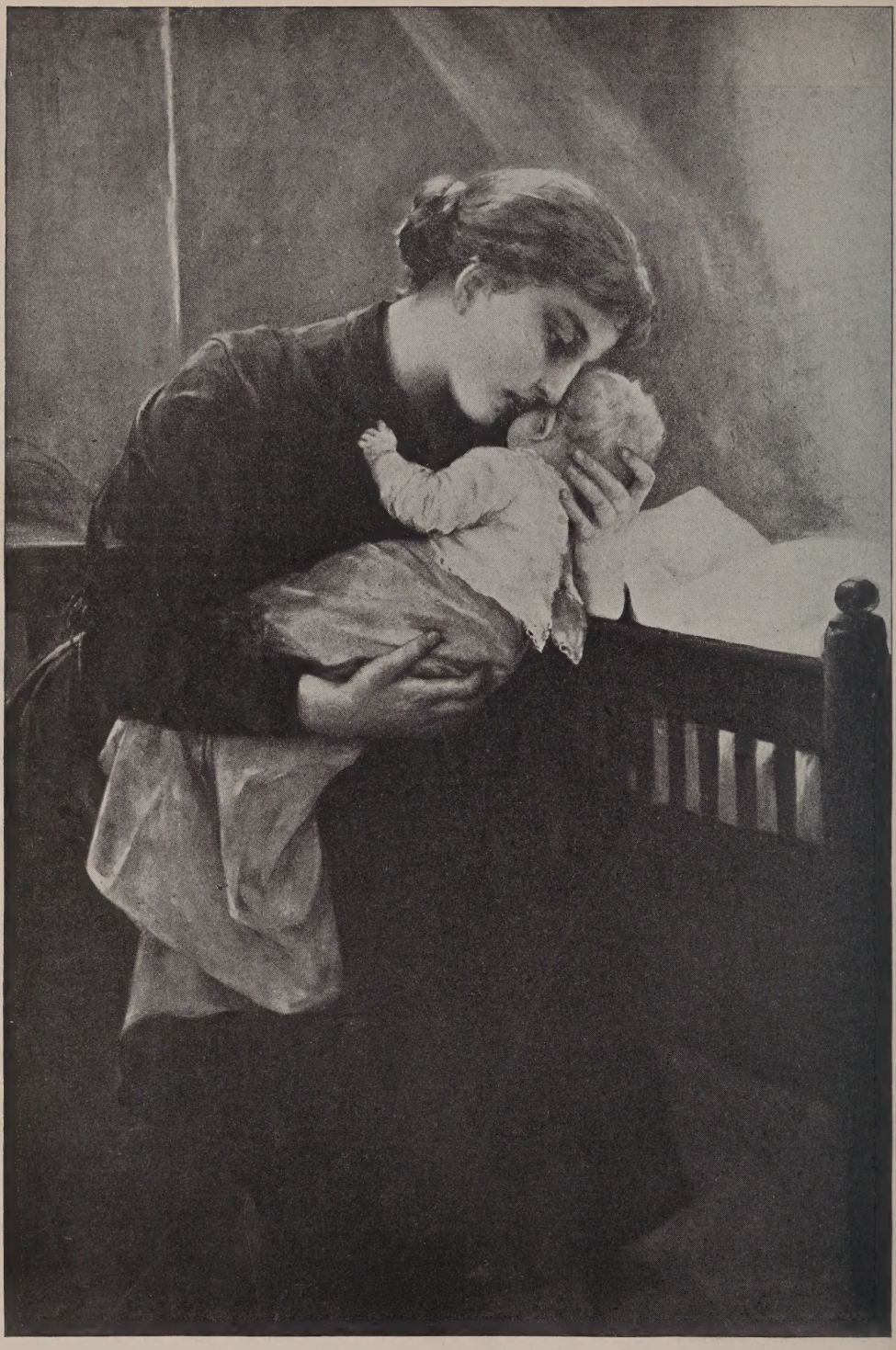
SPRING!

BY MARIE M. PURSEL.

Sweet Spring is born!
With whispering soft as angel's sigh
The gentle breezes wandering by
Proclaim it wide from earth to sky:
"Sweet Spring is born!"

Sweet Spring is born!
A thousand birds, in chorus sweet,
Unite the welcome guest to greet;
The grasses murmur at my feet:
"Sweet Spring is born!"

Sweet Spring is born!
Bring pearls of dew to deck her bed,
Let flowers spring up beneath her tread;
Hath not each voice of Nature said:
"Sweet Spring is born?"



"Now I lay me down to sleep."

"When Jimmie's Regiment went out."

ON COMMON GROUND.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

SIXTY years ago Dickens met the "Charming Little Woman" with the bright-eyed baby, and by a bold bit of piracy appropriated the story of those fellow-voyagers on the high seas, and subsequently gave it to the world in his "American Notes."

She was going home to her husband, this little wife "so full of hope, and tenderness, and love and anxiety. . . . And all day long she wondered whether 'He' would be at the wharf; and whether 'He' had got her letter; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by somebody else, 'He' would know it, meeting it in the street." In this pleasing speculation the days slipped by till the lights of St. Louis came in view, then the wharf and then the steps, and at last came the moment "when a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, but was wandering about among the other boats to find a landing place; and everybody looked for the husband; and nobody saw him; when, in the midst of all—Heaven only knows how she ever got there—there was the little woman clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow! and in a moment afterwards, there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin to look at the baby as he lay asleep."

Conditions of travel have changed

"With ever a boy in blue as the central figure."

in magic measure since that little woman had her blissful day. Science has done its work, but humanity remains the same. Other little women, and other young husbands, and other babies play their part at every port of entry or point of departure; and wherever human interests meet or are severed conventional restrictions are set aside, and hearts assert themselves in scenes of love and trust, of tenderness, of chastened sorrow and of noble renunciation. Here, too, the play of humor, the ready perception of the lighter things of life, stores the mind with droll incidents and odd exhibitions of "whimsies" characteristic of people who are never more natural than when answering to the stimulus of excitement. Fused into a "dense conglomeration of passengers, and passengers' friends and passengers' luggage" the student of his kind has a rare opportunity. Never a train rolls in that does not dispel the fashionable phantasy that life is

a poor narrow stage thronged with people of one pattern.

Go down to the central stations in the big cities, pulsating with the throbs of cosmopolitan life, or frequent the wharves where great ocean steamers discharge their human freight, and there you will see sights in which ignoble self plays so small a part that unconsciously you become informed with a fine broad sympathy and enter heart and soul into the study of these other lives. What matters it whether they be denizens of a world of poverty, or dwellers in the enchanted realms of wealth? They are alike made in one image, but differ as widely as do the circumstances controlling their destinies.

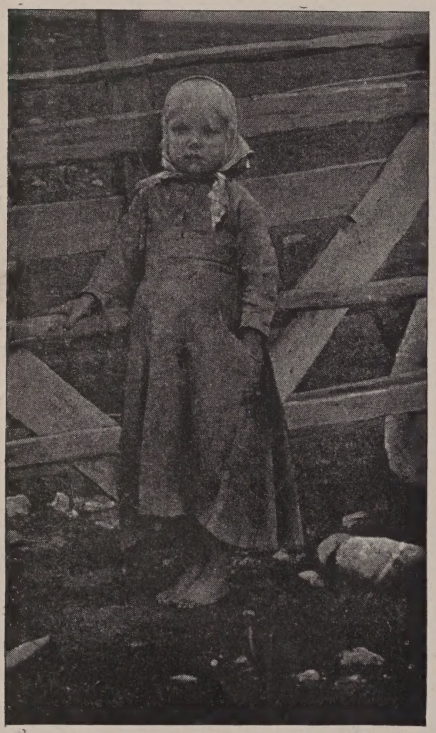
"Here the night is fierce with light;
Here the great wheels come and go;
Here are partings, waitings, meetings,
Mysteries of joy and woe.
Faces, faces pass me by,
Meaningless and blank and dumb.
Till my heart grows faint and sickens
Lest at last you should not come."

Ah, that heart hunger, how insistent it is! how assertive! how it shows in the faces of the waiting throng, and lends expression to the windows of the cars as the long train sweeps in, and heart-beat answers to heart-beat, wistful eyes spanning the space with a lightning speed that outruns the power of steam.

"When Jimmie's regiment came home," says someone with a fine sense of ownership of Jimmie and through him of the universe. When Jimmie's regiment came home was indeed an occasion for the student! What matters who commanded it? To one particular person the whole regiment was Jimmie, and when the train came in, above the cheers of the multitude she heard one voice alone and the word it spoke was "Mother"; above the heads of taller men her vision reached a tangle of brown hair that presently lay on her breast, and then—the strangest

"There are gay doings."

thing happened! She had borne up bravely through all the weeks of uncertainty, but when doubting and hoping were over, and her boy lay on her breast, stricken down in his beautiful youth, the mother's mind, overstrained, went back into the past with its tender memories of a little child and of little personal services, those homely exponents of love.



"An Old World Despot."

With a lingering touch she caressed his hollow cheeks and strove to wind the damp hair round her fingers, but failing in the effort cried out in tearful dismay, "It used to be yellow, so yellow! and curled so prettily!"

Other women sobbed, and a man pushed his way to her, intent on making the one tactful speech of his life: "He needs you more than ever, Mary. Who but his mother can pull him through?"

Who indeed? In a moment she was alert and active, issuing instructions as the carriage drew up, and assuming a vigilant care that never relaxed until death retreated and Jimmie was saved to her and to his country.

What a home coming that was! Other mothers there were who cried out their joy in the arms of stalwart sons safe home; and still others who wept when the train came in, and turned back to their hearths wantonly made desolate in the name of patriotism. Wives there were who led forward little children to share the glory of their father's return, and other wives who waited till hope died in their loyal hearts. Out at many a wayside crossing in the country stretches, a pathetic group of mourners received their dead. Friends and neighbors waited with them, and more than one spokesman voiced the sentiment of the little village offering its sympathy to Marget Howe as she passed through her Gethsemane, "There's but ain heart in Drumtochty, and that's sair."

And what pretty tableaux were presented when Jimmie's regiment came home! What groups came together, and drifted apart, and met again with ever a boy in blue as the central figure! Now receiving his father's hearty greeting, or answering his mother's caress; now striving to get back to the boisterous, teasing manner characteristic of brothers in their dealings with sisters, or changing suddenly to a gentler, more deferential mien as she drew near, impelled to come and yet reluctant that all should know what that particular boy in blue was to her.

But those scenes are of the past, and the present claims our attention.

"Waiting for the train."

Merry laughter and showers of rice accentuate the departure of a couple newly wed. The groom feels his position. The bride is a thrifty little woman. With innate caution she gathers her finery about her and firmly grasping the man of her choice, temporarily incapable of action, she forces him with her into the shelter of the car. But was mischief ever at a loss for a means of expression? Through the open window is

aimed an old shoe, the heel of which indents the shimmering silk of the bridal gown, much to the owner's dismay. She is a prudent home body who will wear the halo of the honeymoon as collectedly as she wears her wedding hat. A month from her marriage day you may chance upon her treading her way through market mazes or sagely collecting samples at a food fair.

On the next track a baseball team is going out, nobly escorted. Premature shouts of victory rend the air as the gallant team charges up the steps, confident as is the magnificent fashion of youth. The captain is a handsome boy and an athletic one, a spirited lad scorning to accept favors without making a suitable return. From his vantage point on the platform he harangues the crowd below and his eloquence is effective in more ways than one. His rollicking, boyish nonsense and the answering fire of cheers and raillery divert many an anxious mind, and smiles displace lines of care. "Me after you, Harry," shouts a merry mate, and a general scuffle for the supremacy ensues, subsiding into comparative order only when the train pulls out.

This excitement over one's attention is attracted to another party unobtrusively waiting in a quiet corner. It is a family group from which a member is going forth on a high mission. Gentle and winsome and pure of heart is this chosen one who severs her earthly ties and obeys the summons to give up all and follow Him. The mother yields her claim with unquestioning faith, and administers gentle reproof to the father so tenacious of his own. "It's proud and happy you ought to be this day," she says, and then the quick tears start to prove what the separation means to her. A moment later the last good-byes are said. The old

"Vacationists are returning."

home recedes into the distance and the young devotee gives herself up to holy dreams of the convent life with its consecrated service.

Down at the harbor front a steamer is discharging her passengers. On the upper deck an elderly woman plucks at her bonnet strings and adjusts her wrap with a touch that tells of nervousness.

"Do I look all right?" she asks of another woman, temporarily her companion through the exigencies of a crowded trip and lack of forethought in securing staterooms. "I'd hate to have Frankie ashamed of me."

"He won't," says her chance companion, "if he's the right sort."

"He" is a student at Cornell, the son of farmer folks, and this is his mother's first venture into the strange world of which he is a part.

"Mrs. Duncan came over to see me dressed before I left," she says with deepening perplexity, "an' she said I was all right, an' she ought to know for her brother William's boy went to Harvard, an' all their folks came up to Boston when Abner got his diplomy. You don't suppose Frankie 'll miss me. He said he'd meet me in Boston. It was Frankie's wish to have me come. He wanted pa an' me both, but pa said I'd better go, he never could take up with new ways." She grows confidential. "Pa's feelin' sore about the farm; it's the best in the county, but our boys can't abide farmin'."

The mother sighed, and the chance companion offered well meant, but wasted sympathy.

"I don't blame 'em," asserted the mother in spirited defense. "There ain't anything on a farm for boys as smart as my two. John's a bookkeeper, an' Frankie's takin' everything ahead of him at Cornell. Next year he's goin' to Edinborough. Land sakes, I do hope this cape's cut right! I'd just be mortified to death if Frankie's ashamed of his mother."

"Frankie" proved to be the "right sort." He was a dignified young man with a scholarly air and glasses; a good son and a gentleman as shown by his reception of his countrified mother.

She cried of course. What an aggravating habit women have of doing that whether they are glad or sorry! It disconcerted Frankie, but he patted her on the back, straightened the bonnet dislodged in her charge at him, and asked "How'd you arrange for pa?"

Now there was a tactful question from a man who will fill a professor's chair! It put his mother completely at her ease.

"Your Aunt Gemmie 'll give him his vittles," she explained. "An' he'll sleep home nights. I ain't a mite uneasy but pa'll make out all right."

"Good-bye," says the chance companion. "I see my friends at the gangway."

"Good-bye, good-bye," says the happy mother, with hearty good-will. "You've been extry kind to me. If I'd had the pickin' I couldn't have asked a better ch'ice. You're pleasant when you're awake an' when you're asleep you don't snore."

The other passengers show marked appreciation of this genial commendation, and the woman who has proved herself worthy of it makes her escape down the gangway only to fall a victim to the restrictions supposed to guard the interests of American citizens.

A very little man and a very big woman are trying to browbeat the official who asks proof of their citizenship.

"Don't we look like American citizens?" asks the little man, expanding his little chest in his efforts to be ferocious.

" Don't—we—look—like—American—citizens?" echoes the big wom-

an, with an added I-dare-you-to-deny-it inflection.

"Show your pass," roars the official goaded into forgetfulness of his manners. "Your pass, madam?" in a mollified tone as he looks beyond the little man and the big woman to the chance companion.

She is wise in her generation and makes no effort to brave it out. When one is in the wrong meekness and candor form a strong combination to turn away wrath. "I forgot it," she admits, in such a pleasant apologetic tone that another official looking down from the boat is appealed to, and promptly the number of the state room is passed along, the missing pass secured, and the gates thrown open for the exit of the prudent passenger. As she bows her thanks the little man and the big woman growl in delightful unity, "It's an outrage! Barring out American citizens!"

There are gay doings at the wharf near by. Parties on pleasure intent are boarding their boat, and friends are giving them a right merry send-off. Daintily dressed girls assume effective poses against a background of rigging and spars, take up perilous positions on the extreme edge of the wharf, and lean forward from lookout points along the rails; indulgent chaperones are numerous, and men are everywhere, idlers all, except for the sinecure of escort duty. Apparently the serious things of life might as easily influence a flight of butterflies come together to speed the departure of other airy creations. And yet depths are being sounded. A bright-faced girl treasuring a wealth of American Beauty roses, waves good-bye to some one on shore, some one who whispered a message tinting her cheeks with the crimson glow of the flowers. Neither is thinking of the temporary separation for beyond it stretches a shining way leading to a world of enchantment. May they enter in and find there no disillusion.

In the great new station, a special is due, and the pageantry and circumstance waiting on its arrival betoken the coming of an honored guest. The streets are thronged; men in military dress, mounted police, and sombre-coated officials of civic rank hurry to and fro making ready to receive the nation's president. No punctilio of public ceremony is omitted; everything is correct, and formal and deferential as befits a city of wealth and historic renown; there is even the enthusiasm of cheers when at last he comes, and flags and music play their part in the demonstration of welcome. It is a sight to be remembered.

Following close on the presidential train is the commonest kind of an every day accommodation, and huddled away in a corner is an old world despot, her eyes round with wonder at the fleeting glimpses of the fairy-land she has dreamed of. This despot's realm is limited, but her reign is assured; she is queen of a heart; a very ordinary heart to be sure, just that of a Russian peasant, but at this very moment it is beating high with hope and joyous expecta tion. No state attends the coming of Itke; she travels alone, and exerts the wisdom of her five years to guard her possessions, a handkerchief full of toys, and the tag pinned to her bib. She has been made to understand that the latter is her sesame to the new world; the playthings are tributes to her state, and have been gleaned from many sources along the way, even the engineer making his offering, the red handkerchief holding the collection. In her funny little shawl and scanty calico frock she feels very fine indeed, and many are the kindly ministrations of immigration officials and of every one else

along the route. Itke has vivid memories of the squalid Russian home, and the mother lying at rest somewhere in the barren stretch of country where the little one played. She remembers the pretty stories, better than fairy tales, of the father working so hard in far away America that he may send them word to come.

And now she is going to him alone; the patient mother has answered a more peremptory summons. A trifling incident truly to engage the attention of mature minds is the little waif's journey, and yet, it is safe to say that not even the president's coming elicited such genuine demonstrations of feeling. Even before the train comes to a stand-still the conductor says, "Here she is," and a rough unkempt man is in the car and gathering up the baby in his great strong arms, while she makes little dabs and thrusts at his face and finally, taking his head in her clumsy little hands, settles down in ineffable content her brown cheek and tufts of tow-colored hair pressed into his beard.

In the waiting room there are scenes that make one long for a camera.

"Look snug, father, don't you see her any place? Spose we move about a little."

The impatient suggestion comes from a thin, bony old lady sitting erect and prim in a high settee in "Suffolk County." Her gloves are much too large but eminently respectable, as are her well preserved cashmere and antiquated dolman. "Father" wears a heavy chain of doubtful value, and chafes at the unwonted pressure of the conventional derby. He has been brought to town against his will and is not inclined to approve any more "fool tricks" of his women folks. To add to his discomfort the high settee gives him a sensation of being in "meetin'" imposing on him a rigid attitude.

"I ain't a-goin' to move from here," he says stubbornly. "Almy said 'set in Suffolk County,' an' in Suffolk County I'll set till Almy comes or frogs quit croakin'."

Fortunately Almy comes and is so bright and pleased and so kind to her crusty old father that presently the crustiness disappears, and a very happy old couple with their daughter walking between them set out to see the sights.

"In vacation time."

The fragment of conversation sets free a host of memories. The crisp spring air changes to the fragrance of summer, and another occasion is present. The crimsoning maple has hung out its signal, and goldenrod lights its flame along hedges and country roads. "It is time to be home" urges the subtle unrest that moved us to come, and our little corner tempts us back with the familiar lures of a lifetime.

The mountain express is due, and down the long platforms extend lines of people to welcome home the holiday makers. On the outskirts of the crowd, patiently waiting, is a man haggard of face and shabbily garbed; his hands clasp and unclasp nervously, and now and again his eyes turn wistfully to the evening sky as if in silent appeal. There is a whistling sound in the distance, the rails quiver, the expectant crowd moves forward, the train glides in, and in a moment the waiting is over. Two streams meet and mingle, and the air throbs with sound, the laughter of children, merry salutations and eager questionings. Jolly youngsters scuffle up the track, and school girls flit along care-free as birds; men of every type and every social grade; big and little family parties, women laden with odds and ends of luggage and

other women with flowers and trailing vines, and little children tugging along their dolls or living pets in boxes and cages pass by in rapid movement, are met by friends, and drift out through the numerous exits.

The haggard man holds in his arms a slim young girl, her pretty flushed face pressed close to his own, her little hands grasping his neck in the childish way her early maidenhood has not yet unlearned. Presently he holds her from him and asks, "Are you better, darling?"

The inquiry is peremptory with anxiety.

"Much better," she says confidently, and then in a fresh access of joy "isn't it good to be almost home?"

Almost home indeed! even at the very gates of that city of which the walls are as of jasper. The city of bricks and mortar twinkles with a million lights as the father leads his child away, but he sees no radiance in their gleam.

"It is good of you to meet us, Bess," says a voice suspiciously thick and indistinct. The pure young face fades away as we turn to a little group exemplifying in outward appearance the "triple bond of husband, wife and child." The woman is fair and stately with a cold reserve that deepens into dislike as she submits to the man's greeting. A moment later there is no trace of it, forgetting place and dainty clothing she has dropped on her knees before her little son and is satisfying her heart-hunger with his sweet warm kisses, punctuated by his loving sturdy assurances, "I love you, mamma, I love you!"

The pretty scene is interrupted by the husband and father. "Who took you to the mountains, you young scamp?" he asks boisterously. Then almost pleadingly, "I was careful, Bessie. I didn't take him any place you—"

The thick voice is lost in the distance, but the shrill childish treble comes back in shamed protest, "I don't like that kind of mans, mamma."

We have chanced on a bit of life's tragedy, pride and weakness wedded, and a little bewildered child trying to reach standards of love and duty.

Two young men in merry mood spend the time of waiting in jest and raillery till suddenly a serious thought finds expression in the exclamation, "By Jove, I forgot to feed the canary!"

"Good thing she didn't leave you the baby," says his friend consolingly. "But here she comes."

There is an effusive welcome. No touch of tragedy here except in the hidden consciousness of duty undone.

"Did you feed the canary, Will?"

"Annie is asking if you fed the canary," says his brother-in-law, officiously.

"The canary, um—er, O, yes, the canary. I say, Annie, this fellow's a load to carry; let's get him weighed."

The danger has been skilfully averted for the moment. Blithe and gay they pass on to the scales.

A woman atrociously dressed in satin waist and crash skirt throws herself into the arms of the man she calls "Peter, dear Peter!" He seems to be a whole-souled, good-hearted fellow genuinely glad to see her, almost as glad in fact as her traveling companions are to get away from her. Another woman is protesting, "I'll never go away again: I'm just worn out sitting up like an effigy."

And so they come and go, wayfarers and sojourners units all of the great design of life with its high lights and sombre tints marking multiform patterns in human tracery against a common ground.

A Willing Helper.

O fair-haired Northern hero
With thy guard of dusky hue
Up from the field of battle
Rise to the last review.

"No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms."

THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

See "Decoration Day," page 433.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Under the suggestive title of "Hard Sayings," a name taken from the well-known dictum of the Jews against the teaching of the Lord regarding the Blessed Eucharist, Rev. George Tyrrel, S. J., puts forth a series of papers on the deeper spiritual and mystical truths of the Christian Catholic life. In the volume before us, as in the "Nova and Vetera," published about ten years ago, the author exhibits his peculiar versatility in adapting to present needs the old, mysterious and mystical teachings of Christian ideals. The subjects treated are by their very nature recondite and do not readily lend themselves to full and clear exposition, but despite this difficulty, the writer's grasp is always sure, and the abstruseness of the matter, viewed in itself, and ever present to the mind of the reader, serves only to bring out into bolder relief the singular power of the author in clothing with the living, breathing language of the day the deepest truths of the spiritual life. Certainly, such subjects as the relation of the soul with God, the mystery of pain, the presence of God, and kindred matters of discussion will be at once recognized as the most spiritual and mystical which can engage the human mind, and yet the author's easy exposition and his abundant employment of the imagery of every-day life brings these mysterious problems within the scope of our comprehension and furnishes us with spiritual food which edifies and strengthens. We quote from the first paper a passage which will illustrate the author's method of exposition. This passage is taken from the first disquisition which bears the title of "The Soul and Her Spouse," and is characteristic: "When Adam slumbered, God drew from his side a help meet for him: a being altogether made for him, soul and body, inexplicable without him. God drew the soul of man from His own side, and she is restless, till she returns thither again. The soul is God's spouse: made for His embrace, made to bring forth in herself His Word, His Image, His Beloved Son. And the passion of the purest and noblest heart of man is but the far-removed symbol of the ardent love of God for His spouse. To Him her whole being cries out: Thou hast made me for Thyself, as the casket for the jewel, as the mirror for the sun, as the eye for light, as the ear for sound, as the harp for music. My mind craves for truth, and Thou art the Truth; my will for good, and Thou art the Good; my heart for love, and Thou art Love; mine eye for beauty, and Thou art the Beautiful; my ear for music, and Thou art Song, my soul for eternity, life and salvation, and Thou art Eternity, Life, and Salvation." This book is a treasury of spiritual thoughts, an antidote against the materialistic and vulgar tendencies of the age, and a storehouse from which all may draw food, which will nourish high thought and holy resolve and will give a propulsion towards a supernatural way of thinking and living without which it is impossible to realize the Christian ideal. London: New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $2.00.

"The Veneration of the Blessed Virgin," by Rev. B. Rohner, O. S. B., adapted by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D., is a complete exposition of the grounds upon which is based the devotion of Catholics to the Mother of God. The dogmatic grounds upon which Catholics rely in justification of their attitude towards the Immaculate Mother naturally occupy the first place, and are briefly, but strongly stated. The quality of devotion which Catholics pay to her is then set forth in terms which show how false is the charge of those outside the fold who attempt to discover in the behavior of Catholics towards the Blessed Mother a basis for the charge of idolatry. The historical development of the devotion is then traced, as exemplified in the creed, the writings of the Fathers, in architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry, in the festivals of the Church, in the special devotions in her honor, in the religious orders of men and women instituted under her patronage, in the confraternities founded to perpetuate her intercessory power, while a special chapter is devoted to the progress and development of this devotion in North America. This volume is, therefore, a complete manual for all Catholics, as it enables them to give reasons, drawn from faith, reason and history for the faith that is in them. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.; $1.25.

"Illustrated Explanation of the Holy Sacraments," adapted from the original of Rev. H. Rolfus, D. D., with a reflection and practice on each sacrament by Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R., is a

very useful and serviceable volume. A short dissertation on divine grace, the effect of each sacrament, is the introduction to a series of expositions which thoroughly set forth the nature and effects of the sacraments and sacramentals of the Catholic Church. These expositions of Catholic doctrine are easily grasped by the ordinary reader, while the explanation of the various rites with which the Church has surrounded the administration of the sacraments cannot fail to give a clearer understanding and a deeper appreciation of the value of these sources of divine grace. The richness of Scripture reference adds also to the devotional value of these expositions. An illustration setting forth the institution and effects of each sacrament enhances the value of each chapter. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.; 15 cents.

Devotion is always stimulated when the places and scenes, made holy by saintly habitation, are brought before us, in detail, by one who has had the happiness of visiting these places of pilgrimage, and who gives us his impressions, as he trod in the footprints of the illustrious and sainted dead. This it is which gives a charm to "Sacred Scenes and Mysteries," by Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J., in which he places before us the many celebrated sanctuaries of devotion in France and Belgium and discourses beautifully of many mysteries in the life of our Lord and His Blessed Mother. The literary power which the author brings to the treatment of these themes, and the personal experience, which he is able to bring forward in the description of the different shrines of devotion, give a value and interest to his work, which should recommend it to a wide circle of readers. Many beautiful illustrations abound. New York, London: Longmans, Green & Co.; $1.00.

"A Pious Preparation for First Holy Communion," by Rev. F. X. Lasance, is a compilation of great merit. It teaches the child the great value of the ineffable gift, which he is about to receive, and the explanations and prayers are all fit to make him realize the necessity of inward preparation for this most august gift of God. The collection of prayers in this volume is very abundant, and their tenderness must excite in the heart a great love and thanksgiving to our Lord in the sacrament of His Love. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.; 75 cents.

A wreath for our Lady is the volume of poems by Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P., entitled "Mariae Corolla." It is a companion volume to "Passion Flowers," which elicited high praise on its publication a few months ago. In the present volume the author uses his poetic gift to set forth in poetic form the office of our Lady in the Church and to win souls to her by giving poetic proof of her different titles and virtues. There is a long poem at the end in which the author beautifully portrays our Lady as the ideal of Christian womanhood. There is no gush in the poetry of the reverend author. On the contrary, we find a severe classic taste, which reminds one of Tennyson, poetic fire and movement, kept under due restraint, as befits the solemn subjects treated, which show forth the good taste of the author and vindicate his claim to a seat among men of letters. The volume is beautifully bound in blue and gold. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.; $1.25.

"Popular Progress," by Rev. Thomas Donohoe, D. D., is a small handbook of political economy in which the author discusses in an interesting way the great industrial problems which demand solution. The influence of prison labor on wages, the relation between labor and new inventions, the causes of agricultural and industrial depression, the remedies which may be used to bring about better conditions—all these questions reveal the interesting character of the book. The author states his case in a strong way, and is positive in his convictions. Any one desiring this publication may apply to the author, 144 Edward St., Buffalo, N. Y.

John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Cragie) has entered the dramatic field and gives us, as a first effort, a comedy, entitled, "The Ambassador." In this she proves herself the same clever woman as in the field of fiction. This comedy has already been successfully staged in London, and contains many bright and clever things. Perhaps the most striking passage in the whole comedy is that which she put in the mouth of Lady Beauvedere: "Waterloo begins, for a woman, from the moment she disappoints her mother by not being a boy, and it ends—only when her dearest friend drops a wreath on her coffin." The same peculiar view and insight into human life, original and unique in the author, make the present comedy interesting to the reader. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

QUESTION BOX.

E. H. writes:

Allen's School History speaking about the Church at the time of Constantine the Great says:

"All the intellectual activity of the age concentrated itself in the field of speculative theology, and was basely engaged in determining questions of faith, many of which were upon points too subtle to be expressed in any language except Greek. Engaged in these polemics, the officers of the Church lost that burning zeal and purity which had been its great power in the earlier centuries."

Is this a true statement?

No, this is not a true statement. It rather embodies as much falsehood as the author could well compress into a few lines. Being himself incapable of perceiving the value of what was taking place at the time of which he writes, he glories in his ignorance of facts and principles, and seeks to make the scholars who study his book as ignorant and as false as himself. But as Catholics we cannot be surprised. We must not even grow weary of showing such men their ignorance and falsehoods. "Speculative theology," "points too subtle to be expressed in any language except Greek;" "polemics," "Church lost her burning zeal and purity." These are Mr. Allen's statements: platitudes, generalities, unsubstantiated by even the semblance of a proof. The child does not even know to what events in Church History the author refers.

This "speculative theology" pertains chiefly to the all-important and supremely decisive question of the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Arius had denied that Jesus is God, eternal Son of the Eternal Father. Arius was condemned as an heresiarch, and his doctrine as heretical. This to Mr. Allen is mere "speculation." To every Catholic, and to every Christian believer in the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, it is the most vital, and most fundamental, and most practical of all doctrines. His heart, his will, equally with his mind, is interested for the Catholic of the 4th as of the 19th century in the decision to be given by the Fathers of the Council of Nice, either with Arius against the Divinity of Jesus, or against Arius for the Divinity of Jesus. Not faith alone, but works too, shall be dependent upon the momentous response.

"Points too subtle to be expressed in any language except Greek." A man so little versed in history as Mr. Allen, should be ashamed to even compile a textbook of history. The Council of Nice (A. D. 325) was held in Asia Minor. The language spoken in that region was the Greek language. Bishops were present from the various parts of the world, to which the faith of Christ had spread itself. The language of the scholars of that day, the language of literature was the language of the Greek people, who themselves conquered by Roman arms, had by their arts and learning made themselves the teachers and masters of the Romans. Today, when a Church Council is convened, Latin is the language spoken, as in the confusion of tongues, some common medium of speech is necessary. Will Mr. Allen say that Latin is spoken for this the real reason, or will he proceed on the presumption engrafted in men like himself, that the Church always has a hidden, mysterious, "subtle," and ulterior view in even the simplest and most easily understood of her procedures? What "subtle" reason will Mr. Allen find that French is the language of diplomacy for the civilized world? This compiler of history is no doubt referring to what seems to him as a mere trifle in the proceedings of the Council. The Fathers of the Council were men of great faith, and of a "burning zeal and purity," which the Church had not lost (despite our compiler). Their antagonists proved to be men given to prevarication, to deceit, to fraud and lying. So, in the formula of the faith which the Nicene Fathers adopted, the greatest care was to proclaim in terms that would admit of no prevarication, or quibbling, or dispute, that Jesus, the Son of Mary, is the Eternal Son of God. "Begotten, not made, they said, God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God." All this with meanings and reservations of their own, the Arians agreed to, even while they did not acknowledge that Christ is really God. Then the Fathers fixed on a word that became a test, and proved to be the parting of the ways between the real believers and the heretics. They declared that Jesus is "Consubstantial with the Father," of the same substance, the same nature as the Father. The Arians said of a like nature, the Catholics of the same nature. The Greek word expressing the Catholic idea, of the same substance, is Homoousion; the Greek expressing the Arian idea, of a

like substance is Homoiousion. Between the two words there is but a difference of one letter, the smallest and most insignificant of the Greek alphabet, iota, our letter i. Poor Allen! He can see only a quibble over that iota, a "subtle point," whereas the matter in question was the decisive and all-influencing one for humanity, the Divinity, the eternal nature of Jesus Christ. And it was precisely because there were then as now enemies of the Church who were opponents of her zeal and destroyers of her pure Apostolic doctrine, that the Church, as the guardian of truth and the lover of Jesus, defended not for the sake of "speculative theology," or of "polemics," but for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, the truth and the Person of Jesus.

Mr. Allen, you are not original. You have but repeated the sneer of Gibbon.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hand by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Blk., Rochester, N. Y.

Where Undoubted Worth is Combined with Moderate Cost.

All lovers of beautiful things for the house find pleasure in a visit to the great carpet store of Joel Goldthwait & Co., 169 Washington Street, where are shown the finest products of the Orient as well as those of American and English manufacture. For considerably more than half a century Mr. Goldthwait has been established at this place where he and his long-time partner, William H. Blodgett, recently have admitted younger blood to partnership association with them, in Charles H. Loomis, Walter J. Wellington, Edmund E. Stiles and John D. Berran. Six large floors are given over to American and English Brussels carpets, Wiltons and velvets, tapestries, woolens and art squares and mattings and linoleums. The entrance floor is used exclusively for the rich collection of imported rugs. It is a matter of surprise how fine a carpet or rug may be had here at moderate cost, behind which there is, of course, the well-earned reputation of the house for having all grades the best of their kind.

Some twenty years ago a German physician discovered that in certain stages of paresis, especially melancholia and hypochondria, that chloride of gold accomplished remarkable results. This physician experimented with chloride of gold, and the results were so astonishing that English and American doctors adopted the treatment, and some institutions for the treatment of alcoholism and drug addictions were opened. But the expense of this institute treatment was so great, and the time required so long, that only a small percentage of the men and women who needed the cure could avail themselves of it.

Knowing this, Mr. George Grant determined, if possible, to so combine the medicines used in the long institute course as to produce a treatment which could be easily taken at home and still be a radical cure.

After years of test and study he produced the medicine known as Grant's Goldcura, and today it is known throughout Canada and Great Britain as the one real specific for the drink and drug diseases. The import duties into the States, however, were so large that comparatively few packages found their way across the border; but now the Canadian Company has opened offices at 7 Park Square, Boston, for the sale of Goldcura in the United States, and from time to time Mr. Grant visits Boston to prepare the medicine here.

EASTER DONAHOE'S DESTROYED BY FIRE.

A large number of the sheets of our Easter issue, were destroyed by fire in the bindery, and for this reason publication was delayed some days beyond our usual time.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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THE PRESIDENT AND HIS ADVISERS.

BY ERNEST LAGARDE, LL. D.

As we follow the mutations of the policy of the party in power, from the moment that, taking up the cry of sympathy of the American people for the Cuban insurgents, to the time that the Spanish Islands fell into the power of the land and naval forces of the United States, may we not justly question whether the President and his advisers are actuated by motives purely philanthropic? Possibly they may find justification in the belief that "Manifest Destiny," has through the fortunes of war, brought about results which compel the present Administration to undertake the mission of governing and civilizing inferior races. And yet, however much we may live up to the teaching, "I am my brother's keeper," no country can safely assume the mission of going about like a knight-errant all over the world, to right the wrongs of others. The questions involved in this war for humanity would seem to affect the very existence of the Federal Union.

If we keep out of sight the nature and the relations of the Federal Government to the people and the States, and the issues that have divided them as disclosed in our political history, we can not adequately judge the acts of those who are called to its administration. It is by the knowledge of the nature of that Government alone that the true and legitimate policy of its administration should be determined.

The problem of the sovereignty of the conquered Spanish Islands before the people today presents greater difficulties than the permanence or destruction of Spanish supremacy on this continent, for its erroneous solution might involve the permanence of the American Union itself.

The parties that in turn have striven for the control of the United States Government, have differed on various questions of vital importance, but they were always at one in turning to the Constitution for the powers of government as granted by that charter of our Rights. They may have differed as to the working of the Government under each other's interpretation of the Constitution, but each after all, held to that document as its Declaration of Faith. Never, however, until now, has a prominent officer, connected with any administration in so eminent a position as that of Attorney General Griggs, declared that "the Constitution was too small for the present needs of the Government." We are willing to admit that the Constitution, however much we may be devoted to its teachings, cannot be perfect, for it is after all but the outcome of the wisdom of man who himself is not perfect; yet, so long as it stands, wisdom and patriotism demand that those who are entrusted with the mission of working out the policy of this Government, should, particularly at important crises, not deviate from its canons.

We cannot adequately judge of the nature of the Federal Government itself without recurring, though it be

but superficially, to its origin. The immediate object of each colony in throwing off the yoke of England was not to form a political union, but to obtain its own freedom and independence of the crown of Great Britain; that freedom and independence achieved, the colonies having become, by the recognition of the mother country, free and independent States, soon discovered that the articles of Confederation that bound them together in a common cause, were insufficient, and they then determined to form a union "of free, convenient and independent Governments,"—a Government of limited and delegated powers; based upon a Constitution; and one of the chief inducements to the adoption of the Constitution was to give the General Government adequate constitutional power to work out the theory of Government, while safe-guarding the reserved rights of each State, thus making the Federal Constitution a compact between the thirteen original States. In the words of Webster in his reply to Hayne: "It is a Government of strictly limited powers, of enumerated, particularized and specified powers; and whatever is not granted is withheld." The very essence of the compact establishes the fact that the Government is federative in its character, for that is the result when independent States form a common Government. The individuality of each State is never merged, though by the practical operation of the Government itself, the States lose their identity in the centralizing forces.

Our Government was not framed for temporary purposes, the builders well knew how they were building. There is in our system a vast contrast between the Leagues of States in ancient times which did not look to permanent Government. Unlike our Government, that of Rome crystallized under the influences of the times, that gradually molded its form; her statesmen, from time to time, adapted it to the changes which the period and the circumstances required. So, one of the most famous Governments of our own times, that of England, even with its boast that its rights found full vindication in Magna Charta, has been but the growth of expediency and the creature of convenience. But our Government, from its foundation, was the work of political structurists. The States were first endued with Governmental apparatus by their respective State-builders, and the great work of forming a Common Government for all the States followed after these States had achieved their independence.

The Constitution, which was the warrant for the polity established for the States, secured to the General Government all powers bearing on foreign relations, making the grant of general powers only for matters of internal interest, leaving to the States large reserved political rights. Among these rights none is more distinctly defined than that referring to the admission of new States, as laid down in 3d Sec. of Art. 4 of the Constitution. Although the operation of the right is not perfect without the co-operation of Congress, still the "consent of the States" brings the admission within the purview of reserved rights. The objection that "New States may be admitted by Congress into this Union," does not affect the exercise of the "reserved rights;" it takes the faculty out of the hands of the "Treaty-making power," and places it into those of the people and the States jointly. Nor should the objection hold that because States are mentioned here, Territories are excluded, for, it is a principle that the relation between the measure and

the end is a criterion of constitutionality, and while the broad outline State is distinctly marked out, the minor features of Territories may be deduced from the nature of the subject, for the Territories implied were but inchoate States.

Article 11 of the Articles of Confederation made provision for the admission of Canada, "upon her acceding to the Confederation and joining in the measures of the United States;" while the "other colonies" by which, as says the Federalist, No. 42, were evidently meant "the other British colonies," "were to be admitted at the discretion of nine States." The provision of Article 4, therefore, could only be applied to the extent of the territory belonging to the several States at the time, whenever the geographical position of such territory might make it expedient to have it divided into several States. But on the more vital question regarding the power of the General Government to acquire constitutionally new territory, serious doubts were expressed. "It is difficult," says Judge Story, "to conceive why the common attribute of sovereignty, the power to acquire land by cession or by conquest, did not apply to the Government of the Union, in common with other sovereignties." Is not the answer to this to be found in the tenth amendment, "that all the powers not delegated to the United States are reserved to the States respectively;" which is tantamount to a Constitutional prohibition? This is the inference of Judge Story.

The doctrine of Asiatic Expansion can certainly not be justified by pointing for a precedent to the annexation of Louisiana and Florida. The territories of those States were coterminous with the limits of the Union, their population,—of course we mean the free whites,—was similar and susceptible of assimilation. From those days to the present, all the territories which have been incorporated into the Union, with the exception of Texas, have been organized as Territories under the Congressional Ordinance of July 13th, 1787, which, being as it were the echo of the Constitution, is notable for its masterly display of the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty. Now, the Constitution making no provision for the acquisition of Territory, Thos. Jefferson, a strict constructionist, deplored its violation in the purchase of Louisiana, and, while he admitted that it "had made no provision for our holding foreign territory," he urged that we should set an example against broad construction by appealing for new power to the people.

The Territories organized under the ordinance of July, 1787, were, with the exception of those acquired by treaty negotiations, under the jurisdiction of one or the other of the original States. But the Territory of the conquered Spanish Islands, must be under the dominion of the Land and Naval forces of the United States. It can only come under the category which the usages of Nations have fixed, that is that the conquered territory must be considered as held by military occupation. Where is the authority, either in the Constitution or the Ordinance of 1787 for the apparatus to govern subjugated communities? Then, who will refute the declaration that the principles of American Liberty gave birth strictly to the system of self-government? Could we still hope that the popular principles in our Constitution would continue to be, if, disregarding them, we enter upon a career of subjugation, imperialism and corresponding evils, all opposites of self-rule, and which,

prevailing, cannot but involve the ruin of self-government in our country, the most complete form of the system in the world?

It is true that the Treaty of Peace and cession turns the islands over exclusively to the Government of the conqueror, and that, in the usages of Nations, the ceded Territory becomes a part of the Nation. This principle cannot apply to the United States, unless it comes within the scope of the Constitutional authority of the General Government. In the first place, whatever be the stipulations of the treaty exchanged by the Peace Commissioners, the new masters, the United States through their representatives, must fix the terms and conditions upon which the ceded Territories may be annexed.

Viewed in the light of natural justice, the right of conquest, in its broad sense, is not recognized. It is held by many writers on International Law that the mere fact of occupying a Territory or subjugating its inhabitants is no sufficient ground, in justice, even in a just war, for the exercise of the right of conquest. Among the Nations that have been most prompt in stamping this spirit of conquest which carries with it the license of appropriating the Territory of the conquered, as one of robbery and hostility to the race, there never was one more zealous, earnest and disinterested than the United States. And, when we turn to the declaration of President McKinley in his message of a year ago, we find him deprecating this spirit when he says: "I speak not of forcible annexation, for that cannot be thought of. That, by our code of morality, would be criminal aggression."

Concluding, therefore, that the Government is one of limitation and that the Constitution, which is its warrant for its functions, has made no provision to authorize that Government to acquire dependencies or colonies, as great an objection arises in the want of an ordinance for the organization of their system of Government of such dependencies. Shall we hold them as conquered provinces, shackling them with a military apparatus which will make them the equals of ancient satrapies, or shall we renew for them the scandals and the humiliations of carpet-baggism? or, shall we endanger the very existence of our form of Government by holding them forcibly; for as Ch. J. Taney says in the cited case: "A power in the General Government to *obtain* and *hold colonies* and *dependent territories* over which they might legislate . . . would be inconsistent with its own existence in its present form."

While no one shall dare to suggest such an innovation in the law as to call into question the doctrine of the *stare decisis* of the findings of the Supreme Court, yet, when it is remembered that the dicision of Chief Justice Marshall in the case of the American Insurance Co., vs. Canter, vindicated the right of acquisition of foreign territory by the treaty-making power, as that right flows from the power of the Union to make treaties, it is proper to inquire whether one member of that treaty-making power exercised his legitimate functions in the matter of the conquered islands. For, in order that the maxim of the *stare decisis* should have its weight, we must consider whether the principle adjudged accurately applies to the case in hand, without a change of circumstances. Let us see whether the case of Florida, on the cession of which the decision of Chief Justice Marshall turns, is similar to the case of the conquered islands. Before we inquire into this case, let us quote Webster, who opposed the admission

of Texas in '37 on the following grounds: "It is not within the scope or design of the Constitution to admit new States out of foreign territory."

The United States claimed that when Spain, in 1800, retroceded Louisiana to France, her cession embraced the original extent of Louisiana, which included Florida, and, that consequently, when in 1803, the United States purchased Louisiana from France, Florida was a part of our acquisition. As early as 1811 Congress passed several secret acts authorizing the President to take "temporary possession" of it, though nothing came of these measures. During the Seminole War, Jackson made frequent incursions into Florida and finally Spain, in 1819, ceded the Territory over to the United States by Treaty. This right of acquisition, like that of Louisiana, which was extra Constitutional, was at least legitimized on the grounds on which the acquisition of Louisiana had been.

But how about the conquered islands? The President was authorized to issue a declaration of war April 21st, 1898, against Spain, directing her "to withdraw her flag and her forces from the island of Cuba," for the pacification thereof. What authority had he for the investment and capture of Manila? It is answered, for redress, and for necessary compensation for injury inflicted by the war, and for that ample security and indemnity which a nation has a right to demand in a prosecution of war. But is there not a limit to the prosecution of this claim of indemnity? Natural justice declares there is. The conqueror at times goes even to the length of destroying the existence of the opposing State, as occurred with "bleeding Poland."

The President, as one of the Treaty-making Powers, has certainly transcended his powers and his limitations. He evidently has no faith in the capacity of the Filipinos, or the Cubans either, for self government. He is no doubt sincere in his belief that they must be governed for their own good, in spite of themselves. He was a soldier himself, and he knows the importance of supreme authority in military affairs. Is he taking an exaggerated view of the importance of executive authority in civil administration? Will he court militarism that he may prepare the way for a centralized Government? He has shown by his sudden evolution that the Republican who recently entered the field of philanthropic effort has since become the Imperialist who declares that "it is no longer a question of keeping the islands of the East, but of leaving them."

Another soldier, General Miles, yielding to the hectoring spirit which the irreversible dictates of the sword-bearer foment, declares that "we have no idea that we will any more give up Manila than we will give up Bunker Hill." Some one well exclaims that "there is a painful lack of analogy between Bunker Hill and Manila."

Can it be that the President considers the Constitution as a mere metamorphic phase in the orbit of events as they hurry towards a centralized Government, and that it is the duty of statesmen, in administering the Government, to make the Constitution a blank paper by construction while they consider the grant of the Treaty-making Power as boundless?

The elephant is on our hands, however. What shall we do with it? This is a question which can find its solution at the ballot box only. The people will see that the right men be entrusted with its solution.

WISDOM'S CHOICE.

By Claude M. Girardeau.

I.

It was springtime in the low country. Miss Cecilia, abbreviated into Mi' Cilya, walked down the garden path, followed by the small guest and Mi' Cilya's niece, Mistress Mollie. A few straggling peach trees, with leafless branches thinly starred with rosy blossoms, blushed against a background of dark and distant pines. Jonquils were abloom in a ragged ring around a shallow iron basin about three feet in diameter, set in the very middle of the front walk, on a pigmy pyramid. Mi' Cilya peered into its dry and dusty shallows where straggled forlornly a purple "verbeenya."

"Once 'pon a time," she said with a pudgy sigh, "it was full of water and water-lilies. It was lovely. I called it my 'fairy-lake.' I had a 'flower-room,' too, at one end of the pi-azza." She waddled toward the gate, still sighing. Mistress Mollie laughed low in the ear of the guest.

"The first time I heard of the 'fairy-lake' it was a hundred feet across. We almost went boat-riding in it. Old Uncle Folly used to come home drunk at night and fall into it, but he was never drowned, more's the pity. How do you like the hill the house is on?"

"Hill?" queried the small guest, turning her sleek head from side to side inquiringly, scrutinizing the dull level of the cotton fields with their occasional disappearances into the swamp.

"You do not see it? . . . Well, you must climb a pine tree to do that. Yet it was three hundred feet high when you heard of it. Its height increases with every mile of Auntie's distance from home. Ah, poor child . . . " putting a finger under the small chin, "I was sorry when I saw you. Remember, we are dead and buried here, with no comprehension of the future and with distorted dreams of the past." She hurried back to the house at the sound of a baby's outcry, and Maida wandered down the avenue, as the road before the house was called.

The westering sun glinted along the purple columns of the pines. A smoke-blue mist began to rise in filmy bands along the line of swamp. Mi' Cilya was some distance ahead, on visiting intent. A soiled white Saxony "Mariposa" made a fluffy peak over her fat yellow face and greenish gray hair. Poor soul! She was a grotesque figure, trailing along in a long-tailed rusty black calico wrapper, her unhealthy puffy hands tucked into the flaring ends of her angel sleeves. She struck into an obscure footpath thro' the field of dead cotton stalks and disappeared in the dusk. A fiery yet melancholy splendor burned in the west just above a dark belt of wood. The forlorn house stood black and miserable against the passionate crimson of dying day. The tired mules and oxen trooped slowly in from the fields, urged by strange barbaric cries and snatches of curiously intervaled song. A pair of fond, confiding builders had made an airy home of straw in the tiny, brittle limbs of an oak sapling, scarce three feet from the ground. It

was empty; deserted, plundered perhaps by the night-colored thieves of the adjacent "quarter." Maida peeped in at the soft interior skilfully rounded by the mother-breast, touched the little air-castle with a tender, regretful finger, sighed, crossed herself—and stole away, her eyes full of tears. The evening breeze began to stir like a restless spirit. A tawny splintered stump on the roadside, suddenly transformed into a crouching panther by the trickery of the gloaming, glared at her as her light footfalls stirred the pine-needles. Voices whispered in the low wind at her ear. Oil lamps were lighting the house feebly. She ran into her bare room, and huddled beside the blaze of lightwood, shivering. In the dead of night the wind woke her, keening in the swamp. She covered her head, slipped the beads of her rosary between her trembling fingers, but her pillow was wet with tears. The next morning she went cautiously upon the decaying piazza and stood in the blinding sunlight.

Mi' Cilya was digging the mould about a rosebush. She was browbound with a Chilian rebosa—a long strip of dyed barege—rusty, black and greasy like her gown. In digging at the splendid Cloth of Gold its stilletto thorns tore ugly gashes in the thick, loose skin of her hands, from which the sluggish blood oozed in large drops.

"Disyah rosebush mus' be fifty yeahs ole. Father planted it. He was so fond of flowers. Won't you have a posy?"

Maida took the lovely golden flower and pinned it upon her black breast. The mocking-birds were nesting in the japonica trees. Fastidious aristocrats of song, they perched airily upon the topmost twigs and swung in the breeze, tilting their long tails up and down, uttering sharp, sweet notes of defiant delight. Mi' Cilya waddled about the garden, fell on her knees before a sickly orange in a corner of the fence and chopped vigorously at it, with groans and piercing exclamations of: "Oh, my father!" "Great Peace alive!"

She came upon the piazza presently, out of breath, pointing triumphantly to the mutilated remains of the tree.

"D'ye reckon I've chopped it too much, Octavy?" she inquired of Mollie's mother, Mistress Brisbane.

"They was a heap o' shoots comin' up an' I reckoned they'd oughter be cud-down."

Mistress Brisbane snorted like a warhorse scenting battle anear. "Vah!" she ejaculated harshly. The sound of their wrangling drifted through the windy hall. The quarrel over the orange-shoots gradually subsided into a reminiscent conversation in which Mi' Cilya held the floor. After a time her strident, high-pitched voice and shrill "chee-ee-ee" of laughter vanished kitchenward.

The next afternoon Maida and the women drove to the village in the spring wagon drawn by a microscopic mule. Mollie's children and the jet black cook hung over the tailboard singing. Past negro cabins set about with corn and cotton; past the whitewashed meeting-house of the predominant Baptist persuasion, with its treeless graveyard baking in the sun with graves like brick ovens; past the blacksmithy with the postoffice in one corner; over a rutty causeway and beyond the tobacco lands of the rich guano merchant.

"What a landscape," thought the small guest, perched on the backless wagon-seat, her toes just touching the floor. A dazzle of orange—tawny, weird, like a thunderstorm in a dream! Black tree trunks striping the vivid color slantwise. It was

only a bit of burnt wood thick with pine trash, but it looked an enchanted forest in which strange griffin creatures might move and glare.

Mistress Mollie glanced at the small abashed face beside her.

"What is it, dear child?"

"Why, it is a medieval mystery by Walter Crane.—No,—it is the disordered fancy of an impressionist gone ochre-mad." Mollie smiled.

"Don't say things like that to anybody here, honey-child. They will think you something else gone mad. And," lowering her voice, "do not bless yourself so often, dear, they are not used to it here, and they do not like it. Sorry to have to tell you—but you know me."

"Who are 'they?'" queried Maida curiously.

"The general public," said Mollie smiling. She drew up in a widening of the way to allow the clashing, jangling passage of a timber-cart, with its gigantic hind wheels, its monstrous forechains, its eight mules bestrid of black drivers. They cut the air with long, cruel whips, with curses, with shouts, as the huge pine tree lashed to the clumsy carriage lurched to the ditch. The great chains strained taut in the impetuous rush at the boggy causeway. There was a frantic indescribable confusion at the plantation gate. Maida scarcely breathed until the jarring clangor grew fainter behind them and the wagon came to a standstill under a mulberry tree before a small, white cottage.

"Who lives here?" asked Maida.

Mollie glanced behind her significantly. "Ask Auntie," she replied slyly.

Mi' Cilya was looking straight ahead of her with absolutely expressionless eyes. A faint brick red crept up her leathery cheek. "Howdy!" she shrilled suddenly, preparing to leap from the wagon, but Mollie laid a detaining hand on her shoulder.

"We cannot get out, Auntie. I must get back home to baby. Howdy, Cousin Wisdom?"

An old gentleman with tremendous white moustaches came to the wagon shyly, yet with ceremonious courtesy.

"'Light, ladies, and come in." He shook hands deliberately with Mollie, as he spoke.

"How do you do, Miss Cecilia? and how is your health, Cousin Octavia?"

"Cousin Wisdom," said Mollie, "this is Maida."

The old gentleman bowed profoundly.

"I remember your grandfather," he said in his drawling voice, "he was one of our finest men. The best soldier, the most polished gentleman, and the most cultivated scholar it has ever been my fortune to know. I am happy to make the acquaintance of his granddaughter. . . . Oh . . . Cootsey!"

"Sah?"

"Go and tell Maum Jooly to bring out some wine and cake."

"But we cannot wait, thank you all the same, Cousin Wisdom," said Mollie hastily.

"We are in a great hurry. I only came to get some things from the store."

But the old gentleman was not listening to her. He put one foot on the hub of a wheel, rested a hand on the tire, and calmly commenced: "Your mother, if I mistake not, Miss Maida, was a Marjoriebanks? I remember when she was married in old Saint Mary's, Winyah. And she is gone? . . . Eh? Ah . . . and you have been living in the West . . . Eh? Well, well. . . . We might say the West was right much of a distance from Evansville, a far cry, as the Scotch say . . . eh?"

Maida assented, smiling.

Mollie began with futile haste. "There are several things I want, Cousin Wisdom" . . . (rummaging for her "list" and trying to recall it at the same time) "bacon, tobacco for Tiddie, corn-meal. . . . Oh, have you any peas for planting? Henry wants some; about a peck, I reckon. Hmn—Herbert's shoes, some axle grease" . . . she found the memorandum and went on reading from it.

"No hurry," replied Cousin Wisdom placidly, without moving a peg, "that cloud will pass over. And yet we are needing rain sadly."

"It is not that," said Mollie with exasperation, "I must get home to baby. Isn't the boy in the store? Can't he wait on me?" She cast anxious glances at the white-washed, one-roomed store, before whose barn-like doors propped open with plows, roosted an assortment of darkies, round eyed and motionless.

The old gentleman slowly withdrew from contact with the wheel, slowly turned his head in the direction of her desperate gaze. "Ellis?" he called weakly.

Just then a large portly black woman appeared at the gate, waiter in hand, Cootsey's smiling yellow face with wide-opened black eyes, behind her.

"Howdy, Mi' Cilya? Howdy, Miss 'Tavy? Howdy, Miss Mawlie? Enty Mass Wisdom done ax yuh fuh come in?"

She flashed up a glance at the young girl.

"Ent' dishyah Miss Maida—honey? Law, chile, how lak you' lubly ma yuh is, fuh sho'." She bestowed the waiter upon Cootsey and reached up a hand to meet the one held down to her. "De Lawd sabe us. Ise knowed yuh fuh a Ma-ashbank turrer side de yerf. How is yuh, honey? Same lak you' ma, fuh sho', and she was a monniment to sassiety. . . . Dishyah wine Mass Wisdom own mekkin, Miss Mawlie."

"I reckon de cake's yose, Jooly?" cut in Mi' Cilya, breaking an unaccountable silence.

"Yah, yah," laughed Jooly, shaking her fat sides with an affectation of gratified vanity, "dazzo, Mi' Cilya, but the ree-ceep 'longs tuh yuh, ma'am, fuh sho'. On'y I usen ten aig stidder eight. Hit mek um mo' indigestible ef dat be poss'ble."

"I reckon it does," murmured Mollie satirically in Maida's ear, despite her distraction and vexation.

Cousin Wisdom was handing up the glasses to the ladies, having turned back from the store when Jooly appeared. He stuffed the children's greedy hands with nut-cake, took a glass of wine himself and resumed his original attitude by the wheel.

"This wine," he began reflectively, "is some I put up five years ago. I sent two bottles to young Wisdom Lawkins on the auspicious occasion of his marriage with Miss Sallie Fisher, the belle of Black River."

"Pretty good for scuppernong," said Mistress Brisbane hoarsely, drinking it rapidly.

"Do you think Sallie's so pretty, Cousin Wisdom?" shrilled Mi' Cilya.

"I cannot conscientiously say that I do," he replied, after a grave consideration of the question, "but she had that reputation, and I understand from Wisdom that she is a lady of unusual strength of mind."

"Vah!" snorted Mistress Brisbane, so that everybody jumped, "I bet you she is. So much strenk of mind Wisdom can't stand up against it. Looked mighty shif'less an' shabby las' time I saw him. Pity he can't pass some of it on. What's he doin' now, anyway, Wisdom?"

"He and Mr. Fisher are in the

Guano Company, and I understand that they are making a good deal of money."

"I reckon they are," retorted Mistress Brisbane belligerently, "selling that ammoniated stuff to these no 'count Evansville farmers. I'll bet you five dollars Mr. Fisher don't use any of it on his tobacco fields. Why, he tole me he didn't, and laughed about it. How much are you owing him for fertilizers, Wisdom?"

The old gentleman colored up.

"I think the crops are improving, Cousin Octavia. I expect to make right much of a profit on that field," indicating it with a slow wave of his hand, "this year."

"How about las' year?" pursued the relentless Brisbane, "did you find the gu-anner all it was cracked up to be?"

"The gwanner's all right," squeaked Mi' Cilya, "young Wisdom tole me all about it. It certainly helps that low field of mine."

"I reckon!" ejaculated Mistress Brisbane with measureless derision and contempt. "If you ever raise a hat full o' co'n or a han' full o' shucks on that swamp hole, I'll give you a new calliker."

"That's a bargain," cried Mi' Cilya with piercing shrillness. "Cousin Wisdom, I call you for a witness. An' I'm to choose the pat'n."

"Cousin Wisdom," said Mollie, loudly and desperately, "I must hurry home. I know baby is crying this very minute. So, don't wait any longer, but send Ellis right here. I want some bacon, some tobacco for Tiddie, Herbert's shoes, some axle grease" . . . she called off the items with passionate intensity, as the old gentleman, thoroughly discomfited by Mistress Brisbane's savage onset, went finally to the store.

After many misunderstandings and delays, Tiddie's tobacco, Herbert's shoes, the bacon, corn meal, axle grease and children were at last disposed in the bottom of the wagon, wedged in between the low chairs in which sat Mistress Brisbane and Mi' Cilya. The cook was sent home across country grinning from ear to ear as she surveyed the hunk of nut-cake in her monkey-paws. Maum Jooly executed a series of curtsies as the wagon lumbered off, then waddled indoors, laughing to herself, Cootsey following and draining the wine-glasses.

Both Mistress Brisbane and Mi' Cilya continued to shout shrieks on neglected topics after the old gentleman as they rattled down the road, to which he replied by stately wavings of his hat and uncomprehending smiles.

"Well, well," sighed Mollie, when the duet of cries had subsided, "I actually dread to see Cousin Wisdom appear on the horizon."

"Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers." murmured Maida sympathetically.

They jogged along, all talking at once, Mistress Brisbane's deep harsh voice supplying a sombre accompaniment for Mi' Cilya's shrill incessant soprano and the children's falsette. Maida kept a palpitating outlook for timber carts until the narrow and fast declining causeway was crossed. A handsome swaggering woman came out of the dark by the yard gate to meet them.

"How's baby?" cried Mollie, as she scrambled out of the wagon.

"Mass Henry got um. I nuss um, but dat lil' chile ain tink ob sleep. Done prop he eye fuh de night, seem lak."

"Are you the woman who has so many children in the graveyard yonder?" inquired Maida, as the strong brown arm lifted her down.

Tiddie grinned.

"Da' me, Miss Maida—honey. Dey walk 'long en de pa-at, an' follah

me tuh de gate, but I dribe um baack. Dey grabs me by de coat-tail an' follah me een de da-ack. But w'en I git tuh de gate I seh: 'Go baack, now. Go ba-ack tuh de graby-ya-ad, lil' chillun."

"And they go?"

"Oh, yas'm, dey goes. Dey 'fred de ole Dom'niker gwinter crow. . . . Hi . . . you dar!" She seized a stick and made for a dog who was chasing a chicken.

A little later she stuck her gaudy turban in at the sitting-room door. "Miss Mawlie, got dat 'bacca fuh me?"

Mollie turned over the things distractedly, hushing baby on her arm.

"Oh, Tiddie, I declare it is too bad. Cousin Wisdom hasn't put it in after all." She looked at Maida with so comical an expression of exasperation, the little guest burst out laughing behind her handkerchief.

"I think," (giggle) "Cousin Mollie, that Mi' Cilya has it." (Renewed amusement.)

"What on earth is Auntie doing with Tiddie's tobacco?" questioned Mollie.

Just here Mi' Cilya appeared at the half open hall-door. She held out a hand in which was a large bright yellow envelope. "I reckon this belongs to you, Mollie, tho' Cousin Wisdom put it in my lap jus' as we was driving off."

Mollie peeped into the unsealed envelope. "Yes, here it is, Tiddie. Well," as Mi' Cilya and Tiddie departed, "what a dreadful disappointment for poor Auntie. I do believe she has been crying. The conversation about the fertilizers must have addled the few brains Cousin Wisdom possesses. What a fool that man is."

"Why?" queried Maida, kissing the baby's roseleaf cheek.

"I reckon Auntie thought the long-expected proposal had surely come at last. It's a funny story. I must tell you some day. Hold baby a little while till I put Herbert and 'Tavy to bed, that's a dear child."

II.

"Mingo?"

"Yezzah, Mass Wis'om?"

"What have you to do this morning?"

Mingo turned his ragged hat about in his hands, grinning expansively.

"De souf fiel' gottah be bruk up, sah. Cootsey an' Jeems an' de res' ob de han's done gwine to wuk dar now, sah. De hosses an' mu-els gottah be foddah-d an' de sto' open up, sah."

"Well. . . . I reckon you'd better go over to Mr. Henry's and ask him to lend me the sorrel mule and plow-gear."

"Yezzah," going very slowly toward the door.

"And . . . Mingo."

"Yezzah" . . . stopping while a wider grin expands behind his hat.

"As long as you are going there, give this note to Miss Cecilia Brisbane for me. Don't forget it. You need not wait for the answer."

"No, sah, I ain' furgit 'um." Holding the envelope delicately betwixt thumb and finger, Mingo departed to saddle his mule. Mr. Wisdom Lawkins stood uneasily at one of the front windows watching him as he presently rode past the gate. He went out nervously upon the piazza as Mingo stopped at the store, and called to him as he was riding away. Mingo loped up to the gate.

"You call me, sah?" in apparent surprise.

"Ah. . . . You can give me back the note I gave you. I . . . Ah . . . wish to make some emendations."

Mingo took off the leather mushroom that did duty as a hat, shook out of it the slightly crumpled missive and handed it over the fence to the old gentleman, who had run down the

steps to get it, departing from his usual dignity of bearing in his eagerness to repossess himself of it.

"I wish to reconsider it," he said, half aloud.

As Mingo rode off, he read the note over several times, then tore it into minute fragments which he put into his waistcoat pocket. Then lighting his pipe he walked soberly to the store, with the comical air of one who may have narrowly escaped an irretrievable committal fraught with unknown and perhaps direful consequences. He sighed at once with regret and relief.

Mingo stopped on his way at a miserable cabin set on the edge of the Avenue. A woman, no other than Tiddie, smoking a short, black pipe and followed by an inquisitive hound pup, came to the door.

"Gwine to Mass Henry's dis mawnin'."

Mingo threw a leg over the pommel and nodded, grinning.

"'E gib me nurrer writin', fuh um," he said, in a voice full of mirth. Tiddie took the pipe from her lips and laughed openly.

"Lemme glimpse um, Mingo."

"Hi . . . 'E tek um ba-ack!"

They laughed in duet, as at a well-known, highly appreciated joke. The woman stirred the pipe bowl with a callous finger, regarding Mingo reflectively.

"Hit gwine on ten yuh an' mo' Mingo, dishyah hide-um-seek-um, enty hit?"

"Dat's a fac'," consented Mingo, soberly, "I plum sorry fuh Mi' Cilya. Mebbe some day I gwan run off wid dat writin'? Yuh see me."

"Hn! W'y ent yah run off mid um fo' now?" suggested Tiddie derisively. "De berry naix time 'e done agib um tuh yuh, dess clap de spuhs tuh dat bagglebones an' light out lak de debbel gwine cotch yuh. Dat w'at yuh do, Mingo. I be boun' Mass Wis'om pay yuh well fuh hit, attah 'e git ober 'e fus' confusionment."

"I reckon 'e will," said Mingo, hunching his shoulder, "'e pay me wid de buggy w'ip."

"Hi-yah! Mi' Cilya done a-gib yuh suff'n fuh mek-up fuh dat lashin', Mingo. But yuh ain' git um yit. Go long wid yuh!"

She stopped to cuff the children, offspring of a third marriage, that swarmed about her skirts, and Mingo went on his way still laughing. Mi' Cilya was on the piazza as he rode up to the fence. Although she was a bit nearsighted she could tell Mingo a mile off, and had noted his approach.

"Mawnin', ma'am, Mi' Cilya," he said, pulling off his hat, "Mass Henry home, ma'am?"

"Yes, what do you want? How's Cousin Wisdom?" she screeched.

"'E berry well ma'am, but 'e berry busy. 'E sent me fuh borry de sowel (sorrel) mu-el an' de plow-geah fum Mass Henry, 'fe kin len' um, ma'am."

"Is that all?" queried Mi' Cilya sharply, as was her invariable custom, "you sho' you haven't forgotten anything?"

"Yes, ma'am, no ma'am," replied Mingo, apologetically, "dat all, dis mawnin'."

So Mi' Cilya perforce waddled away, shouting "Henry, oh, Henry!" at the top of her lungs along the hall.

Mingo shook his head dubiously.

"Tiddie tink um big day w'en Mass Wis'om mek up 'e min' fuh hab Mi' Cilya. I ain' mek up my min' on dat. She talk too much wid dat mouf o' hern. Oh-h, Lawdy!" breaking out suddenly into the refrain of the cotton fields.

Maida who overheard this suggestive conversation, and whose sympathies had been much wrought up over Mistress Mollie's account of the

woe worked in Mi' Cilya's virgin bosom by Wisdom's painful vacillation, betook herself on the moment's impulse to Tiddie's cabin. She felt that she could treat on this delicate subject with one of her own sex without compromising Miss Cecilia. It was impossible to speak directly to Mingo. Tiddie was clever enough under her brown skin, and a ready ally. She divined her visitor's errand from the first words she uttered. Accordingly when Mingo came racking along, leading the refractory sorrel and jingling the plow-gear, she was ready for him and hailed him from her cabin door.

"Look yuh, Mingo. Nurrer time Mass Wis'om gib yuh anything fuh de ladies ob de house, yuh fotch um along. Don't yuh stop fuh open up de sto' fo' yuh 'liber any letters. All yuh has got to do is to ride right ober here, and lemme tell yuh, yuh ain' gwine lose nutt'n by hit. De United States mail gottah be 'libered to ladies fo' any ole one-hoss country sto' done open up fuh commodatin' fue niggers an' po' w'ites. Yuh list'n tuh me, Mingo. Yuh aint gwine lose nuttin' by hit. I has reason fuh say so."

A word to the wise, if reluctant, was enough. The promise of reward was all-sufficient. A few mornings after this, Mingo was again summoned to the sitting-room and went sedately away with the note, Wisdom Lawkins standing in an agony of nervous indecision, as usual by the window to see him ride to the store. But Mingo dashed off by another road leading from the kitchen door, riding like Tam O'Shanter and reaching his destination in a profuse perspiration. He met Mi' Cilya at the avenue gate, deposited the note in her hands without a word, and betook himself exhausted to Tiddie's cabin.

"You is got some sense in dat woolly head ob yose," said Tiddie patronizingly, who had witnessed his gallant behavior from her door, "but hit's been a pow'ful long time wukken troo. Any oddah nigger on Mass Wis'om's place would-a done dat ten yeahs ago."

Mingo, who had recovered breath, laughed goodnaturedly.

I ent' mek up my min' yit dat Mass Wis'om on de right track. I plum sorry Miss Maida sich a lil' gal. I ent' gwine push no man een de pon' 'fi ent' sho' 'e kin swim."

"I bet 'e in a cole sweat dis berry minute," reflected Tiddie with much amusement. "Wha' yuh tink Mi' Cilya gwine do, eh, Mingo?"

Mingo observed her without turning his head.

"Hush! . . . She done araidy fuh sey de wud fo' Mass Wis'om put 'e han' to paper de fus' time."

Tiddie laughed outright and flipped him backhandedly on the ear.

"Tek dat fum me fuh Mi' Cilya."

Maida was nursing baby by the fire when the room door flew open to admit the mildly excited recipient of the long delayed note. She tossed it into Mistress Brisbane's lap and laughed and cried hysterically, walking up and down the room.

She had had symptoms of a sick headache early in the morning, but she now tore off the bandage above her eyes, displaying to public view a double row of tight curl-papers. She fanned herself vigorously as she walked, and talked in a voice more shrill and earsplitting, if that were possible, than her every day one.

"I wonder if Wisdom K. Lawkins (K for King, his mother was a King, Cecilia King, I'm named for her), takes me for a plum fool? Don't he know I've known what he's been up to these las' ten yeahs? Mebbe if he had ast me a yeah ago las' May I

might-a said 'yes.' There's no tellin'. But he needn't think I'm to be made a fool of like this. No, sir. Jus' read that note out, Octavy, an' tell me if you evah heard the beat of it in all yore bawn days."

Mistress Brisbane, nothing loth, with a sarcastic gleam in her spectacled eyes read aloud, harshly and monotonously:

"My dear and respected friend:

"I seat myself to address these few lines to you with much mental trepidation. I have long observed and admired you," ("known me all his life," interpolated Miss Cecilia), "not only for those admirable and unusual qualities of mind and soul that I most particularly have noticed in you, but for your vivacity and unfailing cheerfulness." (Here Mistress Brisbane snorted portentously.) "I feel assured that so bright a presence in my lonely residence would transform it from the dark and gloomy abode of celibacy into a fit habitation for civilized man." ("Poor idiot! doesn't know when he's well off," ejaculated the reader.) "The household, already indebted to you for recipes, advice and encouragement, would be metamorphosed under your personal supervision, especially the pantry," (it was well that Miss Cecilia's back got the benefit of the crushing glance here levelled at it), "of which, I regret to say, Julia has unlimited control. A state of affairs unconducive to economy or proper culinary arrangements. If you can find it agreeable to accept a hand that has never before been tendered to mortal woman, and which never would have been had not your gracious presence dawned upon the solitude of my heart, you will render eternally grateful the humblest of your many admirers. Believe me, my dear madam,

"Your most obedient servant.

"Wisdom K. Lawkins."

"Well," commented Mrs. Brisbane with her usual candor, "I have always felt in my bones that Wisdom K. Lawkins was weak in the upper story, and now I know it."

"Hey? . . . What's that, Octavia?" queried Mi' Cilya, pausing in her excited promenade. "For my part, I think that note's mighty well composed. I reckon I saw the one Brother Isaac wrote you an' it could'nt hold a candle to it."

"It didn't take Isaac ten years to compose it, and I reckon you wrote the most of it," coolly retorted Mistress Brisbane, "but he knew me well enough to know that any hifalutin' jimcracks at style would a put an end once for all, to anything between us. He wasn't the only one, either, by a long shot," she added with cruel directness.

In the evening Mi' Cilya held a conversation with Maida by the front gate, screened from view by a drooping fringe-tree.

"Cousin Wisdom has been tryin' to cote me for ten yeahs, I do believe," she said bashfully. "They say he wrote me a note regular as clockwork twice a week for the las' three yeahs, anyway, and called Mingo back ever' time because his courage give out at the las' minute. An' well it might. Uncertainty is mighty unnervin'."

"I think he deserves some reward for his constancy and Mingo for his bravery," insinuated Maida, who was the poorer in pocket by several dollars "per agreement," with Tiddie.

"Oh," said Mi' Cilya, airily, "I give Mingo fi' cents' worth o' long-cut an' set him up for a week. He was the gratefullest darkey I ever did see. Takes mighty little to please 'em. . . . But I don't know about Cousin Wisdom."

She cocked her round head on one side and opened and shut her bead-

blue eyes like a dropsical hen. "You see how contrary and provokin' an' unsymp'thetic Octavy is. It's so hard to know what to do. I never could bear to dis'point people. How do you like Cousin Wisdom? Do you think he's handsome?" She turned brickdust under her pearl powder and sniffed in maiden embarrassment.

"I think he is a very nice old gentleman," said Maida, instantly regretting the last adjective, yet feeling incapable of a more analytical statement though realizing it unnecessary, "I don't think you ought to be unkind to him after all these years. Such constancy is rare."

Mi' Cilya shook her head dubiously.

"What do you know about love-affairs, child? You must have been reading novels. I hope you'll never find yourself in the predicament I am in."

The tea-bell rang to Maida's great relief, and Mi' Cilya ever ready to devour something, flew back to the house.

"How long are you goin' to keep Wisdom Lawkins waitin' for his answer?" inquired Mistress Brisbane hoarsely, at table. "You'd better not keep him waitin' as long as he's kep' you, Cilya, or you'll both be in your second childhood. Not far from it now," she added in a gruff undertone to Maida, who felt sorry for Mi' Cilya.

"Do put him out of his misery as soon as possible," said Mollie.

Her husband looked at her, but his redoubtable mother-in-law intercepted the glance.

"I reckon yore wife's my daughter, Henry, and her father used to say you might as well try to stop runnin' water as to bridle my tongue."

The prudent Henry bent his eyes upon his plate and swore under his beard, but Miss Cecilia's lips quivered unexpectedly. She jumped up suddenly and disappeared into her room. But at ten o'clock she emerged thence and went into the back entry. She helped herself to a plate of cold food and as she devoured it, conversed vivaciously with Mrs. Brisbane, who was awake in an adjoining room, until nearly midnight, her strident voice penetrating the thin wall partitions and evoking groans and questionable exclamations of sleepy despair from Henry. The next morning she borrowed some note paper from Maida, regardless of the unsuitable initial upon it, and secluded herself for composition. She made a rough draft of the important document and then proceeded to copy it in purple ink, minus sundry erasures, and with much consultation of a dictionary at her elbow. She hunted about in an antiquated papier mache desk and brought to light some sealing wax and an old seal with which she clamped the flap of the envelope after a thorough preliminary licking.

From a curious sheet of many small mottoes, each perhaps a quarter of an inch square, she selected one bearing a pink rose over the intimation to "Hope on" upon a blue background, and stuck this delicate device where a stamp would otherwise have been. This appeared the finishing touch. The completed work of love and art was then carefully wrapped with tissue paper, tied up with a narrow pink ribbon, and the writer sallied forth.

As if by chance Mingo was in the back yard exchanging pleasantries with Tiddie in her character as laundress. Him Mi' Cilya beckoned imperiously and he rode off triumphantly bearing the precious document, the contents of which he knew almost as well as Mi' Cilya did herself. Tiddie broke out into loud jubilant song,

answered by every jealous mocking-bird in the garden.

After supper that evening Mr. Wisdom Lawkins drove up to the house in his buggy, and was cordially welcomed by the entire family, at the express command of Mi' Cilya, who wanted to gain a little time.

They sat in a semi-circle around the fireplace. Conversation languished after the first burst of enthusiasm, an appalling silence had fallen upon the company, when Mi' Cilya flung open the door and swam in, gorgeous in a pale blue cashmere princess, a yellow Spanish lace scarf around her fat neck, jet bracelets on her fat wrists, pink japonicas on one shoulder and nodding over the elaborate puffs and frizzes above her brow.

"Howdy, Cousin Wisdom," she shrilled, shaking hands with him, "you all look as solemn as a funeral. Hee, hee. I heah Brother Robinson is to funeralize Mary Peters next Monday. Did you heah any partic'lars, Henry?"

No; Henry had not heard.

"Well," she shrilled on, "I ran over to Aunt Charlotte's this evenin' an' she tole me Jim Peters had jus' come home. Shouldn' be sp'rised if Lutie wasn' to stand a chance after all of ketchin' him. . . . Hee, hee . . . if she kin stan' the four children."

Maida slipped away and out of doors, where she walked up and down the path in the early moonlight.

Mollie also disappeared, as baby considerately squalled.

Mistress Brisbane arose, remarking in her accustomed two-edged style that she was never so tired in her life, and stumbled out of view.

Henry glanced at the clock and departed to find the correct time; apparently failing in his quest for he returned no more.

Miss Cecilia and Mr. Lawkins were thus left, facing each other; she shrilly chirping about Mary Peters, he clearing his throat and pulling at his wristbands.

Unable to sleep, Maida got up at two o'clock and promenaded the entry. Mi' Cilya heard her soft footfalls and poked out a night-capped poll, bristling with curl-papers.

"It's all settled," she said in a piercing aspirate, "he overpersuaded me. I never could bear to dis'point anybody, an' it really did seem he'd set his heart on it. We'll be married in April." . . .

"The first?" came loudly and unexpectedly from the imperturbable Mistress Brisbane, at her doorway.

"For heaven's sake, Mollie," said the long-suffering Henry as baby awoke with a wail, "go out and drive those people to bed."

"You had better go yourself," replied sleepy Mollie, crossly.

Unconscious of this conversation behind the scenes, Maida regarded Mi' Cilya's grotesque figure with compassion. She patted the yellow leathery cheek caressingly.

"I hope you will be very, very happy."

And as far as Miss Cecilia was concerned, the kindly wish came true.

But Mistress Brisbane marched the small guest back to bed with the stern injunction to go to sleep at once, saying as she tucked the pavilion around the bed-posts:

"Don't ever be such a fool as to go and get married. I don't care who the man is. . . . Now go to sleep."

DECORATION DAY.

BY JAMES W. CLARKSON.

The Decoration Day of the closing century will have some features that must distinguish it in a marked degree from any of those that have gone before. This gracious festival has ever been, and will continue to be, the most beautiful and touching of all our celebrations. The associations linked with it are so exalted and holy, reminding us at once of the preciousness of our institutions and the awful sacrifices freely made to preserve them, that it comes home to the bosoms of each and every one of us with an emotional power impossible to be felt during the noise and glitter of a Fourth of July. A year ago, no one would have dreamt of predicting that its next celebration would arouse feelings other than those of pride and of a certain joyousness tempered and softened by tender recollections. The sadness, the personal sense of loss, that cast a shadow over the earlier commemorations had faded away, dispelled by the brightness with which the heroism of our glorious dead had irradiated the state and nation. But, with a suddenness that was startling and almost unexampled, war burst upon us, "like a bolt from the blue," and the Decoration Day of 1899 is likely to be somewhat overclouded by the mourning and sorrow that have darkened hundreds of desolated homes.

Yet the greatest sorrows have their compensations, and it must always be a source of consolation that the sons have not degenerated from the fathers, that the gallant young fellows whose resting places, scattered across this broad continent, will be strewed

with flowers on the coming 30th of May, showed the same self-sacrificing patriotism, the same endurance on the march, the same dash and impetuosity in the charge, the same cheerful defiance of death, that distinguished the soldiers of Sheridan and Grant and Sherman. In one respect many of them had perhaps a higher merit. The soldiers of the Civil War had no doubts, no misgivings, as to the justice of their cause. They rushed from farm and workshop, from banker's desk and professor's chair, because to them it was the holiest cause on earth. They had to sustain them the inspiration of every sentiment that has been the rallying cry of freedom throughout the world's history, of every sentiment that is generated by what is highest and noblest in human nature: the love of liberty, of nationality, of human rights, and the hatred of slavery, oppression and wrong. On the other hand, many of the young heroes, who fell while sweeping through the roar and fire of battle in front of Santiago, or who died victims to the pestilent miasmas of Luzon, were not altogether convinced of the righteousness of the cause for which they freely offered up their lives. But there was no reluctance, no hesitation. Their country called, and they were ready with their answer.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

They were not responsible before earth or heaven for the shortcomings of those who governed them. It is the universality of this fine spirit of simple devotion to duty that ensures the permanence of the Republic, in spite of the corruption, selfishness and dishonesty which, at times, seem to threaten its very existence.

Another cause for congratulation is the absolute harmony in national feeling between the North and the South manifested as soon as war was declared. Never before has the country had its consciousness of oneness so thoroughly developed, not merely material oneness, but oneness of heart and soul. The veterans of the Civil War on both sides have been, for some years, in the habit of decorating the graves of those whom they once regarded as enemies, but only here and there, sporadically. The spontaneousness and universality of the ceremonial on the next 30th of May will afford infallible evidence that the bitterness and heart burnings of the past have been buried forever. Henceforth Americans can appreciate the intellectual qualities of Davis without abating a jot of their reverence for the stainless honesty and lofty statesmanship of Lincoln; can admire the splendid soldiership of Jackson without diminishing their still greater admiration for the peerless genius of Sherman; can respect the nobility of character of Lee as well as the stubborn tenacity of his Fabian opponent; can glory in the dash and chivalry of Sheridan and have still a meed of praise for similar qualities in his great rival, Early.

Decoration Day is distinctively American. There is nothing like it in any part of modern Europe. We are supposed to be a pre-eminently practical people, entirely absorbed in material interests, yet, in our mode of commemorating our dead who died for their country, there is a beauty, a tender, poetic grace which is exclusively our own. The sentiment which prompted the creation of the celebration is so akin to the spirit that inspired many of the festivals of the ancient Greeks that we need not be surprised to find we must go back to the sunny hills of Hellas in order to discover the counterpart of the American holiday. And the event which

"Next followed a long train of maidens belonging to the noblest families, with baskets of flowers."

lay at the root of the world's first Decoration Day was the most momentous in the whole course of the world's secular history; it was the battle of Marathon. When the ten thousand Athenians, who drove the countless hordes of Persia into the sea and saved Europe and America for civilization and liberty, counted their slain and found they numbered one hundred and ninety-two, they determined, as a special mark of honor, to bury them on the field of victory and erect over their remains an earthen mound that should be, for all time, the shrine before which the Hellenic race would seek its loftiest inspiration. The mound, some forty feet high, still exists, and is still reverently visited by pilgrims from far away lands of whose destinies these fearless souls were the unconscious and heroic instruments.

In every succeeding year, during the month of Boedromion, or September, the people of Athens poured out through the gates of the Violet City, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, and followed the highway by Pentelicus and Parnes to the Marathonian plain. There they all assembled and formed into a procession, which was opened by a chorus of men who chanted solemn, patriotic hymns, and of women who accompanied them on the flute. Then came the magistrates of Athens, the guardians of the city's laws and the protectors of its holy rites, and, treading close upon them, young virgins holding the sacred vessels destined for the sacrifices. Next followed a long train of maidens belonging to the noblest families, with baskets of flowers, and these were succeeded by a file of slave girls bearing on their shoulders the vases filled with honey, wine, oil and milk intended for the libations. Behind them marched the white-robed priests and their attendants, guarding the victims that were to be sacrificed to the manes of the heroes, and the long array was closed by a line of youths with garlands on their heads and garlands in their hands. The splendid procession proceeded towards the mound through crowds of rustics from Attica and visitors from every part of Hellas, who had flocked thither to witness the glorious spectacle. It marched, with slow and stately step, thrice around the sacred monument intoning hymns to the gods, and singing the praises of the heroes. Afterwards ensued the most solemn incidents of the day. The Athenian maidens, chosen for this holy rite, poured their libations of oil, wine, honey and milk on the sacred mound, thus bringing comfort to the shades that rested beneath it; and around it, the numerous sheep and heifers were sacrificed by the white-robed priests, with the same intention. About seven years ago, a sacrificial trench, more than thirty feet in length and three in breadth, extending diagonally under the mound, from north to south, was excavated. It contained ashes and charcoal and the bones of animals and birds that had been sacrificed. Vases and fragments of vases were also discovered, for it was the custom of the Athenians, on these occasions, to leave such vessels behind them. The utensils employed in serving or honoring the dead could never again be used by the living. Then the noble virgins who bore baskets of flowers fulfilled their appointed task and strewed them over the sacred monument, upon which the boys solemnly laid their garlands. The ceremony ended with a banquet, in which the sacrificial victims formed the principal feature, and were consumed with gusto, for the high gods wish the happiness of men. In Athens itself, the day was observed as a gen-

IN MEMORIAM.

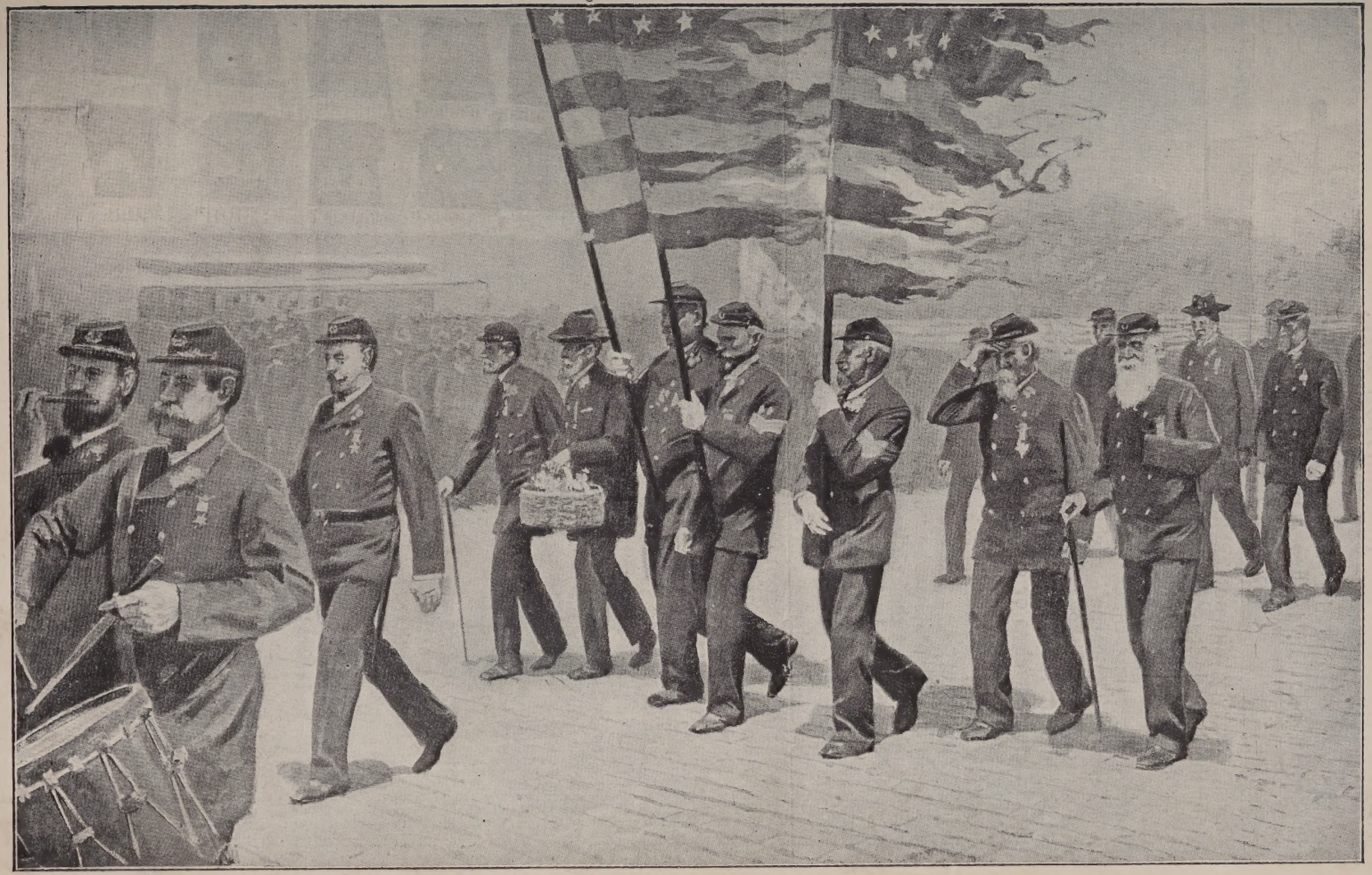
eral holiday by the workmen, slaves and women left in the city. During that day every slave was considered a freeman. After the return of the procession a sacrifice of a hundred oxen and five hundred goats was offered on behalf of the state and the festivities terminated with a banquet given to the populace. There were also numerous private banquets, very magnificent and sumptuous in the mansions of the wealthy, where the guests, crowned with flowers, made libations in honor of the heroes, and sang those exquisite patriotic and convivial lyrics whose elusive beauty and grace are the despair of the most accomplished translator. They played charades and different kinds of games, drinking repeatedly to one another's health, but never exceeding that fine moderation which was as much a characteristic of the perfectly self-balanced Athenian race as was the penetrating charm of its poetry, the simplicity of its life, the refined kindliness of its manners and the truthfulness of its art.

The affinity between our Decoration Day and that which was observed annually by the citizens of Athens two thousand three hundred years ago is as interesting as it is striking, for the spirit which the death of the one hundred and ninety-two heroes of Marathon symbolized has traveled around the world, and, in its wake, man's freedom and enlightenment have traveled also. This Republic, in a certain sense, was born, not when the Declaration of Independence was issued, but when the Persian went down before the genius of Miltiades and the valor of his soldiers in that immortal fight. Had the conditions been reversed there was nothing to prevent the well organized armies of the Great King from sweeping over Europe. Rome was then but a struggling village, and the uncivilized tribes of the rest of the continent were incapable of offering any serious resistance. Europe might still be the abode of half savage races, not much higher in the scale of humanity than the Redmen who would now be roaming undisturbed over their vast prairies, if a little state in south-eastern Europe had not elected for freedom instead of safety.

A familiar figure on Decoration Day.

And Athens, distant as she may appear in the order of time, is closer to us in the order of intelligence than many a civilized country of Europe at the present day. Very often our boasted progress is but an unconscious return to that far away past, or the working out of some old idea that had its vigorous realization when Pericles was haranguing his "fierce democracy," or Plato was meditating on the mysteries of life and death in the groves of Academe.

Yet, though our own struggles for freedom, like all other struggles for freedom, were but echoes of the momentous achievement commemorated by the Decoration Day of Boedromion, there are certain aspects under which the Decoration Day of May must be viewed as an event of higher and holier significance than even that celebrated by the city of Minerva. Athens, indeed, not only exalted the divinity of freedom and humanity and heralded her devotion to them by the voice

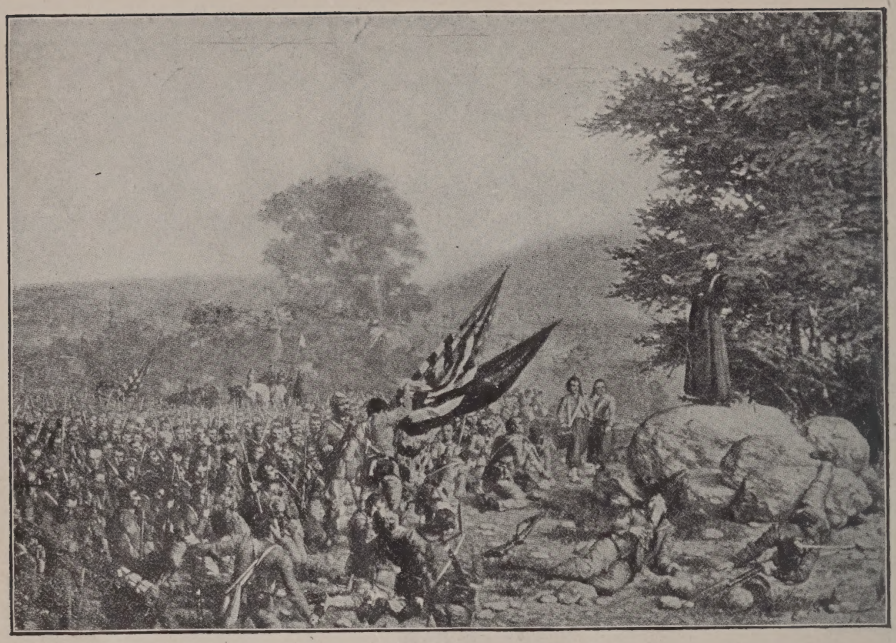


It is well that we be not allowed to forget the soldiers who fell on Malvern Hill, or broke through the lines of the Confederates at Antietam, or charged up the Heights before Fredericksburgh.

of her orators and the writings of her poets, but she was ever ready to shed the last drop of her blood in defense of these lofty ideals. Her vision, however, did not extend beyond the boundaries of Hellas. No idea of the universal fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man widened her sympathies. With us it is different. The cause for which our heroes died was the cause of the whole human race without distinction of creed or class or color. It is well that the annual recurrence of the celebration of the 30th of May should bring this home to us "lest we forget." It is well that we be not allowed to forget that the soldiers who fell on Malvern Hill, or broke through the lines of the Confederates at Antietam, or charged up the heights before Fredericksburg, were no mere automata, but men fully conscious of a high and noble mission, men imbued with the righteousness of the purpose for which they struck, men who knew they were battling for the realization of what had been but a beautiful ideal in the past. When their work was done, America rose to her zenith, and from the vaulting summit upon which she stood she was enabled to proclaim to all peoples the value and the dignity of human rights. She had emancipated enslaved men, not counting the cost in blood and treasure. Now the clouds of darkness that enveloped enslaved nations were all alight with her ideas, and they looked to her, the great world mover, for the teaching that was to lead them out of bondage.

There was one ancient nation, whose implacable destiny had pursued it through the ages with a fatality as relentless and apparently as inevitable as the destiny which hovers menacingly over a drama of Aeschylus, that gazed skyward with revived hopefulness on this new dawn about to usher in the brotherhood of freedom for mankind. And, certainly, the heroic deeds of her children in defense of the hospitable land in which millions of them had found a home entitled her to look forward to the future with a hopefulness unknown to her during her long career of martyrdom. There was no faltering, no faintheartedness, in the support which the sons of Erin gave to the country of their adoption in her hour of need. Patriotism, gratitude, love of liberty, every motive that can thrill the heart or sway the soul of man, nerved their arms to a hundred-fold intensity. The story of the Irish Brigade is an Iliad of heroic feats from Bull's Run to Appomattox, of red gaps in its ranks filled up almost as soon as made. All the soldiers of the Union were brave, but none seemed to have felt the joy of battle thrill through them like new wine as did these warlike and chivalrous Celts. In every conflict in which they are engaged they stand out in such radiant and picturesque relief that the eye centres itself on them to the exclusion of others equally valiant; and, alas! in every conflict the number of their dead and dying is proportionally larger than that of any other military body. They are always at hand just in time to restore the battle, or enable some defeated squadron to retire in order, or attempt such absurdly impossible feats as the storming of the Heights of Fredericksburg. Thus, when Jackson, elate with his great victory at Shenandoah during the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond, swoops down on his affrighted foes and drives them back in disorder, it is the Irish Brigade that comes to the rescue. It cannot recover the day; that is past redemption. But, like its famous namesake at Ramilies, it can prevent total disaster by a reckless

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray."



AN INSPIRING SCENE AT GETTYSBURG.

disregard of danger and death; and that is just what it does. "The Irish," says a hostile English military critic, "stood like a wall between the Confederates and vanquished and thus saved the Union forces from the consequences of another Bull's Run."

And so, when one sees them at Fredericksburg, as they stand, with set lips and flashing eyes, and with the "sprigs of green" in their caps—would the soldiers of any other race have such a pathetic touch of sentiment at such a moment as that?—craning their necks in their joyous eagerness to hear the word that is to send them to almost certain death, far more wishful of glory than even of success, would not fancy recall one of the grand old bardic legends of Cuchullin or of Oscar? "Never," wrote the war correspondent of the London Times, always and ever the inveterate enemy of the Irish race, "never at Fontenoy, Albuera or at Waterloo was more undoubted courage displayed by those sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe. The spectator can remember nothing but their desperate courage and regrets that it was not exhibited in a holier cause. That any mortal man could have carried the position before which they were wantonly sacrificed, defended as it was, seems to me idle for a moment to believe. But the bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidence what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle fields and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of St. Mary's Heights on the 13th of December, 1862."

But lofty as are the inspirations of valor, self-sacrifice and patriotism, they become still more exalted and

ennobling when swayed and consecrated by the sanctifying influence of faith. The recent death in the University of Notre Dame of Father Corby, one of the chaplains of the Brigade, recalls an incident in that terrible death struggle which, for real grandeur and sublimity, stands unparalleled in the annals of the entire conflict. Just as the Brigade was about to march to the support of Meade's line in what has been well called "the bloody wheat-field," Father Corby climbed a rock in front of the soldiers and besought them to do their duty to God and their country as Christian warriors who hoped for Heaven and therefore dared not falter in presence of death. Hardly had their chaplain ceased, when every one of these young Irishmen was on his knees on the earth that shook with the war of artillery. Then Father Corby raised his hand, and, in a voice that could be heard above the thunders of the cannon, uttered the words of the general absolution: Dominus noster Jesus Christus vos absolvat. He was heard with all the hopefulness, devotion and joy which are the fruits of a perfect faith in the Unseen, and that hallowed rite gave new intensity to their patriotism and fresh energy to their courage for it recalled to their minds at that awful moment the glorious faith for which so many of their fathers had shed their blood; it braced their faith in themselves and rendered them invincible. Never had General Hancock and his brilliant staff, who sat their horses close by and gazed reverently on the scene, witnessed anything of such thrilling interest. It might form the subject of a great historical painting.

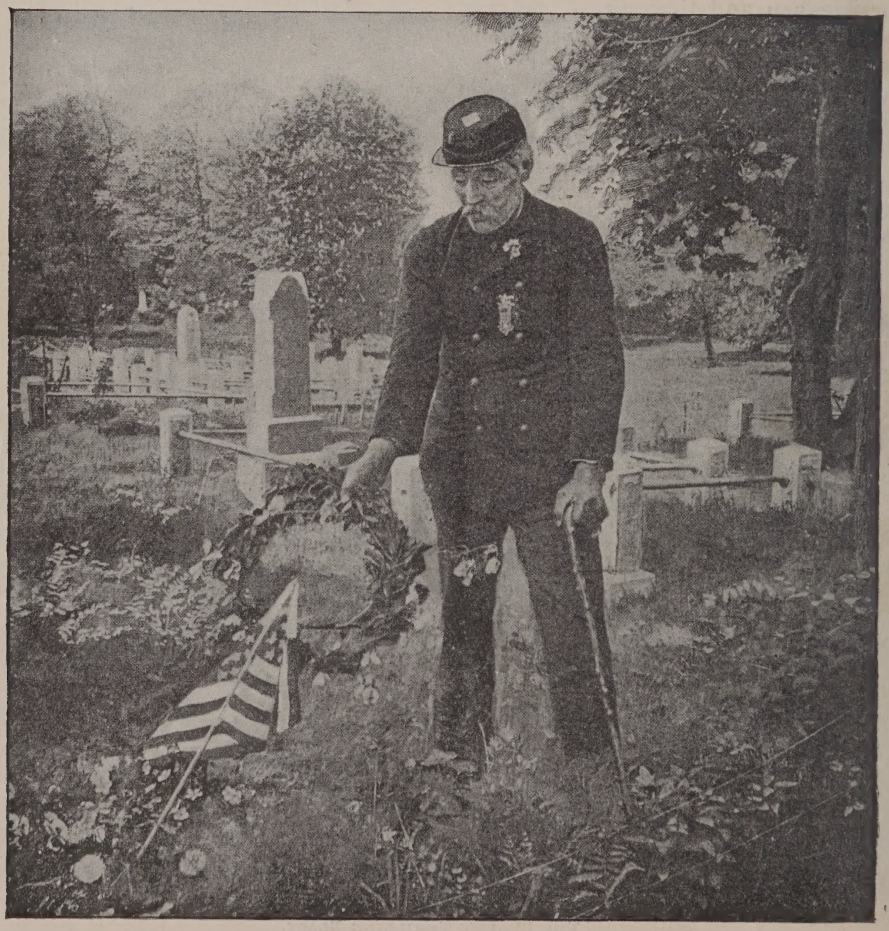
And similar tales of prowess might be told of these men of heroic mould, from Chancellorsville to Spottsyl-

THE BUGLE'S THRILLING BLAST.

vania, from Petersburg to Sailor's Creek: defeats sustained with the stern and patient courage that watches and waits; victories gained at the price of gigantic struggles, forced marches, unheard of fatigues and efforts, obstinate and indomitable valor.

The fame of these fearless souls can never die; it will forever form a vital element in the glory of that immortal army on the graves of whose dead we strew flowers each 30th of May.

It is well we should, at least once a year, have our hearts thrilled with these electric and stimulating memories. It is well that, amid the sordid cares of life, a spark from the flame of a nobler ideal should be transmitted to others, inspiring them with examples of such chivalrous and exalted magnanimity as the world has rarely seen. It is well that our young men should have their minds enriched with recollections and emotions so varied and imposing, and that their souls should receive before the shrine of our fallen heroes the germs of a more fruitful patriotism, of higher and worthier living.



"LEST WE FORGET."

WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS.

AN IRISH BALLAD.

BY REV JAMES B. DOLLARD. (SLIAV-NA-MON.)

I'm leavin' of Kilronan
An' I'm goin' ten mile away
To the back of Nephin Mountain
Where the gentle rivers play.
I must fly the wicked ocean
That has caused my woe of woes,
For its cryin' waves they rack me
When the West Wind blows.

'Tis the torture of a mother,
When her treasured ones are lost,
An' she sees the bitter water
Where their cold limbs are tossed!
Oh, black the hour they sailed away
The angry clouds arose,—
An' their bed is cold and troubled
Where the West Wind blows!

I heard the Banshee wailin'
An' woke in heavy fright;
I said, "My Neil and Moran,
Oh, go not out tonight,
For I heard the banshee cryin',
Where the haunted hazel grows,
An' 'tis evil sound her keening
When the west wind blows!"

My gold-haired Moran kissed me,
(Oh! bleeding heart so sore).
" 'Tis back we'll be at mornin'
With a brimming boat galore,
'Tis home we'll come at mornin'
When the full tide flows."
Ah! his words are with me ever
When the West Wind blows!

I'm leavin' of Kilronan,
An' the ocean's wicked waves,—
My keenest woe that never
I may kneel o'er their graves,—
But I'll pray to God, our Father,
He will grant their souls repose,
He will ease my bitter sorrow,
While the West Wind blows!

THE UNBELIEVER.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.

It was when the child died that Tom O'Keeffe uttered his first blasphemy against God.

"Don't tell me that it is the will of God," he said to the pale-faced curate who tried to comfort him. "'Tis more like the will of the divil, if divil there is or God either. 'Tis as a divil's act to rob me first of Mary, and then of the child. What do you know of the loss of a woman and a child that never had the like nor ever will have?"

"God help you, Tom," said the curate, lifting his hands in horror, "and forgive you! The trouble has driven you mad surely."

For it was the first time in that parish, since St. Patrick turned men from idols, that any had said there was no God, or had stiffened their neck against the yoke, however heavy, He would lay upon it.

The mood did not pass with the first despair as the curate had hoped.

The third day after the death Tom carried the little coffin in his arms to lay it in the new grave that was only opened a year before for his young wife. A little coffin it was, yet the sweat was on the man's white face as though he were carrying the round world.

A group of the neighbors waited by the grave. Tom's terrible way of taking the child's death had indeed caused something of a scandal, but talking it over the most of the people were agreed that God would not take seriously, or perhaps did not pretend to hear the man's denial of Him.

"'Tis like a sick child," said Judy Malone, who had lost her seven children in the great famine. "You'd never know them, they do be that cranky an' impident when they're down, but who'd be remembren' it agen them the craturs, wance they're about again?"

They drew closer to Tom as he laid the little coffin in the grave and hid it with the clay. Then as he put on his coat and turned to go an old man approached him.

"God help you, Tom," he said, "to be a man and bear it."

Tom turned a ghastly face upon him.

"There's no God," he said, "I think there's a divil, but I'm sure there's no God."

After that people held away from him, but he didn't seem to know or care. And presently when it was haymaking time the roaming fit came upon him and he left his spade stuck in the ground one day and was off with the harvesters to England.

"He'll come back in his right mind," said the curate, who had a tenderness for poor Tom even now.

Maybe he might have, too, only that when the harvest was over, instead of going back with the other men to Ballygrua, he tramped to Liverpool and got taken on as a dock laborer.

He was still sick of his trouble when one day he stopped in the street to hear a man who was preaching on the pavement that there was no God, and that the image men had formed of Him was a tyranny that blasted the joy of the world. The things the preacher said went to Tom's head like strong drink. It wasn't in him, though he didn't know it, really to disbelieve in God. He said "there is no God," but all the time he hated that Power which had robbed him of his wife and child, and had a blind desire to insult, to outrage, to destroy if

he might the image he had formed to himself of a devil-God.

He remained a year in Liverpool, and was known at every hall and below every platform where men said like himself that there was no God, hating God all the time.

For Tom unbelief meant no easy way for the sins of the flesh, as it might have meant with another. He was an abstemious man by nature, and the coarse vices only sickened him when he saw them in others. But he grew paler every day, and his eyes greater in his head. He worked like a man consumed by an inward fire; and so he was with the fire of his hatred for God and his futile thirst for revenge upon Him.

Then one day he went home. The grave in St. Declan's churchyard at Ballygrua was calling him, and he had a sudden loathing of the fine and murky streets he knew. It seemed to him that there was one little plot of earth his own forever, and he was homesick to look upon it. It was not his wretched bit of mountain and bog; it was the sacred grave which tugged at his heart strings.

He opened his cabin door one wet spring afternoon and went in, as if he had only been gone one hour. The place smelt mouldy and the rain dripped through a hole in the thatch; the white ashes of last year's fire lay upon the hearth. He looked out of the window and saw the spade sticking in the earth where he had left it.

"'Tis time to be turnin' the ground again for the seedin'," he said to himself, and taking off his coat he went out and turned a portion of the sod.

He didn't look for living long, people thought, but there was nothing the matter with him really save that consuming hatred. The pursuit of it took him to the public-house, the most likely ground in which to sow his tares in other men's minds. When men had drink taken they didn't mind a little wild talk, and what they got accustomed to when warm with the drink soon didn't shock them when they were sober.

There were one or two returned Irish Americans in the village, who had come back because they were no more use to the country they went to than the country they had left. Tom wasn't likely to shock them. They listened with a cynical grin to his wild speeches and applauded him to further violence. Not that Tom wanted them, he wanted believers, but these fellows served his turn, for they encouraged the more timid ones who didn't like to seem untraveled men, and not used to the ways of the world.

The curate did what he could. His love of God was as real a thing as Tom's hatred, but strive how he would that little centre of infection that was Tom grew and extended its shadow in the place. The people, even those who were not to be turned, shuddered no longer when they heard it said there was no God.

They had looked at first for His lightnings to fall, but He made no more sign than the old gods St. Patrick had overthrown. Some yet said that in His own time He would strike, but others, and they were mainly young men, felt that Tom's defiance of Him was somehow a fine thing justified, since He did not trouble to defend Himself. So, little by little, the number of those who came to listen to Tom was increased, and for some it was pleasanter to hear there was no God, since there were so many desirable things His law had forbidden.

The curate wasted himself in prayer against this blasting evil which had grown among his people. He was not the one to go down to the public house or among the little parliaments in the forge to answer Tom and confute him. Perhaps if he had, the knots of men who were not afraid of

God might have melted like snow before his meek face. Perhaps he might have worsted Tom in a wordy conflict, and carried his stray sheep back to God in a wave of admiration and wonder. But he did not attempt it. He was not the militant sort. He contented himself with calling God to take His own part and save His people; and his prayers went on day long and night long, till he was like a ghost from watching and fasting and extremity of prayer.

During this time Tom did not go much to the churchyard. Indeed, once he had satisfied his hunger to look upon the plot that held his all, he went there no more. He knew that Mary would be unhappy if she could know the thing he was doing; and woman-like would not understand that it was because he loved her and the child so much. He mocked at Heaven as a delusion, and yet standing by the grave in Ballygrua churchyard he felt ill at ease, as if somewhere she must know and would turn him from his purpose.

He did not take to drink, though he went so often to the public-house. He was but a poor customer himself; but he brought others, and the publican, who was miserly, did not complain. Those hours of his propaganda were what kept Tom O'Keeffe alive during the long days, when he dug and planted the bit of land on the mountain-side. He had in no way departed from the old industrious ways that were his while Mary was alive. He had mended his thatch and repaired his floor, and replenished his turf stack, and then set to work to reclaim another little bit of land from the mountain, and another, and another. It was fierce work, and entailed labor fitter for a beast than a man, but he liked it; it was of a piece with his war against that silent and impassive God who had taken his all.

It was a year since Tom had come home, and still the numbers of his disciples grew.

One night, the blackest night it was, though there were points of stars in the black, and now and again a meteor trailed its fiery length across Heaven ere it leaped to earth, Tom was going home from the public-house.

He was in a very black part of the road, where trees overarching made a matted roof of boughs, and he could hear far below the sighing of the surf, when he saw a little way ahead in the road a light no bigger than a will-o'-the-wisp.

It was coming towards him, and then it was at his side, and circling about him; and he felt the air growing lighter and lighter. Presently the thing took shape, and he saw it was like a tree, yes, just like the burning bush of which the curate had told him in his sermon.

He saw the leaves plain, all glittering, for they had a hard bright surface like holly, and the little tips of them were small flames, radiant and not burning. On one side of the tree there was a nebulous brightness, white and sharp, and at first Tom could not make out what it held.

Then little by little he saw. And what he saw was his own little Patsy, whom he had laid in the coffin himself more than two years ago, and covered with the sods in the churchyard. The child was looking at him. He saw the soft innocent little features and the eyes with their deep irises, and the pretty hair curling in little rings at the neck. The little figure perched as prettily among the lit boughs as a robin in the holly.

Tom went down on his knees in the middle of the road and stretched his hands to the radiant little figure. He would have seized it, if he could, and held it to his hungry heart but something invisible beat him back. It was as though he saw his bird in a cage;

and his hungry desire to snatch him one instant to his breast had something wolfish in it.

"Patsy," he panted, "is it you Patsy?"

"It is I, Dada," said the little voice, that had been sweeter to him than ever the birds of Heaven could be.

"But your grave is in Ballygrua," said the man. "I buried you there myself."

"Not my soul, Dada, only my body."

"Where have you been since, Patsy? And where is your mother that she doesn't come too?"

"She is in Heaven, praying for you; and I cannot go to her."

"What keeps you out of Heaven, Patsy?" said the man, and his hands worked at the thought of his invisible enemy.

"Not God, Dada, but you."

"Oh, my God!" said the man, returning unconsciously to the cry of the anguished. "How do I keep you out Patsy? I who would stay in hell forever to buy you an hour of Heaven."

"Look about you and see."

Tom O'Keeffe peered about him in the darkness. Then he saw beyond the circle of the light, fangs and claws and eyes of torment innumerable and the eyes gloated towards him. But where the light from the child and his tree fell upon the road there was a sharp circle, and within that space was clear of the demons.

"They come nearer and nearer," said little Patsy. "Every minute they remind God that your cup is full. 'Tis only for my sake and mother's that God has patience. Your angel went back to Heaven long since. If I left you, you would be lost."

"Don't stay with me, Patsy agra," said the man, "if you would rather be in Heaven."

"Because of you," said the child, unheeding, "I have never crossed its door, I have never tasted its blessedness. God allows it. The other children are with God and Our Blessed Lady in Heaven. I keep my watch still on earth."

"An' it's Dada that's keepin' you, Patsy?" asked the father.

"It is then," said the child. "There are millions and millions of children in Heaven, this holy month all singing Our Lady's praises while the angels light the tapers."

Something of longing in the child's voice stabbed the man's heart.

"Is it lonesome out of Heaven, Patsy?" he asked.

"It is lonesome. And I cannot sleep by night or day for watching you lest the fiends seize you. The other children have their beds of down where they rest when the sleep takes them."

"How long have you been watching over me, Patsy?"

"Since you laid my body in the churchyard and said, 'There is no God.'"

"Oh, my God!" cried the man again,—"two years and a half-year! It is a long time to keep you between earth and Heaven, Patsy."

"'Tis an eternity," said the child.

"Listen now, Patsy. A poor old battered soul like mine isn't worth it. Leave me to the torture and go to your mother in Heaven."

The child smiled, a strange, wise smile for a little lad.

"Am I to go, Dada?"

"Yes, go, Patsy. But if you can, kiss me once before you go, it will keep the dew on my lips."

The child leant out of the tree and kissed him; and the heart hunger of the man was assuaged as by a delicious draught.

"Now go, Patsy," he panted. "I am ready for the torture."

"Not till you save yourself, Dada, and set me free."

"How can I do it, Patsy? I have sinned beyond forgiveness."

"But you have loved much," said the wise child. "And God forgives much to love. Besides He pardons when He is asked for pardon. Kneel down there in the road, make an act of contrition, and sign yourself with the sign."

The man did as he was bid.

"Now," said the child, "look about you."

Tom O'Keeffe peered into the darkness. It was thick as ever, and yet he could see the wings of the black angels like bats in twilight flying away huddled together as if in mortal terror.

At the same time the tree with the child in it began to rise and float away from him.

"Are you going, Patsy?" cried the father.

"To my mother in Heaven with God, Who is Love," said the child, waving his hands towards him and seeming to rise as the flame mounts upward.

* * * * * *

In the black hours of the early winter morning the curate was awakened by a visitor knocking at his door.

"Is it a sick call?" he asked, putting his head out of the window.

"A soul sick to death," came the reply.

The curate went down stairs and opened the door to the one he took to be the messenger. To his amazement Tom O'Keeffe stumbled in and fell on the floor at his feet.

"Give me absolution," he panted, "lest I die in my sins."

The curate lifted the sinner affectionately and led him into his parlor, rejoicing as his Master before him over the sheep which was lost.

The news of Tom's conversion spread far and wide, and if he had drawn crowds to hear him before, more came now, for it was said he had had a supernatural visitation. But Tom had nothing to tell them only over and over again the words with which little Patsy had left him—"God is Love. God is Love!" and as he said it to them the tears ran down his face.

Tom O'Keeffe died the other day a very old man, and with the reputation of a saint. He had led more sinners to God than ever he had drawn away from Him, with his simple gospel that was the last word on his lips.

They say now in that part of the country, when there is a death or troubles are hard to bear, "Well sure, God is Love, as old Tom O'Keeffe, Lord rest him, used to say."

TWO SORTS OF CONSOLATION.

BY M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

I was smoking my after supper pipe and cutting the leaves of the new magazines, when George Blake came in. I was very glad to see him, a good, honest lad he always was; and I made haste to welcome him.

"I am very well, thank you, Father Walsh," he said, dropping into a chair, "very well in health, but—"

"Ah! yes, yes, my son, I know. It was a great trial; but you must try to be reconciled to your loss. I think you are too much alone. You should go out among your friends again."

He shook his head. "It was such a cruel blow, Father. Wife and children all taken so quickly. I do not believe I could ever go into a gathering for pleasure again. We had such

a happy home. Our little boy and girl were such lovely children. I was prospering in business and had been twice promoted. Then in one short month to have wife and children taken. Though it is nearly three years ago, I cannot seem to get over it."

"My dear son, the years do not make much difference to great sorrow. The sense of loss is always there; although we grow accustomed to the loneliness. I know what grief for the dead is, for my old heart is sore yet for the dear sister, who died fifteen years ago. She was happily married, and lost her good husband. Then, gentle, loving soul, she grieved until she died a year after, leaving her baby girl of three years to my care. Little Agnes has been at the convent since her mother's death. She graduated last summer, a bright talented child, and a fine musician. She is coming to see me and will stay until summer. I am her guardian and she is all in the world I have."

I offered George a cigar, and we chatted awhile together. Then he rose to go. "I like to come and talk to you, Father Walsh," the poor fellow said, "for it is very lonely at home, since my wife died."

"Of course, of course, George; and you must come often. I am always so glad to see you."

After he left, Mrs. Dunn, my housekeeper, came in to see about the fire.

"That was poor George Blake, who just left," I told her, "he is very downhearted and lonely since he lost his wife."

"Well, indeed, it was a terrible blow," Mrs. Dunn said, vigorously shaking down the coals, "but then your Reverence, he'll mend of that loneliness after a while. The most of them does."

"I hope so, indeed I do, Mrs. Dunn. George is such a fine man, and was such a good husband."

"He was all that. And, your Reverence, when am I to see Miss Agnes? bless her pretty face and her sweet ways."

"She will be here in a week or so. She says she must take care of me for a while or I will work myself to death. 'It's nice to have your pretty village church all by yourself, Uncle Andrew,' she writes, 'but you have all the work to do and no one to help you.' A dear child, Mrs. Dunn, a dear good child."

I wiped my glasses, for another Agnes,—her mother,—rose up before me, my only sister, my confidant and companion. So many happy years we had together.

"And what will you be doing with Miss Agnes, your Reverence?"

"She wants to make her home with me, Mrs. Dunn. You know she has a comfortable income and could live anywhere, but the dear child says she wants to be with her old uncle. I hope she may have a vocation and go back to her peaceful convent. It would be such a holy, happy life for the dear child."

"Yes, indeed, your Reverence. It's the good, holy life; but it's not all of us as it suits. There's myself. I loved every Sister and every stone in the old school; but I went my way with Jerry Dunn; and a happy way it was till God took him,—heaven rest his honest soul tonight. I wouldn't be settling Miss Agnes in the convent yet awhile, your Reverence." Mrs. Dunn was laughing.

"It is not for me to settle her at all," I said. "She must choose for herself. But she is so dear to me that I wanted her to choose the better part."

"It's the better part for them that's called to it. Miss Agnes is an angel; and so was her mother, and she went

to the altar with a noble gentleman, Miss Agnes' father."

"Yes," I said, "a good man. Sloan was a man among thousands. But, Mrs. Dunn, I remember that my sister was so loving and devoted that her heart broke when her husband died, and she followed in a year. So I hope my little Agnes will not set her heart on human happiness. It's just the same loving, tender heart as her mother's."

"If it's for her, she will find her happiness in a good husband; or maybe your prayers will be heard and she'll go to the quiet, peaceful convent. Anyway, it's a sight of her sweet face I do be hungry for."

The crisp, March days brought my little Agnes. "Little Agnes" she seemed always to me, though to others she was a dignified, handsome girl. She was so happy, so busy; now in the kitchen helping Mrs. Dunn, and making all sorts of dainty dishes; now "straightening up" my study; now fixing up the garden; now decorating the altar.

"She's the born housekeeper," said Mrs. Dunn, enthusiastically, looking at the table after Agnes had arranged it for supper.

"Yes," I replied, admiring the tasty arrangement; "but then, you know, Mrs. Dunn, a Religious should have some domestic tastes. The mother superior of a convent has as much household care as the mother of a large family."

She did not reply, but went on laying the table. The door bell rang, and George Blake was ushered into the parlor. I was very glad to see him and insisted that he should join me at supper. When I told Mrs. Dunn who my visitor was, she seemed delighted.

"Miss Agnes," she said, "you'll be after running upstairs and fixing up a bit. Your uncle do be having company for tea."

"It's no company," I said a little impatiently, "it's just poor George Blake. He's too down-hearted to notice such little things, my dear."

"They do be noticing more than you think for," said Mrs. Dunn.

While we were arguing, Agnes had run upstairs. Presently she came down, looking better, I must say, for the little "fixing up." As we were walking to the dining-room, I told my niece how sorry I was for George; how he came to me for consolation; and how hard it seemed to console him for his loss.

"Mrs. Dunn told me, Uncle, what a sad blow it was, and what a devoted husband Mr. Blake had been. She says he is such a fine young man."

"He was, indeed, devoted to his family, and that is why he seems so inconsolable."

Then I fell to wondering why Mrs. Dunn had impressed Agnes with George's good qualities. Ah! these women. They are truly a problem that has never been perfectly solved. Now there was my little Agnes, bright, merry, laughing creature that she was, she became as demure and sympathetic to poor George Blake as if she realized all his trouble. After that it seemed to me that George came oftener. Sometimes we sat alone, and he looked preoccupied. Sometimes Agnes would be with me, and then he would seem to brighten up. We were preparing some nice music for the church, and Agnes was busy training a choir.

"George Blake used to sing before he was married," I told her, one day, "but I suppose that the poor fellow does not care for it any more."

Agnes looked down at the book she was holding. "Mr. Blake has promised to sing for—for—for you, dear Uncle, very soon. He has a very good voice."

"I think George is looking better, my dear, don't you?"

"Well, you know, Uncle, I have only known him such a short while that I can hardly judge."

Just then, Mrs. Dunn came in, with a lovely bunch of flowers.

"The boy at the door do be saying that Mr. Blake sent these."

"They will do beautifully for the altar," I said, holding out my hand; but Mrs. Dunn passed the flowers to my niece.

"Of course they will go on the altar," Agnes said, and slipping off the card, she handed me the flowers.

Mrs. Dunn went out of the room, her head high up in the air.

"Altar indeed!" she muttered. "There's nothing on the card about the altar."

One night shortly after, Agnes sat with me, twining wreaths for the May devotions.

"I love to work for the altar," she said.

"I see that you do, my child. It is a beautiful labor. If you should become a Religious, you would make a good sacristan."

My little girl laid down her wreath, and came and knelt down before me.

"Uncle Andrew, you are all I have in the world. I love you so dearly that I would hate to disappoint you in anything. Do you really want me to become a Religious?"

"It is such a holy, peaceful life that I would like to see you enter it. My dear little Agnes, your mother builded her hopes on human happiness, and she died of a broken heart. But above all, I want you to follow God's will. That is the light to ask for. To some, He wills that no human love, no human happiness shall satisfy. To others, good, faithful souls, He wills the earthly joys, the earthly loves sanctified by His blessing."

Agnes was listening intently. Then she took my hand and laid it on her bright curls. "You will bless me, Uncle dearest, whichever choice I make."

"I would bless you, always, my little Agnes, for I believe you would follow the path that seemed the one marked out for you. I might regret your choice; but you would not disappoint me."

"I suppose, Uncle," she asked, "if one had a vocation to be a Religious, one would not think of being happy in any other state?"

"Of course not, my child. To a soul destined for the cloister the cloister seems the only haven."

She looked up at me very wistfully. "I did love the nuns so much. I was very, very happy in the convent. But now it does not seem like the haven of my hopes."

I sighed a little. My precious dream of settling her so safely was vanishing.

"I am foolish and worldly, I suppose, Uncle."

"No! No! dear child, not that. Only destined for the worldly natural way. Many must walk it. I pray you may find it with fewer thorns than others. We must walk in the way to which we are called always in the light of God's will. And now, little one, good-night, and God bless you in all that you decide and do."

My days were crowded with duties; towards the close of May First Communion gave me a great deal to do; and Agnes was busy with choir practices and decorating the church. Mrs. Dunn was looking very wise and saying very little. George Blake was coming to practice very often, so it seemed to me. He and Agnes were singing together a good deal. But the poor lad was looking better than he had in three years. I noticed many bouquets and baskets of flowers being brought to the house, but Agnes would only say: "We will put these on the altar, Uncle, Mr. Blake

sent them." Then she would take out a rosebud, and put it in her hair or at her throat.

Mrs. Dunn grew daily more devoted to the dear child, and I often found them in earnest chats.

One Saturday night the choir had a final rehearsal in my parlor. The spring air was a trifle sharp, and Mrs. Dunn had made a cheerful log fire in the room. All around were lovely flowers making the air fragrant. The ladies and gentlemen of the choir had bidden me good-night, and I was sitting in my arm-chair, before the fire, waiting for Agnes to arrange her music. I was very tired, for the day had been a busy one, and the quiet of the little room seemed very restful.

Some one stood before me.

"Why, is that you, George? I did not hear you in the room. Sit down a moment."

"No, thank you, Father, not to-night." He stood still, looking at the carpet. "Some night next week, Father, I want to come to see you."

"Of course, of course, my son. Come whenever you like. You know I am always glad to see you."

He looked at me with a smile. Really the poor lad was like his old self again!

"I am particularly glad, Father, that you like to see me. I have a special piece of business to talk over with you. But now, just give me your blessing; and remember that I always think of you as my best friend and father."

So I laid my hand on the honest lad's head and he bade me good-night.

"God's blessing," I had wished him; and he answered with great earnestness:

"I think I have it, Father, a very great blessing for me."

After George had left, Agnes came and stood beside me.

"I am going upstairs now," she said. "I think you should not stay up so late, Uncle. You will have another fatiguing day tomorrow." Her voice was very low and her eyes seemed moist. She looked at me for a moment. She wanted me to speak; but she was so thoughtful, so subdued, that I sat studying her face. At last I said:

"I think you must be tired, my child. Now good-night, and God bless you."

She knelt down before me; and I noticed that she was crying softly.

"What is it, Agnes?" I asked anxiously, for my little sunshine was not often tearful. "Can you not tell me what distresses you?"

"I am not distressed, Uncle," she said, smiling through her tears. "I do not know why I am crying, because I am very happy."

"So that is the way of it, little Agnes?" I laughingly said. "Well, you have my approval, my dear. I have no objections, not one. I might have had other hopes for you, but each one must choose his or her own way. This is a strange sequel to George's sad story. He came to me in his grief, and I tried to console him; but it seems you are destined to give him greater consolation."

Mrs. Dunn came in all smiles. "Well, your Reverence, with all due respect, there do be different kinds of comfort. You gave Mr. Blake, the good lad that he is, many a comforting word. But Miss Agnes here, she will give him the comforts he's grieving for. Bless her smiling face, she will be a consolation for his whole life."

And the good soul went out radiant with delight.

GUTENBERG AND THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

BY JOHN DE MORGAN.

"Before thy art, tradition vainly told
Legends confused, and oral tales of old:
Or painted symbols, tree, plant, bird and beast,
Laws, rites and memorable facts, express'd."

FACSIMILE OF CAXTON'S PRIVATE IMPRINT OR MARK.

In the month of June, in the year of our Lord, 1397, or '98, the records are uncertain which, there was born in the city of Mayence, in Germany, a boy baby whose life work completely revolutionized the world.

In the year 1898, the city borrowing glory from his renown appointed a committee to arrange for the celebration of the 500th anniversary of his birth. A fitting celebration would necessitate a long notice for the whole world would want to contribute, and pilgrims from every civilized nation would desire to lay a wreath on his tomb, a garland on his monument, so the committee decided to fix the date, for the opening ceremony, June 24, 1900.

The celebration of the 500th anniversary of the inventor of printing will include a great exhibition, which will show the development of the art of printing from the earliest to the most modern times. A smaller exhibition will contain all specimens of the oldest products of the printing press which can be obtained from libraries in all parts of the world, including the early works printed by Gutenberg, Faust, Schoeffer, Caxton, as well as specimens of the xylographic printing of Coster and others in Holland.

Frielo Gensfleisch, burgher of the

good city of Mainz or Mayence, married Else Gutenberg, the daughter of old Franz Gutenberg, also a burgher of the city. Frielo Gensfleisch and Franz Gutenberg were drawn together by mutual love of freedom and the rights of the burghers, which the nobles sought to destroy, so when Frielo fell in love with pretty Else her father bestowed his daughter on him with a warm blessing.

Frielo had a small estate, from which he derived his name, and Else enjoyed in her own right an estate of equal value, which entitled her to retain the name of Gutenberg after marriage.

From that union was born the hero of the ages, whose work had a powerful influence in liberating the people from the shackles of feudalism and despotism.

Johannes, the son of this marriage, was a diligent student, devoting himself to mechanical pursuits, more especially to the art of stone polishing and mirror making, in both of which arts he became proficient.

During his student life the city was disturbed by broils between the burghers and nobles, and Frielo and his father-in-law were active workers in the cause of the burghers. In 1420 the nobles forced some very obnoxious laws to be passed and the enraged citizens retaliated by destroying the houses and goods of the nobles. The city was no longer a safe place for Frielo Gensfleisch or his father-in-law, so the two families went into exile, seeking refuge in the city of Strasburg.

The estates of both families were sequestrated, and for a time the mechanical labors of young Johannes had to support the two families. The city of Mayence repented of its conduct, and on the death of Frielo ordered a goodly pension to be paid to Else Gensfleisch-Gutenberg, in lieu of the estates.

In 1432 we find Johannes visiting his native place to obtain payment of this pension, but his journey was in vain, for the Recorder of the city intimated that though the city had ordered the pension to be paid it had not provided any funds for that purpose, in other words, the resolution was one for political effect only. Smarting under this perfidy John returned to Strasburg and bided his time. He had not long to wait, for in 1434 the Recorder paid a visit to Strasburg and John obtained an order to have him committed to prison as a delinquent debtor. It was in these proceedings that young John, or Johannes, announced that he should drop the name of his father and use only that of his mother, viz., Gutenberg. Whether the Recorder paid the pension or compelled the city to live up to its own ordinance the records are not clear, but there was peace between the Recorder and Gutenberg ever after.

Two years later Gutenberg was himself a defendant in a court. He was sued for breach of promise, the plaintiff being Anne, called Zur Isernen, or Anne of the Iron gate. In the complaint it was stated that Gutenberg was engaged in the pursuit of three businesses, to wit, stone, or gem polishing, the making of mirrors and a third business, a secret one, of which the plaintiff declared the Court ought to take cognizance.

Poor Gutenberg was well nigh distracted. It was thought that one of the reasons why he had broken faith with Anne was the fear that she might find out his secret business, and now that very business was to be made public by order of the Court.

Gutenberg sought out the fair and buxom plaintiff, spoke soft nothings in her ear, whispered those tales of

love which are always so pleasing, and made her believe that he had not intended to break faith. She asked for proof and he led her to the house of the Recorder and formally announced their betrothal. But the suit was not withdrawn until the Church had united the fortunes of John Gutenberg and Anne of the Iron gate.

ONE OF THE LAST WOOD CUTS PRINTED BY CAXTON.
From the Prayer-Book Called "The Fifteen Oes."

The control of three businesses, one of which was a secret, was too much for him, so he took a partner,

¶ The prouffytable boke for manes ſoule/And right comfor-table to the body/and ſpecyally in aduerſitee trybulacyon/Whiche boke is calked The Chaſtyſing of goddes Chyldern

TITLE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH BOOK PRINTED WITH A TITLE PAGE.
Published by Wynken de Worde in 1493.

(The prouffytable Boke for mannes soule, And right comfortable to the body and specyally in Adversite and trybulacyon ; which boke is called The Chastyling ofgoddes Chyldern.)

one Andrew Dritzehen, or Dryzehn, to whom he promised to teach "all his secret and wonderful arts" and employ them to their common advantage.

Dryzehn did not live long, and Gutenberg was so afraid that the secret would be divulged that he sent his own servant to the house where the experiments were made, with instructions to bring therefrom "an unnamed tool in four pieces held together by two buttons." To obtain this, George, the brother of the dead partner, commenced an action against Gutenberg, and the court ordered the tool to be given to George Dryzehn.

When and where the first attempts in the art of printing were made cannot be with certainty ascertained because the earliest work printed by Gutenberg bore neither date nor name. The reason for this was obvious. The earliest printed books were made to resemble writing and sold as such. This much is certain—that movable wooden types were first employed by him about the year 1438.

FACSIMILE OF WOOD CUT FROM CAXTON'S ÆSOP'S FABLES

Printed by him 1484 and entitled : "The Subtyl Historyes and Fables of Asope." The slave Æsop accused by his two fellow servants of stealing figs.

In 1443 he returned to Mayence and formed a great friendship with Johannes Fust, or Faust, who agreed to loan him eight hundred guilders at six per cent. for five years, but four years passed before the wealthy goldsmith would advance the money because Gutenberg would not admit him into the secret of his business. In 1449 the first money was advanced and a printing office set up.

It was necessary to have assistance in the printing office, and one Peter Schoeffer was engaged, "he being mechanical." Peter kept his eyes open and soon found that wooden types were too slow to make, and he discovered the art of cutting the characters in a matrix so that the letters might be cast singly. Instead of telling Gutenberg, his employer, he went to the money lender and persuaded him to advance more money so that Schoeffer might work at his invention apart from Gutenberg. So pleased was Faust that he gave Peter his daughter Christina in marriage.

"First, carv'd on blocks, his ruder handmaids stood,
But soon to metal chang'd the ignoble wood."

Gutenberg joined the two men with him in partnership and the first

Han they of Crete had herd the reſolucion of ſaturne they were gretly abaſſhed. ffor they knewe weell that ſaturne toke this mater gretly to his herte: and that he was a terryble man to offende. And ſo they knewe that wrongfully he wyldy the deth of his ſone Jupiter that had reſtored hym to his lordſhip by his prowesſe & vailliance/ Many ther were that went ryn to an other kyngedom becauſe they wold not be with the fader ayenſt the ſone ner with the ſone ayenſt the fader/but ther was noman that durſte be ſo hardy to replie agayn ſaturne ner ſaie that he dide euyll/for they dredde more his yre than to offende Juſtyce. What ſhall I ſaye after the comandement of ſaturne/eche man withdrewe hym vnto his hous full of grete and bitter ſorowe ryn herte. And ther was not oon man but he had his face chargedy with grete greef and peſaunt anoyaūce ꝛc ſ::.

he day than drewe ouer/And on the morn Saturne armedy hym ſelf & ſowned Trompettis vnto armes. They of crete aroos this mornyng And many ther were of them that knewe thentencōn of ſaturue. And alſo ther were many that meruailled of that/that the kyng wold doo & coude fynde no reſon wherfore he maady this armee. ffor all Crete was in pees And all the tyrannoys were diſparkled and put ryn to deſtruccion perdurable/ Amonge all other Cybell wiſt not what to thynke Seeyng that ſaturne ſent not after Jupiter She demanded hym oftentymes whether he wold goo. and for what reſon that he toke not Jupiter with hym in his compaygne. Jupiter was at that tyme in parthenipe with his wyf Juno/ Whan

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN ENGLISH BY CAXTON, "THE RECUYELL OF THE HISTORYES OF TROYE," 1471.

printed book was produced for public sale. The price of a Bible was five hundred guilders, and when Gutenberg offered one for a hundred guilders he was accused of stealing it. He had to clear himself by saying that he was pressed for money and had to sell at that low figure. No one imagined but that the Bible had been written.

It was then that Faust, with a large number of bibles, reached Paris, where bibles were selling for five hundred crowns. Faust stood at the Church door by the side of the scribes and offered a bible for thirty crowns. The scribes sighed, for a customer was lost, but consoled themselves that on the morrow they might make a sale, when lo! the mysterious vender was there again, and this time he had two bibles for which he asked thirty crowns each.

That day the scribes held a meeting; they feared that their occupation was gone; until one, smarter than the rest suggested that Faust was in league with the Evil One, and by the aid of sorcery produced the bibles, which must bring a curse to those who bought. The authorities were warned. An open accusation was made that the bibles sold by Faust were written in his blood, that he was a magician who, by his league with the devil, could multiply bibles so fast that it was impossible for them to have been written by man.

An outcry was raised, in the midst of which Faust fled. His house was ransacked and the books found there burned. All Paris was searched for the necromancer, and when he could not be found it was asserted that the devil had claimed him. From this story arose the fable of the devil and Dr. Faustus.

A copy of this bible was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarine, hence it has been called the "Mazarine Bible."

When Faust returned to Mayence he was instigated by his son-in-law to demand repayment of the money loaned to Gutenberg, which the inventor was unable to pay. An action was brought for a dissolution of partnership, and as a result Faust retained the printing concern which he carried on and brought to perfection in conjunction with Peter Schoeffer.

The second printed book was the Latin Psalterium, or rather a breviary containing psalms, with antiphons, collects, etc., and arranged for choruses for Sundays and holidays. This book was the first to bear an imprint, and was issued by "John Faust of Mentz and Peter Schoeffer in 1457 on the 14th of August."

Quickly following the Psalterium was issued the Catholicum, a Latin vocabulary, compiled in the year 1286 by John of Genoa, a Dominican Friar.

By the aid of Conrad Hummer, a councillor of Mayence, Gutenberg was enabled to set up a press and to issue, in quarto, "Hermanni de Saldis Speculum Sacerdotum," and four editions of the "Donatus."

Gutenberg's printing establishment existed until 1465, he relinquishing the business for some reason unknown at the present day.

Honors were conferred on him by the archbishop, elector of Mainz, who appointed him one of his couriers and raised him to the rank of noble, but these honors were not long enjoyed, for he died in the same year they were conferred, 1468.

The art of printing could not be confined to the German city, and before the inventor died he knew that printing offices had been established in many European cities.

Attempts have been made to rob Gutenberg of his glory, but it seems to be well established by contemporary authorities, that the art was

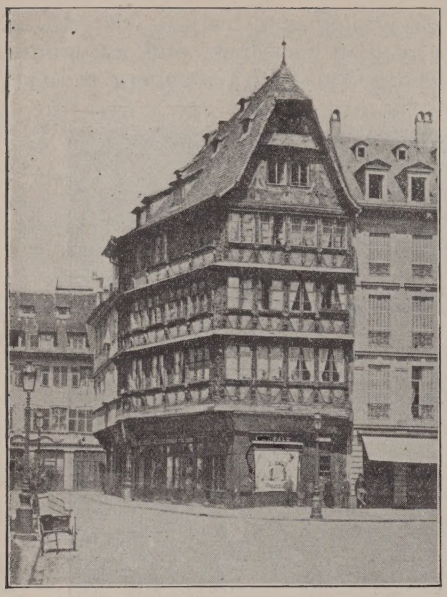
really invented by the stone-polisher of Mayence.

Ulrich Zell of Hanau, who first introduced printing into Cologne, in 1462, says, "this noble art was invented for the first time in Germany, at Mainz upon the Rhine, by a citizen named John Gutenberg." Similarly speaks Teithemus who died 1516, and Wimpfeling, a learned Alsatian, who lived in Strasburg and was contemporaneous with Gutenberg. He says:

JOHANN GUTENBERG, INVENTOR OF PRINTING.

From National Library, Paris.

"In the year 1440, under the reign of Frederick III., an almost divine benefit was conferred on mankind by John Gutenberg, who first discovered the art of printing." John Schoeffer, the son of Peter, in his preface to a



GUTENBERG'S HOUSE, STRASBURGH.

German translation of Livy, gives the credit to Gutenberg, and fixes the date 1450.

An English writer, Stowe, in his Survey of London, speaking of the year 1458, says: "The noble science of printing was about this time found at Mayence by John Gutenberg, a knight, and William Caxton, of London, a mercer, brought it into England about the year 1471 and practiced the same in the Abbey of Westminster."

The portrait of Gutenberg shows him to have been "a man of decided character," says De Vinne, "not to be cajoled or managed by a partner in business. The thin curving lip and pointed nose, the strongly marked lines on the forehead, the bold eyes and arrogant bearing of the head, reveal to us a man of genius and force, a man born to rule, impatient of restraint, and of inflexible resolution."

Soon after Gutenberg's death a relative, Adam Gelthus, placed a tablet to his memory, in the Church of St. Francis, in Mayence, which unfortunately was destroyed in 1742 when

MAYENCE, FROM THE VILLAGE OF CASTEL. OFTEN CALLED MAINZ.

Ancient name, Morguntiacum, given it by Drusus, 13 B. C. Most strongly fortified city in Germany. Archbishop of Mainz had precedence amongst the Spiritual Prince-electors of the German Empire. In 1468 the city was added to the domain of the Archbishop.

the church was pulled down. A second tablet was made by the order of Ivo Wittig, Chancellor of the University of Mayence, and placed in the hall of the University, bearing the inscription, "To John Gutenberg, of Mayence, who first of all invented printing in brass, by which art he has deserved the honor of the whole world."

In 1837 the city of Mayence commissioned the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen to design a monument to Gutenberg. The statue represents the inventor standing, with one foot slightly advanced, holding a bible clasped to his breast, while in the other hand he grasps lightly several punches. A series of bas reliefs in the pedestal exhibit the art in early stages, while an inscription sets forth that the statue was erected by "the Citizens of Mayence with the assistance of the whole of Europe."

In 1840 the French sculptor, David d'Angers, completed a monument for the city of Strasburg, which was erected in the Market Place, now called La Place Gutenberg. Gutenberg is represented standing erect and holding forth a sheet, with the legend from Genesis, "Et la lumiere fut."

The National monument to the inventors of printing at Frankfort combines the three figures of Gutenberg, Schoeffer and Faust.

William Caxton, the secretary to the Duchess of Burgundy, had seen the Xylographic printing of Lawrence Coster, in Haarlem, and the printing by movable blocks as invented by Gutenberg. He saw the great opportunities printing would

MONUMENT TO GUTENBERG, SCHŒFFER AND FAUST AT FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN.

afford and, with the aid of Colard Mansion, set up a printing press at Bruges in 1471. The first book he printed was the "Recueil," or Summary, "of the Historyes of Troye," compiled by a friend of his, Raoul le Fevre, priest and chaplain to the Duke of Burgundy. It was printed and published at Bruges, and was soon followed by the printing of a Latin oration delivered there by Dr. Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, at the ceremony of proclaiming the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy. Another work from the pen of Raoul le Fevre, was translated into English and printed by Caxton, entitled "The Game and Play of Chess," a treatise of moral and political offices and duties and the gradation of social ranks, founded on the places and "moves" respectively assigned to different pieces on the chess-board.

GODDARD'S STATUE OF GUTENBERG.

The Messrs Hoe, whose printing presses have revolutionized printing, commissioned the young American Sculptor, Ralph Goddard, to execute a bronze statute of Gutenberg for the facade of their new building in New York.

The statue is slightly larger than life and represents the inventor dressed in the fur garment and cape of the period. He has just taken a damp sheet of paper off the hand press and is looking at it reflectively. It will be the first monument to Gutenberg erected in the New World, which owes so much to printing.

The first book printed in England was, "The Dictes and Sayinges of Philosophores," a collection of anecdotes, wise and witty sayings of ancient philosophers. It is stated, in a notice at the end of the volume, to have been finished "on the xviii. day of the moneth of Novembre, and the seventeenth yere of the reign of Kyng Edwd, the IV." The title bears the words, "Enprynted by me, William Caxton, at Westminstere, the yere of our Lord m,cccc,lxxvii."

The first book to be printed with a title page was issued in 1493 by Wynken de Worde, the successor of Caxton.

In later works Caxton used a peculiar device, formed of the letters of his name "W.C." with a sign, the meaning of which is not known, between.

It is certain that Caxton was the first to illustrate his books. In Caxton's Aesop's Fables we have a number of woodcuts, and in a Manual of prayers and devotional exercises, familiarly known as the "Fifteen Oes," from its containing fifteen prayers each beginning with the interjection "O!" we have several woodcuts which showed considerable progress. This book was the last printed by Caxton.

No one can estimate the value of this one invention to mankind. Before the time of Gutenberg and Faust

and Caxton only the very rich could procure books, therefore only the few learned to read. Printing made the books, once confined to the few by their costliness, accessible to the multitude. Every science, each art, all branches of knowledge received an impetus which nothing could check. Man became enlightened and the true age of progress began when Gutenberg printed his first book.

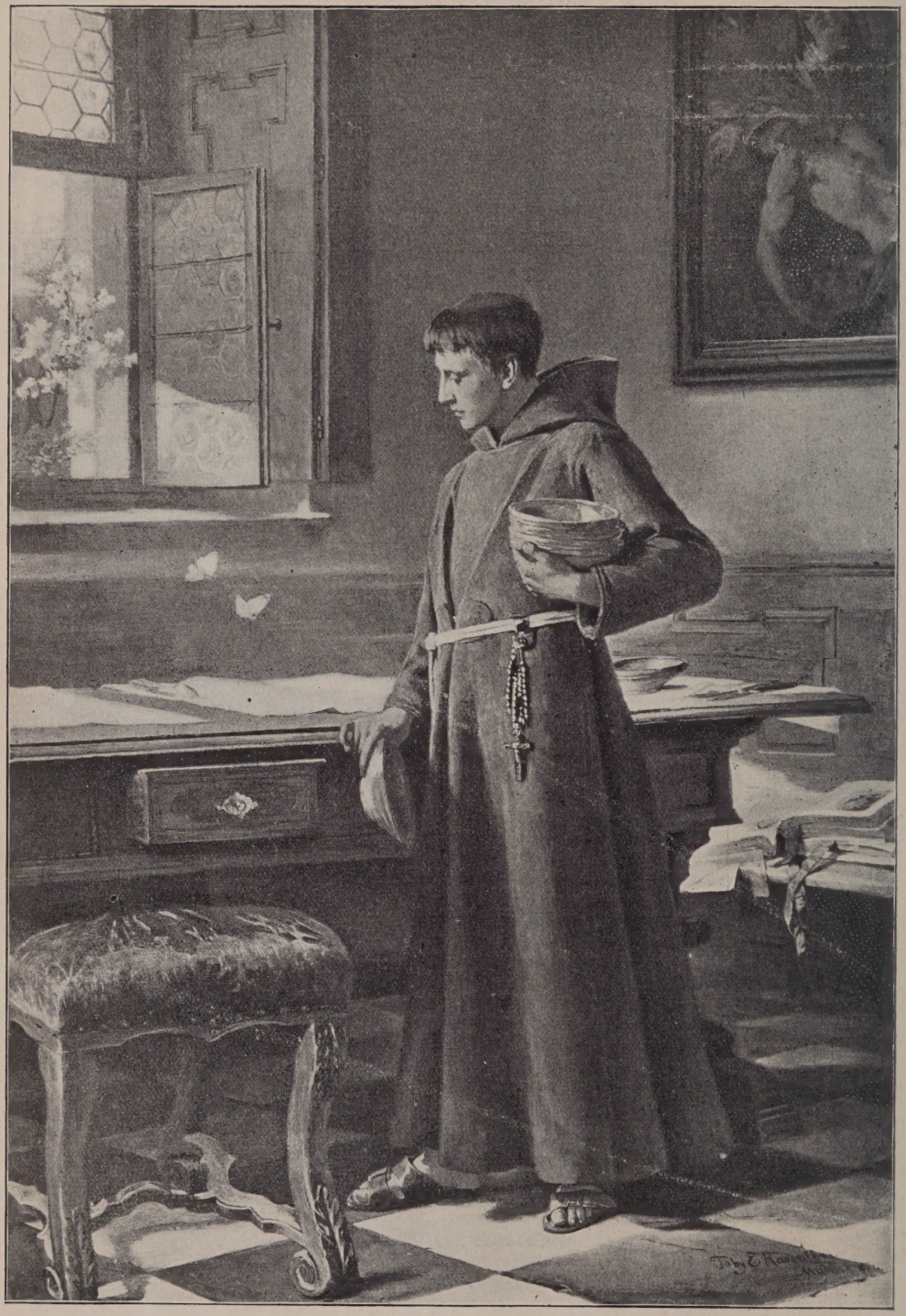
So while we acknowledge the many blessings which we enjoy let us not be unmindful of Gutenberg and Faust, of Schoeffer and Caxton, who by their ingenuity discovered and made known to the world that art which made learning not only easy but cheap, which placed within the reach of even the poorest the sublime wisdom of all ages, which transformed serfs into freemen and gave the peasant's son a chance to be the equal of kings.

We can say with Carlyle that "of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call Books! Those poor bits of ragpaper with black ink on them—from the Daily Newspaper to the sacred Hebrew Book, what have they not done, what are they not doing?"

MAYENCE CATHEDRAL.

Where it is proposed to hold a memorial service in memory of Gutenberg in 1900.

Cathedral commenced A.D. 978; six times destroyed by fire or through war, restored by Napoleon. It has a great tower, 400 feet in height, six smaller towers, 14 altars and 20 minor chapels.



FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

A Glimpse of the Cuban Coast, West of Havana.

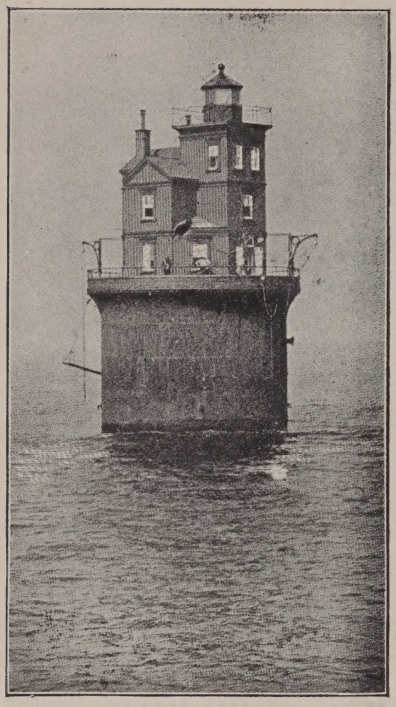
REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY WILLIAM PEARD.

Bayou Sara is a small town on the east bank of the Mississippi river, one hundred and fifty miles above New Orleans. At the time of which I write, the village had a few straggling streets, some more or less comfortable dwellings, and many antiquated abodes occupied by farm laborers and river men. There were also small stores and shops, a church or two, and a post-office.

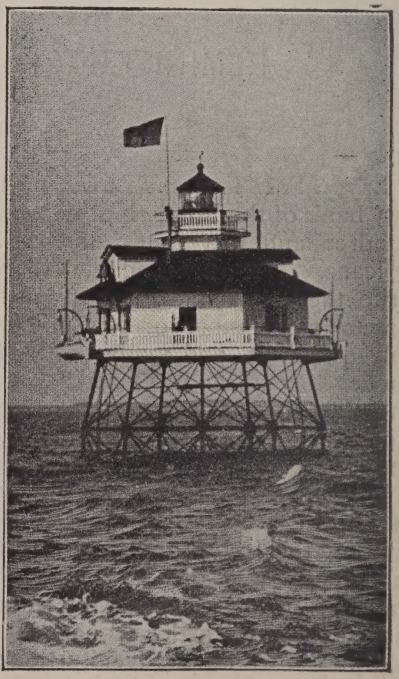
I spent several weeks in Bayou Sara during the early spring of 1862. Among the few amusements for the inhabitants was one provided by a traveling dramatic company, which visited the town at least once a year, and played with equal facility tragedy or comedy to the great delight of the simple-minded people, who very rarely went far beyond the environment of Bayou Sara. The building used for a theatre was at one time a barrel factory, but had not been used for that purpose for many years. The structure was plainly showing its age in the decayed condition of its every part from foundation to roof. Pigeons and other birds found a rendezvous in the theatre, but notwithstanding the many inconveniences to the players, the audiences thoroughly enjoyed the dramas presented, and were unstinted in their applause, especially of the actors who were most boisterous and bloodthirsty.

While returning to my lodging place one evening during a performance at the theatre, I was attracted by the lively strains of the orchestra, and tarried a moment to listen. A number of young men had already



LIGHTHOUSE AT ENTRANCE OF DELAWARE BAY.

gathered about the building, to share such pleasure as was possible on the outside. On the street side of the theatre there was a doorway, a few feet above the street level. This door, now out of service, was closed by some rough boards, not very securely nailed to the frame, as will soon appear. One of the members of the group in which I was standing was a young man whom I shall call Win. To obtain a more favorable position he placed one end of a plank on the sill of the old door, and walked up to the top of it. I followed after him. The actors could be seen quite plainly through the crevices. The play on that night was "Richard Third," and the fifth act had been reached. Buckingham was being led to execution. We were intently listening to his solemn speech to the sheriff and guardsmen. While the line, "By the false faith of him I most trusted," was being spoken, another young man had walked up the plank, and, coming with some force against Win and myself, caused the old door to break away from its fastenings, and to fall with a crash to the floor on the inside of the theatre. We fell flat upon the door. Fully conscious of our embarrassing and humiliating position, we got upon our feet to confront an astonished and frightened audience which arose at us unanimously. Some of the theatre-goers laughed heartily, but others had white and frightened faces, doubtless fearing that the roof would be the next part of the building to collapse. The play was temporarily suspended, of course, and Buckingham was for the time forgotten by both himself and the spectators. He soon recovered himself,



LIGHTHOUSE FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS ISLAND.

however, and remarked, in a voice that was not assumed, that he had not, during his long experience, encountered such an aggravating interruption, and that he did not know whom to blame most for it—the owner of the "theatre" or the two young men who had been so suddenly and unceremoniously introduced to the audience. The manager, while leading us out through the regular exit, gave us an emphatic lecture, in which he threatened us with many degrees and kinds of punishment if we should again be caught entering the theatre except in the properly recognized way.

This ludicrous incident made warm friends of Win and myself. He held a commission as a lieutenant in the Confederate army and was at this time spending a leave of absence from his regiment. Just before his departure for his company, which was in Northern Mississippi, I passed an evening with him at his lodgings, which was also the home of his betrothed, a fair and patriotic daughter of the South. During the evening he sang "The Patriot's Farewell," then a favorite Southern song, the first stanza of which, as I remember it, ran like this:

"I leave my home and thee, love,
With sorrow at my heart;
It is my country's call, love—
To aid her I depart;
And on the blood-stained battle-field
We'll conquer or we'll die—
'Tis for our honor and our name
We raise the battle-cry."

"Then, weep not, dearest, weep not,
If in her cause I fall;
Then, weep not, dearest, weep not,
It is my country's call."

I recalled many times afterward the pathetic effect which this song had upon the betrothed of my friend, and which was also perceptible, though in smaller degree, upon the members of her family.

Two days later my friend and I parted, with little hope of meeting again. The young lieutenant returned to his regiment, which was a part of the command of General Sidney Johnston, who was then massing his forces near Shiloh. It will be remembered that the forces of Grant and Johnston met at Shiloh in the early part of April, 1862, in a sanguinary battle, in which the Union forces, on the second day, after they had been reinforced by General Buell's command, were victorious. Johnston was slain on the first day, and his remains were sent to New Orleans for burial. I was then living in that city, and although I made many inquiries for Win after that bloody battle, I failed to get any intelligence of him. Those were sad days in the Crescent City. How heart-rending the scenes at the boat landings and railroad stations on the arrival of the dead and wounded after the awful slaughter at Shiloh. The fathers, mothers and sisters of those stricken soldiers were there in large numbers, presenting a scene of woe impossible to describe. Here indeed could be seen in its most gloomy aspect, in its sorrowful results, the crime and inhumanity of war.

Soon the time came when I had to leave New Orleans. Receiving the necessary safe-conduct papers from the Provost Marshal, who was acting under General Butler, I engaged passage in a two-masted schooner named the "Sea Witch," bound for the Delaware Breakwater. We got under way in the first week in August, 1862, and I not unreluctantly bade farewell to the city wherein I had witnessed so many exciting and sad events.

The trip of a hundred miles down the river to the Gulf of Mexico was not of special interest. A fact which is probably not generally remembered may, however, be remarked, and that is that there were then many

thrifty orange groves in lower Louisiana, adjacent to the Gulf. This was many years before the semi-tropical fruit became such an important feature in the products of the "Flowery State."

The commander of the "Sea Witch" was a native of Delaware and an experienced navigator. He was an exceedingly cautious man, never having been known to expose his canvas in a breeze which promised, however remotely, to tear or injure it. The course of our vessel was east by southeast, and we hoped with fair wind to reach Key West in two or three days. The passengers numbered twenty, most of whom had comfortable quarters in the cabin while the remainder lived on deck during the voyage. I was one of the latter, and although sleeping in the open air was a new experience to me, it was far from unpleasant when the weather was fine, and the moonlight at sea was such a novel change from what I had been accustomed to that I still recall this incident of the voyage with pleasure. The first night at sea was pleasantly warm, as one would expect at this time of the year, and while so near the tropics. The passing moments were opportune for reflection. To a landsman there is a sublimity in the wild and ever-varied forms of the ocean that fill his mind with living images of a glory he had only dreamed of before.

The progress made across the Gulf was gratifying to our skipper as well as to the passengers. On the third day out land was seen, which proved to be the Dry Tortugas. Later in the day Key West loomed up, and church spires and tall buildings were plainly seen. But there was nothing strikingly picturesque in the group of small islands which were in view for several hours. Our captain kept on in a southeasterly course, with the view of getting close to the Cuban coast. His motive for doing so will soon be made known. In due time the high peaks of the Sierra-del-Cobra mountain ranges were visible many miles back of the shore line. How bright and peaceful everything then seemed on this favored island, the "Pearl of the Antilles."

Having reached the great waterway running between Southern Florida and the North Cuban coast, land was continually in sight, greatly to the interest of our band of voyagers. This extensive water passage, which connects the Atlantic Ocean with the Gulf of Mexico, has for centuries been a highway for commerce and war, and, I may add, was at one time noted for piracy. The lawless freebooter during the last half of the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth, had a profitable field in these waters and an almost limitless expanse of sea whereon to ply his daring exploits of plunder and crime. It was not in the Gulf alone that the sea rovers of that time terrorized honest merchantmen, but to a far greater extent in the waters of the great ocean sea south of Cuba, the Caribbean Sea, or, as it was sometimes called, the Spanish Main, where, indeed, were perpetrated the most inhuman cruelties by those unscrupulous and devastating adventurers.

The city of Havana at length came dimly into view on our starboard side. What momentous events in the annals of the New World found their inception in these historic waters. Hernando Cortes, the greatest conqueror and civic administrator of his time, formed his powerful Armada there, and shaped his course westward to reduce and plunder Mexico. Ponce de Leon, he who sought the mythical fountain of youth, departed from this port upon his errand of discovery, and ended it by finding a

peaceful settlement in the south-easterly corner of the North American Continent. Ferdinando de Soto, the undaunted explorer, the first European who set eyes upon the Mississippi, was well known on the Cuban coast, and after his arrival upon the then unknown continent, sent his ships back to Havana.

Not many leagues from these waters occurred in November, 1861, a most important event;—one almost involving our government in a war with Great Britain. It was the arrest of Mason and Slidell, the Confederate envoys to England and France respectively. They were taken from the British steamer "Trent," by Captain Wilks of the U. S. steamer "San Jacinto," and sent as prisoners of State to Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. Ultimately, after prolonged discussion, the prisoners were released in response to the demand of the Queen of England upon President Lincoln. Mr. Greeley of the New York Tribune, commenting in his newspaper upon the "Trent affair," as it was called, said: "The Government came out of it like a chicken out of a rainstorm, with head down and tail at half-mast."

The always cautious captain of the "Sea Witch," in his anxiety to avoid meeting the Confederate privateer "Alabama," had been sailing in an unusual direction almost since leaving port. We were fifty miles further eastward than our course would have been had not our skipper had such constant dread of meeting this pitiless destroyer of our commerce, then traversing the North American coast and making sad havoc among Yankee merchantmen engaged in the West India and South American trade. The destruction wrought by this roving corsair was enormous, and our captain was only one of many Yankee skippers who kept a sharp lookout for her.

Having reached the Salt Key Bank, our vessel, taking a course north by east, was headed for the Great Bahama Bank. Off the west coast of Andros Island, head winds were met with, obliging our skipper to tack, which brought us close in to the shore of the last named island. In the harbor of a much smaller island, which lay off the most westerly point of Andros, we tarried for some hours, while getting a supply of fresh water. This little harbor was a most delightful picture to look upon. It is shaped like a horse-shoe, the land on either side rising gradually from the village, which lay in the centre up to the point of entrance. It was studded with a growth of tall young trees, forming two miniature promontories, which gave to the little cluster of human habitations a setting surpassing in natural beauty any coast scene my eyes had ever looked upon.

Eight days after our departure from the Crescent City our vessel was well clear of the Bahama group and in the open ocean. As we progressed northward the air became cooler and more exhilarating, giving new energy and a revived spirit to our little band. The prospect of soon reaching our point of destination had also its pleasant effect.

On the morning of the ninth day of our voyage all on board experienced a startling sensation, if not a genuine scare. The seamen on watch discovered a steamer, which had just come into view on our starboard side. As I was up and moving about the vessel before sunrise, my attention was attracted by the report of the lookout. Looking steadily far off to the eastward, I was soon able to discern, under a golden flood of light streaming through the moving clouds, a black object which appeared to be bearing down in our direction. A little later the watchman and myself discerned the outlines of a large vessel. The

captain was quickly called on deck. After taking views from various positions through his long telescope—while we watched him with almost breathless interest—he said, in a suppressed voice and with an ominous gesture, that the craft in sight was the "Alabama." This announcement, it may be imagined, greatly startled all who were on deck, but even greater was the alarm of the passengers calmly sleeping below, when they were suddenly aroused and told with much trepidation to prepare for the fate which awaited them. Indeed, the excitement which seized the twenty-seven people on board the "Sea Witch" was most distressing. As the approaching steamer came nearer and her black hulk became more clearly visible, the more nervous passengers ran hither and thither, becoming more and more demoralized with each passing moment.

The threatening craft was now only six miles away. The captain, after taking frequent and obviously anxious observations, presently began to express some doubt as to the identity of the vessel. Here was a ray of hope coming like an inspiration out of the very depths of despair. After scanning and scrutinizing every seam on her sides and every rope of her rigging, the skipper finally lowered his telescope, and clearing his throat, said that the vessel which had caused so much alarm was a French liner bound for some port in the Gulf of Mexico. And so she proved to be. When she came within speaking distance we learned that she was bound for Vera Cruz, and that she had not seen the "Alabama" during her voyage across the Atlantic. The relief from the strain of the last hour was plainly written on every face, and mutual congratulations of escape from a fancied danger were freely indulged in. The captain, being subjected to not a little chaffing on account of his premature alarm, was in anything but a good humor for some time.

While standing close to the companionway when the excitement was greatest, I was asked to step down into the cabin to assist a passenger to reach the deck. He was ill, or disabled, but he wanted to see with his own eyes our impending danger. In size and weight he was rather above the average man, and the effort of a fellow-passenger and myself to get him up the steps taxed our utmost strength. We succeeded, however, in getting him on deck by easy stages, and placed him in an arm-chair. At this time fear and confusion were prevailing to such an extent among the passengers that but little attention was paid to the invalid. When the excitement had subsided and attention had been diverted from the passing steamer, I took occasion to interview our disabled fellow-voyager. To my great astonishment and pleasure he proved to be no other than my lost friend Win; or, to now give his full name, Winchester Mason. We recognized each other immediately, and he gave me as hearty and earnest a greeting as I gave him. Very soon we recalled the peculiar circumstances of our first meeting at Bayou Sara, which did not fail to cause a hearty laugh, probably all the more hearty for the reason that laughter was not one of the features of that humiliating and theatrical downfall at the time of its occurrence.

My friend Mason had been severely wounded at the battle of Shiloh, and his injury had detained him in a hospital at New Orleans for some months. He was now on his way to his native place on the eastern shore of Maryland, where he hoped to entirely recover, as he did.

It was strange, we thought, that we had not known of the presence of

each other on board of the vessel until after we had been there nearly two weeks. I recalled the circumstance of an invalid being carried aboard on the evening preceding our departure from New Orleans, but I had never suspected that it was my friend who was being borne so tenderly into the cabin of the "Sea Witch." This was his first appearance on deck since leaving port.

After a few days he was able, with a little assistance, to ascend the cabin steps and to join the other passengers in such social intercourse as we could make available and pleasant on deck. The passengers were all impressed by his fine appearance and courtly manners. He had fine dark eyes, and a lofty intellectual forehead the whiteness of which was in strong contrast with the raven hue of his hair. His noble manly countenance plainly indicated the possession of talent. Mr. Mason at once became a favorite with all, and he frequently entertained us with recitations. I remember one in particular—the spirited poem by Felicia Hemans "Bernardo del Carpio," which he recited with great spirit and almost faultless taste. His clever and impressive rendering of that weird and passionate poem, "Anabel Lee," was in a measure a revelation to all who heard it, bringing out its plaintive and touching sentiment with a pathos which must have delighted the author, could he have listened to Mr. Mason's delicate and refined appreciation of the verses.

On the afternoon of the sixteenth day of our voyage there sprung up a lively gale, which soon developed into an ugly northeast storm that lashed the ocean into angry turbulence along our pathway. As night approached the wind increased almost to a hurricane. The mountains of water became terrific in their proportions, and with deafening roar rolled on toward the shores of North Carolina, forty miles away. Our little craft rolled and pitched, now up on the crest of a wave and then down into a frightful abyss, out of which it would seem we could hardly rise again. To add to the gruesomeness of the scene and to the terror of the schooner's passengers and crew, broad sheets of lightning at frequent intervals cast their red glare across the sea. The fury of the gale lasted until long after midnight and banished all hope of sleep from the frightened passengers. Few of them had witnessed anything approaching this scene, and never until then had they realized how powerless men and ships were while at the mercy of wind and waves.

As morning dawned the storm partly subsided. A brisk westerly

HOMES IN THE FRENCH SECTION, NEW ORLEANS, BUILT IN THE LAST CENTURY.

breeze coming up at midday soon calmed the sea sufficiently to make our progress once more agreeable, very much to the pleasure of our company, which now began to again settle down to social pastimes.

We had now nearly reached the end of our voyage, and I hoped to be in Philadelphia on the morrow. The evening was charming, as the "Sea Witch" sailed jauntily along just off the coast of Virginia. The face of the ocean was as smooth and silvery as the glassy surface of a river, while the radiant half-moon cast a mellow light over the broad expanse of sea, picturing and reproducing most enchantingly the glorious splendor of a cloudless sky. I shall always remember the pleasure of that night and the regret that I felt the next day in parting with the friendly little band of passengers who were never to meet again. Huddled together within a small compass though we had been for more than a score of days, sharing the few social pleasures and many annoying discomforts and dangers incident to a passage of that duration and under such conditions, we all became friends. The one whom I most regretted to part with was Mr. Mason. I maintained a correspondence with him for some years after our voyage, and from his letters I learned that he had become a physician and that he had been successful in the practice of his profession. But more pleasing to me than anything that I gathered from his letters was the graceful relation of his return to Bayou Sara in 1864, where he made good his promise to the devoted young gentlewoman of his choice, and brought her as his bride to his happy home in Maryland.

IDLE HOURS AT THE WHARVES, NEW ORLEANS.

MONEY, PRICES, AND WAGES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

By H. M. Beadle.

The money of Europe in the Middle Ages was of gold and silver, but that in circulation among the people was mostly silver. At first the precious metals circulated by weight, and there are good reasons for believing that coins were weighed in England as late as the reign of Henry VII. At the beginning the basis of silver money was the Troy pound, which as a weight was divided as now into ounces, pennyweights and grains. For coinage it was divided first into twenty pieces, and one of these pieces was divided into twelve pieces. English money follows this division yet. The Tower pound of England was a short Troy pound, weighing eleven and one-fourth Troy ounces.

The amount of alloy added to the silver in the coins varied at different times and in different countries. In England the coins were made from a mixture containing eleven ounces and two pennyweights of pure silver and eighteen pennyweights of alloy. On the continent the amount of alloy was less, a pound of metal for coinage containing 5,400 grains of pure silver and 360 grains of alloy. In France money was debased as early as the middle of the fifteenth century; in Germany though the amount of the alloy was increased it cannot be said that the money was debased, the increase of alloy being slight. England has kept the same proportions of alloy, except for a few years. In 1548, Henry VIII mixed four ounces of silver with eight ounces of alloy. His son, Edward VI, kept his proportion two years, when he increased the silver to nine ounces and reduced the alloy to three ounces; but in the fourth year of his reign, he reduced the silver to three ounces and increased the alloy to nine ounces. In the sixth year of his reign he increased the silver to eleven ounces and one pennyweight and reduced the alloy to nineteen pennyweights. This proportion was kept by Mary, but Elizabeth, in the first year of her reign, restored the old proportion, though she coined sixty pieces to the Troy pound instead of twenty. The effect of this debasement of the coin was a sudden rise in prices.

A penny in England, in 1066, weighed 22½ grains; in 1300, 22 grains; in 1351, 18 grains; in 1412, 15 grains; in 1464, 12 grains; in 1549, 8 grains; in 1601, 7¾ grains.

In France, in 1309, a mark (eight ounces of silver) was coined into two livres; in 1350, into five livres; in 1422 into seven livres; and in 1473, into ten livres.

There were more mints in Germany than in any other country, and as it was impossible for the imperial government to regulate or control them, the number of coins and the changes of coinages are simply bewildering. Efforts were made to abolish all the mints except that of the imperial government, but they failed.

Because of the variations in the amounts of silver in the coins of the several nations of Europe in the Middle Ages, it is difficult to compare prices at different periods of those ages, or to compare prices then and now. Madame Darmsteter estimated that money in the fifteenth century, speaking particularly of France, was worth eight times as much as it is now. Prof. James E. Thorold Rogers estimated that money in England in that century was worth twelve

times what it was when he wrote. Hallam estimated that at the time he wrote it was worth fifteen times as much, and Cobbett twenty times. Rogers found that wheat had increased in price in money units eight times, and that the rent of the lands upon which the wheat was grown had increased eighty times.

During the Middle Ages the people of England got the greater part of their silver from their lead mines; the people on the continent got nearly the whole of theirs from the silver mines of Germany. Gold was obtained from Scotland, Ireland and Germany, and later on much of it came from Africa. The East drained both gold and silver from Europe then as it has done in this century. The ratio between gold and silver then was less than it has been since—perhaps eleven to one would represent the average ratio between gold and silver. There was a great struggle between the several nations for the precious metals for coinage, proving there was not a sufficient supply to meet the demand. This demand was emphasized by the difficulties of exchange. There were so many different coinages in every country, and these were changed so often that the money-changer became a necessity. The difficulty and cost of exchange was a hindrance to the free circulation of money, and tended to shorten the supply. In the end the money-changers were able to monopolize money, they possessing or controlling all the money in circulation, and thus they monopolized trade, and had power to control prices. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the great trading companies of Germany had monopolized both the money and trade of that country. The Fuggers, of Augsburg, were probably more powerful in the sixteenth century than the Rothschilds have been in the nineteenth.

Prices until the black death changed but little in three hundred years. The change in the value of the coins, which was continually lessened, seems to have had no effect upon prices. It has been supposed that the supply of the precious metals decreased during the Middle Ages, but that may be doubted. Neither could there have been any great increase, for as soon as the precious metals began to be imported from America, prices began to increase.

The production of gold and silver from the mines of Germany was much greater than has been supposed. Gold and silver plate was more common in Germany in rich men's houses than it is now, and the gold and silver decoration of the churches surpassed anything known before or since.

After the black death the prices of everything except those articles in which labor was the principal cost, changed very little, though wages increased rapidly. Rogers tells us that the prices of food in England fell after the black death, while in all "labor and all articles whose value is related to labor only, there is a rise wholly disproportioned to any excess of the lessening of the silver unit."

Unless one understands the society of the Middle Ages he can not understand the policies of those times or the principles which shaped them. Religion was the greatest force of those ages. Moral considerations had much greater weight with all classes of people than they have today. Religion permeated and affected all the relations of life. Men held their property as stewards of God, their earnings to be expended, after their own wants were satisfied, for the good of the community. They loved God and their neighbors for the sake of God and because of such love relieved their necessities. They held that only those who produced the fruits of the earth, and those who

were unable to produce them from no fault of theirs, were entitled to use the products of labor. Every one could obtain employment by which he could support himself and family. There was no poverty which could not be alleviated; no pauperism degrading and brutalizing mankind. They attempted few revolutions to subvert government or society. The enemies of order and good government, in those days, were found among the aristocracy, not the people. The people found it necessary to protect their common interest, to organize among themselves corporations called guilds, which finally became the rulers of cities and villages, and fixed both prices and wages. The public spirit of the people was also made manifest in a great measure through the guilds, whose members were foremost in their devotion to both Church and state. They were schools training the people of the cities in the habits of self-government. From these nurseries of the people's interests sprang the ideas which caused the erection of churches and public buildings which are the admiration of modern times, and from their incomes came the means to errect them. What labors they performed, what sacrifices they made can be known only partially, but some idea of them may be had from the fact that nearly all the churches and great public buildings of Germany and England that have survived to our days, and many others which have been destroyed, were erected between the middle of the fourteenth and the close of the fifteenth centuries. And these great and costly works were not erected to extend trade, or to enrich individuals or communities, but to honor God and give expression to their love of country.

In the same spirit the guilds provided for the public worship of God, for the instruction of children, for aiding the poor and needy, or by loans of money without interest, for establishing hospitals, and for founding colleges and universities. Two guilds united to found one of the oldest colleges of Cambridge, and from the loan of money by guilds, without interest, the College of Oxford had its origin. The influence of the guilds was widely extended and was respected by legislators, kings and emperors.

In the earlier period of the Middle Ages nearly all the working people were serfs and there were few free artisans or laborers. The serfs had an interest in the soil, and for that interest performed certain labor, or made payments in kind. The serf was bound to the soil and transferable with it. His children were born to his condition and neither he nor they could depart from it without the consent of their lord, unless he became a citizen of some city or an ecclesiastic. If the serf ran away and was found, he could be brought back and punished, but he could not be deprived of his rights in the soil. If he refused to perform his obligations to his lord, he could be punished but his rights in the soil were not affected. If he could reach a city and remain for a year and a day without discovery, he became a citizen and could not be taken back by his lord, but he, of course, lost his rights in the soil. If he was ordained by the Church he was no longer subject to his lord. Serfs often made contracts with bailiffs of lords to keep cattle, as in dairies, or to perform labor of various kinds. The more thrifty serfs saved money and by purchase commuted their labor obligations into money payments, thus obtaining their freedom and keeping all their rights in the soil. The temper of the times favored the relief of the serf, and his manumission was regarded

as being in accordance with public policy, religion having softened the feelings of the lords to the condition of their serfs. After the black death the higher wages which the serfs obtained enabled them to commute their labor payments into money payments much more rapidly, and it may be truthfully said that the black death set free the serfs of Europe.

Before the black death there had been as little change in wages in Europe as in prices, for two hundred years. This plague appeared in Cypress in 1347, and in several years it had deprived Europe of one-third of its people. The change it affected in society was great. Wages had risen in Europe slightly for ten years before the black death, but the rise after it was quick and great. The plague appeared in England in 1348, and in 1351, the wages of agricultural laborers were doubled. Wages rose on the continent but not so quickly. It was ten years before wages were doubled in France and Germany. Wages were maintained and increased in spite of the lords and governments.

While wages rose rapidly, prices practically remained stationary. The prices of food products actually fell for some years. The average price of wheat changed little in two hundred years after the black death from what it was two hundred years before. The prices of those products in the raising or making of which labor was the principal item of cost, rose in the same proportion with labor. These facts seem to prove Prof. Rogers' conclusion, that wages before the black death had been too low, and that the forces which kept them low being balanced or removed, they rose to their proper level with prices, and remained so until the great rise in prices in the sixteenth century.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century there was a rise of prices in Germany. In Wirtemburg, in 1510, the price of wine had risen 49 per cent. and the price of corn 32 per cent. above what it had been a few years before. Janssen, in his History of the German People, says: "The rise in prices was connected with the depression of silver, which was not the result of American importation but of the robbery of the German mines, carried on by trading companies." But it can hardly be believed that the rise was wholly from this cause. Undoubtedly a great part of it may be accounted for by the fact that the large trading companies had monopolized the trade of Germany to an extent before unknown. In speaking of this monopoly, Janssen says: "In the Austrian hereditary dominions, the trading companies of Augsburg and Nuremberg actually bought up the most indispensable goods in large quantities, before the very gates of the cities, or even in the market places, by this means getting the retail trade, and the entire control of prices, in their own hands."

The imperial government took measures against these trading companies, first at the Diet of Cologne, in 1512, and again at the Diet of Innsbrueck, in 1518, but it was unable to enforce its decrees, the trading companies being able to continue their business and even to make greater additions to it, contrary to law.

It was during this time that the reformation began in Germany extending in a few years to England. In both England and Germany the monasteries were seized, and the churches and the revenues of the churches in both countries pillaged. Though immense sums of money were obtained, they were insufficient, for when was it ever known that a robber was satisfied as long as anything remained to be stolen? Connected with the

churches were permanent foundations for the relief of the poor and the education of poor children, and these were also taken, especially in England. These still being insufficient, the lands and revenues of the guilds, laid up by working people for the needy poor, were confiscated, destroying the whole patrimony of the poor and leaving the working people of England without the means of contending with the high prices which the debasement of the coinage by Henry VIII and his son, undoubtedly was the cause of inaugurating. Despite the imperial power in Germany, the trading companies still continued to control both money and commerce, and the country was at their mercy. The power of the guilds was broken. The prosperity of the working people was changed to adversity, a condition which has not even yet been overcome.

What the prosperity of the working people was may be understood from what writers of that day and men who have studied the society of that time have said. Fortescue, Lord Chief Justice of England in the reign of Henry VI, in "De Laudibus Legum Angliae," probably written a hundred years after the black death, says of the English people of his day: "The inhabitants are rich in gold, silver and in all the necessaries and conveniences of life. They drink no water, unless at certain times upon a religious score, and by way of doing penance. They are fed in great abundance with all sorts of flesh and fish, of which they have plenty everywhere: they are clothed throughout in good woolens; their bedding and other furniture in their houses are of wool and that in great store. They are also well provided with all sorts of household goods and necessary implements of husbandry. Every one, according to his rank, has all things which conduce to make life easy and happy."

William Cobbett, in his History of the Reformation, quotes the act of parliament of the 24th year of Henry VIII (1533) regulating the prices of meat. After naming beef, pork. mutton and veal, the preamble to the law adds: "These being the food of the poorer sort." Rogers says that the bread of the English working people was made principally from wheat, and that meat was generally used by them. It must be remembered that even the best paid working people of England do not use meat to as great an amount as the same class in this country does, and that a large number of them use it at only a few meals in the week.

Janssen writing of Germany at this time says: "Vegetables and animal food were more plentiful, and, generally speaking, cheaper, and consequently more generally eaten by the poorer classes than is the case in Europe today." And he cites numerous quotations from books of that day to prove his assertion. Even the day-laborer drank wine and ate meat twice a day.

Mrs. James Darmsteter, in the Fortnightly Review, 1890, says of the French peasants: "The peasants ate more and better food, drank more freely of wine and cider, wore more costly and comfortable garments, afforded their wives and daughters richer ornaments and trinkets, than in the same rank and class they could afford today." The same writer quotes the invoice of the property left by the widow of a day laborer, taken at Montaubon, France, 1345: "Two feather beds and pillows, 15 linen sheets, and four striped yellow counterpanes."

Rogers says: "I have stated more than once that the fifteenth century and the first quarter of the sixteenth, were the golden age of the English laborer, if we interpret the wages earned by the cost of the necessaries

of life." And again: "It was plain that the (working) day was one of eight hours."

Rogers speaking of the cost of living at the close of the fifteenth century, says: "The price of wheat in 1495 was four shillings and three-fourth pence per quarter (eight bushels); of malt, two shillings four and a half pence per quarter; of oat meal, five shillings and four pence per quarter. In so cheap a year as this the peasant could provision his family for a twelve-month with three quarters of wheat, three of malt and two of oat meal, by fifteen weeks of ordinary work; and an artisan could achieve the same result in ten weeks." It must be remembered that peasants, and even artisans with families, had cows, pigs and poultry, from which they obtained the greater part of their meat. They had sufficient land to raise their own vegetables.

What the poverty of the working people of England was after the rise in prices can be better understood by the fact that their wages were insufficient to maintain them, and that they were compelled to become paupers, that is, to receive help from the state, in order to live. There was little help to be had from individuals, the spirit of charity having departed from the people it would seem, with the patrimony of the poor appropriated by the government when it seized the monasteries, pillaged the churches and robbed the guilds. There was no power left that could succor the poor except the state. The fixing of the wages of the working people was put into the hands of the employers through the justices of the several counties, and the workers, without organization, their guilds having been destroyed, could only accept what was given them. Prices continued to rise, and though wages rose also they have never been able to overtake prices even to this day.

In England the conditions which placed such burdens upon the laboring people were accepted, in Germany they were resisted. The German peasants made a gallant fight for their rights but lost, and were compelled to accept a serfdom worse, if anything, than that which they had escaped from two hundred years before. Their freedom was turned into servitude; their riches into poverty; their comparatively light labor into what Burns has described as being the "moil of a galley slave." But it is doubtful if the German laborer who resisted was any worse off than his fellow in England who accepted his fate without resistance.

So closed the sad night of the golden day of the laborer. That day was ushered in by Christianity, the heart of Christ beating in the hearts of His followers. It made happy the lot of the laborer and his family. It was closed because the religion of Christ departed from the hearts of the rulers of the nations, its place being taken by greed, avarice and love of power. Rulers forgot Christ; forgot that all men were their brothers; and took with a strong hand that which had been accumulated for the poor in long ages, using it to exalt themselves above others, closing the door by which prosperity had come to the worker, the poor and the suffering.

A SOLITARY GRAVE.

By Caroline S. Domett.

Not far from the home of Ruskin, in the English lake district, stands a little church. Unlike most churches in England, it is not surrounded by a numerous company of silent guests. The shadows that fall across the unturned sod are made by spire and golden cross; for no cross of marble, no monument of stone, measures phantom lengths in the afternoon sun. There is one exception to the unbroken level of the churchyard, however, for, near the porch door, is a solitary grave, which bears on its simple headstone the inscription, "Pray for the soul of Rosetta Hadley."

"How very strange," said we, to the friendly priest who walked beside us down the path that leads to the old lych-gate. "Has there been but one burial here?"

"Even so. There has been but one," was the smiling answer, "and there will never be another. So the court ordains."

"The court!" we repeated, in wonder.

The priest paused under the friendly shelter of the lych-gate, looked first towards the simple headstone, then raised his eyes to the golden cross that glowed triumphantly against the blue of heaven's own summer day, and answered:

"It was through the efforts of the saintly woman who lies buried yonder that our little church was built many years ago. At the time of her death, there were grievous religious differences in the community; and in the search to find material for discussion, a law was brought to light with regard to burials. The grave of Rosetta Hadley—the only one in the new churchyard—lay within the limits, where, the law said, no burials should be made. It was not necessary to enforce that law, and the spirit of the Catholic people roused itself to protect the grave of the woman who had given her life to the church. Well, the case was taken finally into court, and a noted lawyer was engaged for the defense. On the day of the trial the plaintiff's lawyer opened the case, and ended by reading the law, in substance, the same as I have told you, that, within certain named limits, there should be no burials.

"The lawyer for the defense arose and simply said: 'My lord, we have neither desire nor intention to act in this matter contrary to law. No burials ever have taken place in the churchyard named, and no burials ever will take place there. This has been only a burial.'

"And," added the genial priest, with a contented look, "the case was won on that point."

Another day, when we went again to the little church, we heard the life story of Rosetta Hadley. We cannot repeat it with all the charm and impressiveness of the narrator; but it was, in substance, as follows:

In an English village not many miles away, the people at one time were mostly of the Protestant faith; and the Catholics who lived there were very poor. The rector of the Church of England had his home in what was still called the Abbey, with broad acres of woodland and farmland stretching down to the sparkling

waters of the lake, where, close to its silvery ripples, in a humble cottage with roof of thatch and floor of stone, lived the father of the little Catholic flock. They were both good men and true, each working in his own way for the souls of the people. One day, when they met in the village street, the rector said to the priest:

"It grieves me, Father Gaffney, to see your young people growing up in the same lack of learning as has been the misfortune of their parents. Cannot you do more for the rising generation?"

The priest answered sorrowfully, "Alas! I do all I can. I have no money, and no influence with those who might help us. I labor from morning till night, and I teach the children as I am able; but, with so little with which to work, I can do no more."

"Father Gaffney, are you willing to have me build a school for you?"

A look of glad surprise shone on the face of the good father, a look mingled with shrewdness and humor, as he answered:

"Thankfully, my friend, but on one condition."

"Name it."

"The condition is, that you have nothing to do with the school after you build it."

The rector laughed heartily, as he extended his hand in acceptance of the terms; and, from that time, a golden thread of friendship was woven into the web of two human lives.

In the following days the priest was often at the Abbey, and it was there he first saw Rosetta Hadley, the rector's niece. Lately returned from school abroad, the places she had known in childhood were once again brightened with her presence. Up and down the hillside sounded the clatter, clatter, of her pony's hoofs, awakening tremendous excitement in an attendant company of asthmatic dogs; for a great horsewoman and dog lover was Rosetta, but a gracious gentlewoman withal, and mistress of the Abbey since the death of the rector's sister, her mother.

The old house had been her home as far back as she could recall. The birds that first sang her soul into conscious existence lodged near her window at the top of an ivy-covered column, all that was left of the stately west front of a monastic establishment. Day after day, her little feet had danced over site of holy altar, or tripped under crumbling arch of nave or transept. Mirthfully, at first, she had played hide-go-seek in the yawning fireplace of the once hospitable kitchen. Thoughtlessly she had cradled her dolls in the stone mangers, cut from the rock in the little stables hollowed out of the hillside, where, in earlier times, many weary beasts had found shelter, while their masters sought the welcome that never failed them within the doors of the great monastery.

But, with advancing years, came the feeling that right here on her own familiar playground was a great and solemn mystery. Then Rosetta went to her uncle, and he told her of the order of Religious who had been driven from this place, their only home, while their lands were seized by the Crown, and later, given to an ancestor of his, from whom they had come to him by inheritance. Rosetta thought deeply on these things.

When the plans for the new school were discussed, no one felt more genuine interest in them than did the rector's niece; and her eager questions the good priest answered cheerfully. As he became a frequent guest at the Abbey, they sometimes paced together the grassy paths once walked by holy men in cloistered peace, gaz-

ing, as did they in the long ago, on the purpling lights of Helvellyn and Fairfield and Red Screes. Then the rector's niece asked questions of deeper import. She would know the holy meaning of much she discovered and divined among the ruins of the old Abbey; and her earnest questions the good priest answered guardedly.

"But the great band of Religious, the holy men of God who had been driven from this home of theirs, did their order still exist?" And her searching questions the good priest answered prayerfully.

One day, after the school had been built many months, Rosetta went to Father Gaffney, and quietly said:

"Father, I believe in the Roman Catholic faith. Will you take me into your Church?"

"My child," said the priest in some perplexity, "have you consulted your uncle?"

"No, Father, but I have made my decision. I wish to begin any necessary preparation at once."

A long, earnest talk followed. When it ended, Father Gaffney asked Rosetta to go away and pay a visit to the friends who had come into her school life, among them a Catholic teacher, whose beautiful religious character had first made an impression on the mind of her pupil.

Rosetta went away, and the two men were lonely, for they missed her very much. The priest said nothing, but the girl's state of mind had not been unobserved by the rector, and, in the weeks of her absence, a struggle took place within the silent walls of the Abbey.

The day Rosetta returned, she went straight to her uncle and unburdened her whole heart. Then the struggle within the walls of the old Abbey ended nobly; and the rector, holding in his arms the little girl intrusted to his care by a dying sister, while tears, one after another, dropped on the upturned face, said solemnly:

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. Rosetta, in my lonely life among these hills, I have had thoughts that may not be in strict accord with those of my faith elsewhere; and I believe, if there are many mansions, there are also many doors. If you believe there is but one by which you can enter, and you have found it, go to its portals, and may the blessing of God rest upon you now and forever more."

So Rosetta entered the Catholic Church, and worked bravely for its people; while the clatter, clatter of her pony's hoofs, and the asthmatic puffings of the superannuated old dogs, became more frequent than ever; for had she not now the poor of two parishes to care for?

At the appointed time, the priest died. His death preceded that of the rector by only a few months, and then Rosetta found herself heiress to the estates of her uncle. Her first act on coming into full possession, was the restoration of the Abbey, with all its lands, to the same order of Religious —now a very poor order—from whom they had been taken many years before.

When all was done, Rosetta went away from the dear old home, nearer to the friendly shadows of Helvellyn, and lived on a little farm inherited from her father. Her fondness for animals became a source of income here; and, after a time, the horses and dogs raised on Hadley Farm were known to be the finest in all the country around. Many were the silver prizes won by Rosetta's favorites; for seldom was there fair or show, when some horse with braided mane and tail, or ox with horns entwined with ribbons, did not come home to her, a winner.

All this time there was no Catholic Church within many miles, and Rosetta prayed, planned, worked. Finally, after several years, a slender spire pointed heavenward; the church was built, and, on the day its golden cross first caught the rays of the afternoon sun, Rosetta died.

She had worked hard for the church, there had been much opposition, and she was weary. In her will, there were directions that the silver prizes she had received should be melted down and made into candlesticks and a perpetual lamp for the altar. This was done, and in the sanctuary of that little church you may see them to this day.

They laid Rosetta under the beautiful green sod, just outside the porch door, and there, through the efforts of the faithful, she still rests, undisturbed, amid the beauties of that fair country where the purpling lights of the everlasting hills fall softly over valley and lake and solitary grave.

LO, THE GATES ROLL BACK!

By P. J. Lynch.

Let man rejoice. Lo the gates roll back
  Which barred the way to the realms of bliss.
Heaven opens wide, and the golden track
  To the world above leads clear from this.
Yes, the gates roll back and the Heavens above
Are man's once more through a Saviour's love.

Let man rejoice. Lo the angels sing
  In strains ne'er heard since Adam's fall,
With joy they tell how the Son of the King
  Met death and the grave and triumphed o'er all.
Now the gates roll back and the Saviour's face
In its glory beams on a ransomed race.

Let man rejoice. Lo the Saviour calls,
  The angels join in the glad refrain.
They tell how by grace, though the sinner falls,
  He may with the Christ-King rise again.
Yes, the gates roll back and the light of the throne
Leads onward as man comes again to his own.

Oh man redeemed, lift thy gaze on high!
  By the Father's side see the Son enthroned,
That spotless Lamb came on earth to die
  His death for the sins of the world atoned.
Now the gates roll back, and He bids thee come
To share in the joys of His Heavenly home.

(Companion piece to the Christmas Carol, "Birth of the Child-King," which, together with the "National Thanksgiving Hymn," was recently published.)

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

REV. W. G. READ MULLAN, S. J., PRESIDENT OF BOSTON COLLEGE.

Rev. W. G. Read Mullan, S. J., is just finishing his first year as president of Boston College, with a very creditable vista to look back upon. Old Boston College has advanced admirably under his regime, and his wide experience and watchful care promise still greater strides for this noble institution.

Fr. Mullan was born Jan. 28, 1860, at Baltimore, Md. His primary and grammar school education was received at the Parochial school of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in his native city. From there he was sent to Loyola College in the same city where, under the care of the Jesuit fathers, he made a com-

plete classical course. Just before his graduation from Loyola in 1877, he applied for admission to the Jesuits.

His standing in his classes, his general character, and in particular the executive ability he had shown in the class societies to which he belonged, had attracted attention, and he was received as a postulant and sent to Frederic, Md. He remained there until 1880, reviewing his studies according to the Jesuit custom, and was then sent to the House for Scholastics at Woodstock, to make the course of philosophy and sciences.

Three years later, in 1883, he was instructor in the College of Fordham, N. Y., for four years, and from there was sent to the University at Georgetown, D. C., where he spent one year as professor. Having completed his term as teacher and professor he was sent to the seminary at Woodstock again for the four year course of theology obligatory on every Jesuit scholastic. Here he had for instructor the famous theologian, Sabetti. He was ordained priest in 1892.

REV. JOHN J. DONLAN.

After his ordination he was made prefect of studies at Fordham and remained there until 1897, when he was transferred to Holy Cross, Worcester, and became

professor of rhetoric. At the close of the school season in the following year he was notified that he would be placed in charge of Boston College and made rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. On June 30, 1898, he reported at the College and received the books of the institution from his predecessor, Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S. J.

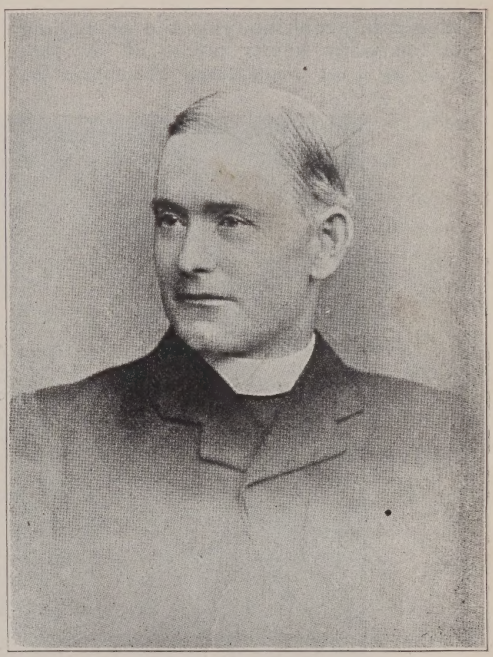
Fr. Mullan is noted for his pleasant disposition and firmness of character. Wherever he has taught he has been a favorite with the students, while requiring from them a strict observance of the rules.

Rev. John Donlan, of Brooklyn, is an interesting type of the younger American ecclesiastic. His fundamental education carried him through the Brooklyn high school to the College of St. Francis Xavier in New York, where in the course of his thorough classical training, he gave early manifestation of those philosophical and oratorical powers that now entitle him to the wide esteem in which he is held. His theological studies, begun at St. John's Seminary, were completed at St. Mary's, Baltimore, since which time he has been stationed at the Church of the Nativity, perhaps the most representative parish of his native city.

Readers of Donahoe's are under obligations to the pen of Father Donlan for several brilliant contributions and more of his work under a well known nom de plume has received high praise in the reviews and quarterlies. It is said at present that he is preparing for an English press the last sheets of an exhaustive work on Conrad the Salic, the first of the Franconian emperors whose relations with the Holy See of the eleventh century have long been the subject of Father Donlan's special study. His educational interests also include the Catholic Summer School and the Catholic Authors' guild of which he is one of the trustees.

London has a new literary hero. Dr. William Barry, who has made such a hit with his novel, "The Two Standards," is a priest of Irish origin, although he was born in London. He used to be a constant contributor to the Dublin Review, and in 1887 became known to a wide audience by his romance, "The New Antigone."

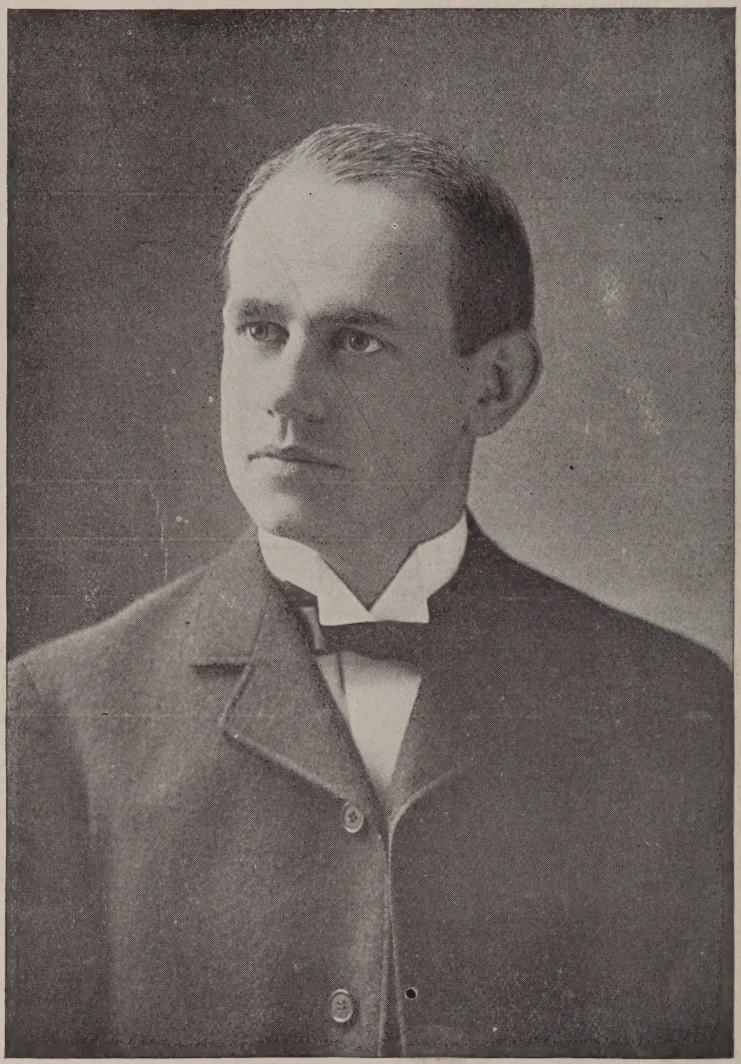
It will be remembered that six years ago Dr. Barry made a successful lecture tour in America.



DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

Hon. Lawrence O. Murray, the present Deputy Comptroller of the Currency, is the youngest man who has ever held this important office. His career is full of encouragement to the young men of this country. Without the adventitious aids of wealth or influential friends he has, by sheer merit, achieved recognition. He was born in Addison, New York, thirty-four years ago, and his early years were spent on a farm. The greater part of his education was received at the Addison Union School and later at Niagara University. In 1893 he entered the Treasury Department at Washington as Private Secretary to Assistant Secretary Curtis. He was a profound student and soon familiarized himself with the fiscal operations of the Government. He was one of the commission sent to England to deliver bonds to foreign purchasers in London. His work in this line was so efficient and satisfactory that on his return to the United States he was appointed Chief of the Organization Division in the office of the Comptroller of the Currency. In this important branch of the Comptroller's office he served for two years until appointed to his present position. His brilliant legal attainments have been con-

stantly in requisition for the untangling of the many knotty points of law that daily arise for disposition. He enjoys the unique distinction of having received degrees from six of the leading law schools of the country. He received the degree of LL. B. cum laude from the law department of the regents of the University of the State of New York, and LL. B. from the Metropolis Law School of New York City. He received the degree of LL. M. from Georgetown University and LL. M. from Columbia University of Washington. On June 9th, 1897, he received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law from the Catholic University of America, where at present he is a fellow and lecturer on law.



HON. LAWRENCE O. MURRAY, DEPUTY COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

In speaking of Mr. Murray's appointment as Deputy Comptroller of the Currency, Hon. Charles G. Dawes, the Comptroller of the Currency, who has a national reputation as an authority on finance and who is a keen student of men, said, "Mr. Murray's selection was due to his pre-

eminent fitness for the discharge of the responsible duties of the place. He is a broad, able and studious man of the finest business and legal perceptions. His experience in the office as Chief of the Organization Division adds to his usefulness, and I esteem myself especially fortunate in having him as an official associate."

MR. J. I. C. CLARK, EDITOR OF THE CRITERION.

The new editor of the Criterion, Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, is certainly a master in the world of letters. He is poet, playwright and, widest-scoped of all, he is a thorough-going newspaper man. He was for many years editor and part proprietor of the New York Journal.

Mr. Clarke was born in Ireland and his wit and fancy are typical of his native soil. His famous poem, "The Fighting Race," or "Kelly and Burke and Shea," was one of the very few really good poems inspired by the late war with Spain, and went the complete rounds of the American press. He is the author of several successful dramas, Malmorda, Robert Emmet, Bonnie Prince Charlie, and a later work accepted by Sir Henry Irving. In 1873 Mr. Clarke was married to Miss Mary Agnes Cahill, a lady of accomplishments and amiability. They have two boys and a girl, who are as clever and interesting as their parents.

THE PLAY SCENE IN HAMLET.
From the painting by Maclise in Trafalgar Square Gallery.
See Daniel Maclise, His Life and Works, page 493.

MALVOLIO AND OLIVIA.
From the painting by Maclise in the Vernon Gallery.
See Daniel Maclise, His Life and Works, page 493.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.
From a painting by Maclise exhibited in the Royal Academy.
See Daniel Maclise, His Life and Works, page 493.

DANIEL MACLISE: HIS LIFE AND ART.

By Robert M. Sillard.

(Concluded.)

In 1832 there appeared from Maclise's brush in the Academy Exhibition, a beautiful picture—"Puck Disenchanting Bottom, Oberon and Titania Reconciled," from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." He paid a visit in company with Crofton Croker to his native city during the autumn of this year, and was delighted to find himself amongst his boyhood's friends again, and they welcomed him with pleasure and pride. The Society of Arts presented him with a gold medal. At this period there lived in the town of Blarney a genial old parish priest named Father Matt Horgan. It was his invariable custom to invite a large party of the local "gentry" and peasantry on All Hallow eve to a social gathering in the "Barn" adjoining his residence. Crofton Croker and Maclise were invited to this entertainment, and whilst the young artist, charmed with the novelty of the scene, surrendered himself, heart and soul, to the enjoyments of the night and joined in the harmless hilarity that prevailed, he contrived to sketch every group in the barn. On his return to London in November (1832), he commenced his wonderful picture of "All-hallow Eve, or Snap Apple Night," and he wrought with such unceasing diligence and rapidity, that it was ready for, and appeared in, the Exhibition of 1833. This picture is so well and so widely known by the published engravings from it, that a detailed description is unnecessary. As the earliest specimen in oil of his powers on a large scale, its appearance produced an almost electrical effect on the public. In the foreground of the picture several groups appear; the most prominent are a stalwart and open-mouthed country boy and a buxom girl, trying to catch the apples which are affixed to the points of the cross-sticks, or "snap-apple," suspended from the ceiling; near this group a couple are dancing, and on the right are the fiddler and piper; the former has the expression on his face of exquisite torture caused by a young urchin who is slyly tickling his ear with a straw; and as the unhappy musician dare not stop the music, the contortions of his face are most ludicrous. The whole picture is characterized by great boldness of touch with simplicity of composition, and the groupings and attitudes are most artless and unrestrained.

In this year he also exhibited at the British Institution, "Mokanna Unveiling His Features to Zelica," the subject being taken from Moore's "Lalla Rookh." It was a signal success. It was a work of no ordinary difficulty to produce an original treatment of this subject. Maclise portrayed the "Prophet" in all the terrible and thrilling hideousness of the moment when he lifts the veil and exclaims to Zelica:

"Here! see if hell, with all its powers to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am."

A remarkable picture was produced by Maclise in 1834 entitled, "The In-

stallation of Captain Rock;" the subject is taken from "Tipperary Tales." The scene is a country churchyard by moonlight; in the foreground is the body of a dead man (the leader of a faction who has been murdered) lying on a tomb; the body is bared from the waist upwards, and the blood which has oozed from a bullet wound is seen congealed round it. Standing beside the tomb, with his hand on the body of the slain captain, is the newly elected chief; opposite to him is the Nestor of the brotherhood, administering to the new chief the oath of fidelity to the band, and vengeance for the murder of the dead captain. A cripple is mounted on the shoulders of a stalwart countryman flourishing the wooden leg of which he has divested himself for the moment. It is impossible to describe all the elements of this celebrated picture. The arrangement of the several groups,—the drinking party—the village orator—the excited crowd round the tomb—the stately ruins of the old Abbey—the disposition of light and shade—the moonbeams struggling through the groined arches and falling on the pallid features of the dead man—form a combination of extraordinary power and expression.

On November 2, 1836, Maclise was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, an unprecedented honor for one so young. In this year he exhibited two pictures—"Macbeth and the Weird Sisters," and "The Interview of Charles the First with Cromwell." The former is a very clever picture. It gave the artist an opportunity of painting his friend Macready, as Macbeth. The design is selected from the first scene in the fourth act. During the next two years he exhibited twelve pictures at the Academy, the most notable of these being, "Bohemian Gypsies," "A Lady at a Casement," "The Conversazione," "Salvator Rosa Painting Masaniello," "Olivia and Sophia Fitting Out Moses for the Fair" (a scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield"), and "The Merry Christmas in the Baron's Hall—Bringing in the Boar's Head." This remarkable picture, which is twelve feet by six feet, occupies a prominent position in the National Gallery, Dublin. The scene is laid in the interior of an English baron's hall in the olden time towards Christmas evening; it is crowded with figures of various ranks and degrees, each engaged in some appropriate action. On a dais in the background sits the baron at table, surrounded by his family and guests of rank, while the procession of the boar's head enters by a staircase from above, led by the lord of misrule singing a carol. On the right, surrounding a table groaning under its good cheer, is a motley group of retainers and mummers who have formed part of the Christmas pageant. A pair of conjurers are doing their tricks, one that of the egg and ring, while a young lady who has lent her ring for the occasion, feels her finger with a rueful look, as though she doubted as to its ever finding its way back there again; a child near is crowing with delight. On the left of the picture, on the floor, a lively group of pages and waiting maids are playing at hunt the slipper. In another part the light is skilfully managed to fall on the faces of a group under the mistletoe; while in the chimney corner an old dame is telling fortunes from cards ranged on her knees. This picture, although superior to "All-Hallow Eve," reminds one of that work in the disposition of the groups, and the consummate cleverness with which the painter has contrived to impart to one hundred different faces as many various lineaments of expression, each in harmony with the character the figure repre-

sents. In 1839 he exhibited four pictures: A scene from the Burletta of "Midas," "Sileno Introducing Apollo to his Wife," "Robin Hood," "Gil Blas at Supper," and a "Portrait."

On February 2d, 1840, he was advanced to the full honors of the Royal Academy, being elected an Associate. On that occasion Maclise presented his diploma picture to the Academy —"The Wild Huntsman;" and he exhibited four pictures besides: A portrait of his friend Charles Dickens, a "scene" from Twelfth Night and from Gil Blas, and "The Banquet Scene in Macbeth." This latter is a noble picture.

One of the most popular, if not the greatest, of his pictures is "The Play Scene in Hamlet," which was one of the three exhibited by him in 1842. It now hangs in the Trafalgar Square Gallery, and daily attracts the special attention of the ceaseless flow of visitors to that grand institution. The picture illustrates the well known passage in the play; Hamlet says to Horatio:

"There is a play tonight before the king;
One scene of it comes near to the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pray thee, when thou see'st that act on foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul,
Observe my uncle; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face."

It is not surprising that this work was the attraction of the 1842 exhibition. It transcends all his previous performances in grandeur of treatment and force and originality of conception. As one looks on this grand picture the whole scene lies mirrored before the eye with such ineffable force and fidelity that it is impossible not to surrender one's self for the moment to the illusion that it is enacted by living and breathing beings. The audience occupy the foreground, whilst a crowd of armed men fill the extremities of the picture and add to the thrilling effect of the whole. There is a marvelous power exhibited in the disposition of the retiring figures; a blended expression of horror and astonishment is depicted in the faces of the audience. This picture was engraved by the proprietors of the Art Journal some years later, and the demand for copies of it was unprecedented.

Another interesting picture from Maclise's brush this year was "The Origin of the Harp," a vividly poetical illustration of Moore's song, " 'Tis believed that this harp," etc. It was a congenial subject for one in whose mind lay treasured up so many of the legends of his native land. The third stanza is that selected by the artist for illustration.

A few years previous to this John Forster, Charles Dickens' biographer, introduced Maclise to the great novelist. The tastes and pursuits of these three friends were so congenial that from thenceforth they were almost inseparable. Maclise, in fact, became a necessary element in the social gatherings of which Dickens was so fond. How close was the friendship between them is manifested by the following passage in a letter from Dickens, written when in Genoa in 1844:

"Write to me as often as you can, like a dear good fellow, and rely upon the punctuality of my correspondence. Losing you and Forster is like losing my arms and legs, and dull and lame I am without you. But at Broadstairs next year, please God, when it is all over, I shall be very glad to have laid up such a store of recollections and improvement."

During Dickens' stay in Paris a few years later John Forster and

Maclise had arranged to visit him. It was with great reluctance Maclise relinquished what would have proved a source of intense enjoyment, but his engagements in London pressed so heavily on him as to preclude the possibility of accompanying Forster. He gave expression to his disappointment in the following verses, which happily illustrate his humor:

"My dear Forster,—
Go where pleasure waits thee,
But while it elates thee
Oh! remember me.
When by the Seine thou rovest,
With the friend thou lovest,
Oh! still remember me.
When through the Louvre gazing
On those works amazing,
(Especially) then remember.
When Dumas thou meetest,
And Jules Janin thou greetest,
Even then remember me.
In Pere la Chaise while walking,
O'er Montmartre while stalking,
Be sure remember me.
On top of Vendome column,
On July's pillar solemn,
Even then remember me.
On Notre-Dame's high towers,
Versailles and St. Cloud's bowers,
Still, still remember me.
When with Dickens thou art dining
Think of him here pining,
Oh! do then think of me.
When with him Lafitte drinking,
Let not your spirits sinking,
On Lincoln's Inn then thinking,
A tear bedew your e'e.
Be not such foolish asses,
But while the bottle passes,
Fill full your sparkling glasses,
And then remember me."

Thackeray also was a great personal friend of Maclise, and frequently spent hours in his studio at 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. This house was only a few doors removed from the residence of the pre-Raphaelite artist Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and here, on several occasions, would foregather Lord Lytton, Tom Moore, Harrison Ainsworth, Samuel Rogers, Count D'Orsay, Macready, and Sir Charles Eastlake, to entertain and be entertained by the "retiring Irishman," as he was called. Maclise's conversational powers and extensive reading made him a most agreeable companion, and he gathered round him, as by an Orphean charm, the most distinguished men of his day.

Maclise was in Paris in the summer of 1844. This extract from a letter he wrote to Forster will give an idea of how he occupied his time there.

"I am out from the hotel at nine in the morning. I am choke-full up to my eyes in pictures. I never saw so much in all my life put together. It has taken me from ten in the morning till five in the afternoon, for three days together, constantly walking, to see the miles of canvas in Versailles. I have gone into all the churches hunting after dim, old frescoes, and have found them rotting on dull and dark walls and in dingy domes. I have had a perfect surfeit of art, and have once or twice sworn to myself to give up all thoughts of it, and not commit the sin of adding one more picture to the embarrassing number with which the world is laden. My belief is that we in London are the smallest and most wretched set of snivellers that ever took pencil in hand; and I feel that I could not mention a single name with full confidence, were I called upon to name one of our artists in comparison with one of theirs. . . . In the Ecole des Beaux-Arts is the work of Paul de la Roche. I cannot say a word—it is impossible for me even to convey to you my admiration for that splendid work. I go to see it every day almost, and the guardian who shows it welcomes me and smiles at my enthusiastic admiration of it. I have given him so many fees for opening the door that he positively refuses now to take any more."

Maclise was not an exhibitor in the 1845 Exhibition. In the next year he contributed to the Competitive Exhibition—of artists desirous of executing mural paintings for the decoration of the Palace at Westminster—his picture, "Alfred in the Danish Camp." It was selected by the Commissioners of Fine Arts, and he was then requested to prepare designs for one of the subjects proposed to be

executed in fresco. He produced his cartoon, with an oil picture of "The Spirit of Chivalry." The commissioners at once requested him to paint this subject for the House of Lords, which he finished by the year 1847. Visitors to the House of Peers cannot but be struck, on entering, with the three superb pictures which are at the north end of the chamber. Two of these are by Maclise—the "Spirit of Justice," and the "Spirit of Chivalry"—the other, the "Spirit of Religion," is by Horsley. The original study of the "Spirit of Justice" in oil was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1850, and the fresco for the "gilded chamber" was completed a year later. This and the "Chivalry" are, without doubt, two of the greatest achievements of our artist. In sublimity of conception, boldness and freedom of execution, no work of any British artist can be said to transcend the "Justice" cartoon. The principal figures are Justice, Retribution, and Mercy. The face of Justice, sternly beautiful, seems illumined by the light of heaven, and the eyes are lustrous with celestial intelligence. The Angel of Retribution stands near, austere and inexorable; whilst Mercy, whose features beam with benignity and gentleness, seems pleading for the guilty one. The splendor of the accessories and the exquisite finish of the details are wonderful. The drawing is perfectly faultless to the lay mind, and all the figures disclose a profound knowledge of the structure of the human body. It is impossible not to feel impressed with something like awe as one looks on this work and on the group in the "Spirit of Chivalry;" they elevate the mind into a region of thought at once grand and sublime.

Although his first great fresco would be presumed to have absorbed every moment of his time up to the year 1847, he still contrived to produce a picture, the appearance of which, in the Exhibition of 1846, excited great interest. The subject was the "Ordeal by Touch"—it is a drama of thrilling interest depicted on canvas. There is an interesting story in Carleton's "Tales" founded on the legend—that the corpse of a murdered man will bleed at the touch, or at the approach of the murderer.

In 1847 Maclise exhibited three interesting pictures in the Academy. The first was illustrative of a passage in one of Moore's "Melodies":

> "Her smile when Beauty granted,
> I hung with gaze enchanted
> Like him the sprite,
> When maids by night
> Oft meet in glen that's haunted."

The second was also selected from the "Melodies":

> "Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
> Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here."

While the third was a remarkable work entitled "Noah's Sacrifice." The following year saw four pictures from his pencil: "Chivalry in the Time of Henry VIII," "John Forster as Kitely in Ben Johnson's "Every Man in His Humor," "portrait of Mrs. Charles Dickens," and "Outlines to Illustrate Shakespeare's 'Seven Ages.'" Between this year and 1854 he exhibited only five pictures, most of his time being occupied with the frescoes already mentioned. He began at this period to feel the effects of his incessant labors at the easel, and was for some months seriously ill. The five pictures were: "The Gross of Green Spectacles" (from the "Vicar of Wakefield"), "Caxton Showing His Printing Press to Edward IV," "portrait of Lytton Bulwer," "Macready in the character of 'Werner,'" "King Alfred in the tent of Guthrum the Dane," and "The

Marriage of Strongbow with Eva, Daughter of Dermot MacMorrogh, King of Leinster." This magnificent picture, the most important of the painter's works, was presented to the National Gallery of Ireland by the late Sir Richard Wallace, Bart., M. P. in 1879. The canvas measures sixteen feet by ten feet. My readers know the story of how the King promised the hand of his daughter in marriage to Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke (surnamed "Strongbow") if, upon his invasion of Ireland, he should succeed in taking the city of Waterford, and that upon the fall of the city, he at once claimed his bride, and that the nuptials were celebrated on the battlefield. The marriage is here represented by Maclise in these circumstances with all their repulsive and incongruous surroundings. The work forms a monument of zeal, industry, carefulness, and research. Few artists of the present day would have the courage and patience necessary for such an enterprise as this picture represents. The Art Journal engraving has made familiar to many a charming picture of Maclise's representing "Orlando About to Engage with the Wrestler," the scene being taken from the first act of "As You Like It." It was exhibited at the Academy in 1855. Nothing can be more perfect than all the details in this picture. The scene represents the lawn before the Duke's palace; the usurper Frederick and his court are assembled. The principal figures in the foreground are the Duke, and near him is Charles, his wrestler; Orlando, who is about to engage in the wrestling-match, and the Princesses —Rosalind, daughter of the banished Duke, and Celia, daughter of Frederick. The two ladies are endeavoring to dissuade Orlando from entering on the unequal contest, but he persists. The Wrestler stands, with folded arms and an air of defiance, waiting for the approach of Orlando. He is the authentic type of the hired bravo. The graceful form and intelligent features of Orlando delineate his character. Touchstone, the Duke's jester, sits at the feet of Celia; he suspects that his mistress is more than ordinarily interested in the fate of Orlando, and his sly glance upwards at Celia, as she entreats Orlando to refuse the encounter, is singularly expressive.

The following year Maclise made a tour of the continent, accompanied by his brother, visiting the galleries of Florence, Munich, Milan, Naples, and Rome. On his return he finished two pictures for the 1857 Exhibition, viz.: "Peter the Great Working as a Shipwright in Deptford Dockyard," and "The Story of the Norman Conquest."

About this time the publishing firm of Longmans commissioned Maclise to execute the well-known illustrations of Moore's "Melodies." To an artist less gifted with imaginative powers, facility of invention, and celerity of hand, these charming compositions would nearly absorb a lifetime. Moore gave eloquent expression to the delight he felt at seeing these records of his genius enshrined in lineaments as beautiful and imperishable as the immortal songs themselves. The volume enriched with these etchings is one of the most exquisite specimens of an illustrated work that has ever been published in England. It would be a difficult matter to select, where all are so beautiful, the sketches which appear the most striking. A very charming one is the illustration of "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes." There are one hundred and sixty sketches in all, and show Maclise's love of legendary literature and romance, and the wonderful exuberance of his intellect.

In March, 1858, he commenced the cartoon, and a year later the fresco, of "The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo," which now adorns the walls of the Royal Gallery in the Palace of Westminster. The meeting is represented as taking place directly in front of the house, La Belle Alliance, which is shown in the centre of the picture. Wellington and Blucher are in the act of shaking hands. The Duke is mounted on his favorite charger. "Copenhagen;" there is an expression of savage and vengeful triumph in the face of the Prussian general. The features of the Iron Duke indicate calm and stern resolution, with mingled emotions of sadness and sorrow, as he regards the masses of his devoted and gallant soldiers, lying around him dead and dying. Behind Wellington is a party of the "Life Guards." The Prussian General Bulow and a numerous staff are on the left with Blucher. At the rear, groups of the British cavalry are seen pursuing the retreating French. Artillery and ammunition-wagons are seen scattered on the brow of the hill and down its side. Shattered gun-carriages, dismounted guns, and dead and wounded men, occupy a part of the foreground. A particularly impressive group is seen near the shattered gun-carriages. A soldier in the Hanoverian uniform, who is mortally wounded, is supported by two Belgian priests, one of whom holds a crûcifix before the glazing eyes of the dying man; a Sister of Charity, and a Vivandiere, with her barrel, from which she has taken a glass of spirits, which she holds to the lips of the expiring soldier.

This picture is pre-eminently the largest and most finished composition ever achieved by an artist in the United Kingdom; and no continental painter has approached it in magnitude or grandeur of conception. It covers a space of forty-five feet by twelve feet. The work is one of which any nation may be proud. It tells, with silent eloquence, its own tale. As is well known, this fresco was undertaken by Maclise at the request of the commissioners appointed by Parliament "to take into consideration the promotion of the Fine Arts in connection with the rebuilding of the House of Parliament." It was presided over by the Prince Consort, and Sir Charles Eastlake was appointed Honorary Secretary. To this distinguished painter and historian of art Maclise was indebted for much assistance in his researches. In February, 1863, the same commissioner approved of his study in oil for a fresco in a corresponding panel in the same gallery of "The Death of Nelson."

This work was fully executed by the commencement of the year 1865. It represents that portion of the quarter-deck of the "Victory," where Nelson received his death wound. The bullet, as we read, which struck him down came from the mizzen-top of the "Redoubtable," whose studding-sail and boom were shot away, and fell on the decks of the "Victory." The mizzen-top of the latter was also shot away and fell on the enemy's deck. The figure of the fallen hero is in the centre of the picture; he is supported by attendants, and propped up in the arms of Hardy, his favorite and faithful captain. Near Nelson are seen Doctor Beattie, Lieutenant Ram, Captain Adair, and a few seamen who are attracted to the spot by seeing Nelson fall. The perfection of discipline is manifested by the body of the seamen, who, in the extremity of their grief and consternation at the catastrophe, stand steadily working their guns, the expression of their faces alone indicating their feelings. A

colored seaman is pointing the attention of a marine to the mizzen-top of the "Redoubtable," while a sailor on the poop-deck is attracting the attention of two young midshipmen to the same spot, one of whom fires into the mizzen-top of the "Redoubtable" and brings down the sharpshooter who had just given Nelson his death-wound. A large mass of figures, life size, are distributed along the sides of the "Victory," engaged in the dreadful work of death, whilst grouped around the guns lie the dead and dying shot down at their posts. Many of the seamen who are engaged at the guns are bared to the waist, and in every imaginable position calculated to exhibit the peculiar skill of Maclise in delineating the human figure. The accessories of this portion of the picture are painted with extraordinary power and minuteness of finish. Turning to another part of the ship, a group of sailors are engaged in removing to the cockpit a shipmate, who appears to be expiring of his wounds. Near to this is seen a bleeding seaman with two women attending on him. The ship's cook, a colored sailor, at the same moment presents to the wounded man a glass of brandy which he has taken from the keg slung at his side. Near the poop are various groups, some with their wounds bandaged, some lying where they fell; and others, having fallen, are seen still retaining their hold on the rope or weapon which was in their grasp when they were shot down. The decks exhibit all the accompaniments of such a dreadful action—broken gun-carriages, ram and sponging-rods, marline-spikes, cutlasses tubs of water, etc. The breasts and arms of some of the fallen sailors exhibit the usual tattooing marks. The profusion and scrupulous accuracy of these minutiae are very wonderful. Having regard to the short period within which the work was completed, every hour of the artist's time must have been devoted to it. He spared no pains in hunting up all the particulars of the historic battle, both from the old sailors at Greenwich Hospital, as well as from the surviving captains, lieutenants, and others who were with Nelson at Trafalgar. For these two frescoes he received £8000.

Maclise had but just finished this grand fresco when his favorite unmarried sister, Isabella, died, in April, 1865. They had been very much attached to each other. His younger sister left him on her marriage some twenty-five years before; Isabella then remained the sole companion of his home after his parents' death, and ministered to his comforts with an unwearied spirit of tenderness and affection. He had himself at this period betrayed symptoms of impaired health. His robust and iron frame had been exposed to a most trying ordeal. During the previous eight years he had almost lived in the Gallery at Westminster Palace, inhaling an atmosphere to some extent tainted with the poisonous pigments used in fresco-painting, and enduring the alternations of oppressive heat in summer and the fogs and damp of winter. He was accustomed to leave Chelsea every morning during these anxious years at ten o'clock and remain in the Royal Gallery until the fading daylight brought him a short respite from his labors.

In person Maclise had the advantage of a tall and commanding figure; he was six feet two inches in height, and his manly presence well represented his mental powers. His eyes were large, and expressive of great intelligence. He had a profusion of dark hair, which fell in curls round a high and intellectual forehead. In disposition, he was ever generous and

amiable. His talent was unobtrusive, and his tolerance of the faults of young students was very remarkable. It has been often said that those who sought admission to the schools of the Royal Academy anxiously watched for the period when it became his turn to act as Visiting Academician, that they might have his friendly eye to examine their productions. He never forgot that the time had been when he, himself, had no friend but his pencil, no fortune but his genius.

Sir Charles Eastlake, the president of the Royal Academy, died in 1865. The vacant chair was offered to Maclise, but he declined the honor. The position of president could confer no new dignity on him—his fame as an artist could not be increased by it, and his modest nature shrank from the correlative distinctions, which the title is assumed to confer on the office. His devotion to art was disinterested, and unalloyed by any selfish consideration, he was not impelled in its pursuit by the hope of any worldly distinctions; he only sought what he obtained—supremacy in the art to which he was devoted, for the sake of art itself. In addition to these reasons, he was, we believe, not disposed to relinquish the habits of seclusion and solitude which had for some years been stealing over him.

In 1866 and 1867 he exhibited four pictures at the Royal Academy. The first, "Here Nelson Fell," was a study in oils of the fresco in Westminster Palace; a "Portrait of Doctor Quain," "A Winter Night's Tale," and "Othello, Desdemona, and Emilia." In 1868 two more pictures of his appeared in the Exhibition: "The Sleep of Duncan," and "Madeleine at Prayer." This beautiful picture tells the story of St. Agnes's Eve.

One of the gems of the 1869 Exhibition was Maclise's "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid." The story in the ancient ballad was effectively told in the picture.

"When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid." Romeo and Juliet, Act 2: s. 1.

The Warrior King is represented sitting indolently in his tent, surrounded by his reckless soldiers, who are engaged in their amusements and carousals. The girl, modest as she is beautiful, is passing near the tent, laden with cheap wares, when the King, attracted by her graceful appearance and transcendent charms, exclaims:

Fill me the cup—
She shall be Queen, this Beggar Maid,
If she'll not say me nay.

The last picture Maclise painted for the Academy was "The Earls of Desmond and Ormond." It was posthumously exhibited in the summer of 1870. In addition to his numerous exhibited works, many of which we have enumerated in this sketch, Maclise painted innumerable pictures from 1830 to 1870, among them being portraits of his father and mother, his sisters, Charles Dickens, Sir John Doane, W. H. Ainsworth, several "scenes" from Shakespeare, and not less than three thousand studies and sketches.

The winter of 1869-1870 played sad havoc with his already delicate health. He could no longer enjoy his accustomed exercise; the slightest exertion was followed by extreme languor and weariness. His habits became even more solitary and sedentary than before. The favorite occupation of the artist was to sit at the window of his house in Cheyne Walk, with his pencil and sketch-book. His window commanded a fine expanse over Chelsea Reach to Battersea Park, crowned by the heights of Clapham, and the

Crystal Palace gleaming on the nearest Surrey hill.

Early in April, 1870, he was seized with an acute attack of pneumonia, which increased rapidly until the 25th of the month, when he passed away, gently and almost imperceptibly, his fortitude and sweetness of temper lingering with him to the last moment. He was buried in the cemetery at Kensal Green, in the same grave with his father, mother, brother, and sister. Several of the Academicians followed to the last resting-place all that was mortal of their distinguished brother in art.

At the annual meeting and dinner of the Royal Academy a few days later, Charles Dickens paid the following graceful tribute—the most affectionate and eloquent that was ever offered to departed genius and sterling worth:

"For many years," said the great novelist, "I was one of the two most intimate friends and most constant companions of the late Mr. Maclise. Of his genius in his chosen art I will venture to say nothing here, but of his prodigious fertility of mind, and wonderful wealth of intellect, I may confidently assert that they would have made him, if he had been so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a painter. The gentlest and most modest of men, the freest as to his generous appreciation of young aspirants, and the frankest and the largest-hearted as to his peers, incapable of a sordid or ignoble thought, gallantly sustaining the true dignity of his vocation, without one grain of self-assertion, wholesomely natural at the last as at the first, 'in wit a man, in simplicity a child,' no artist of whatsoever denomination, I make bold to say, ever went to his rest leaving a golden memory more pure from dross, or having devoted himself with a truer chivalry to the art-goddess whom he worshiped."

While Dickens was pronouncing this beautiful eulogy on Maclise, the angel of death was hovering near himself. He followed his friend to the same bourne a month later.

In reviewing Maclise's artistic life, the first thing that strikes one is its amazing fecundity. From his twentieth to his sixty-fourth year he was never idle, producing with the regularity and rapidity of some great river which cannot be exhausted because renewed each spring from the fountain head of Alpine snows. His famous frescoes in the House of Lords and in the Royal Gallery, admittedly the finest mural paintings in Great Britain, might seem enough work for any one man to have done. Whilst other painters were incessant in their employment of the human model, it was a matter of astonishment to his brother artists that Maclise so infrequently resorted to it; yet all his works are distinctively marked by characteristics of individual as well as general nature. His mural paintings at Westminster demonstrate his power of portraying abstract personification; and his charming illustrations of poetry and song vindicate his mastery in depicting idealized form. These were the results of sedulous study during his Academic training, and a singularly retentive memory. To the general attributes of a great painter he added a special one, which he may be said to have made his own —the power of producing in an unequalled degree those ingenious and attractive accessories which impart such striking effect to his works—works which insure him an immortality of fame.

RACHEL.

By John A. Schetty.

It was cold, dreary and wet; the rain came down steadily, monotonously, and working its way through Rachel's miserable shawl chilled her to the bone. She shivered, for she had been standing there with her papers for hours, while the gloomy day had darkened into night, causing the great buildings that loomed upon the square to become all aglow with brightness. People hurried past in throngs; the rich and the happy deemed it but an ill time to loiter. She looked after them wistfully, shivering the while, as she held forth her papers in a mute, appealing way. Despair had frozen her speech, for none paused to notice her, or if they did, it was but to bestow a casual look upon her shrinking figure, or, turning, buy a paper from the shrill-voiced boy opposite, thereby convinced that they had acted wisely and well.

Thus it came to pass that Rachel found herself at the end of this dreary day with a packet of papers and exactly five cents in her possession, which meant that, having gone without breakfast or dinner, she would have to do without supper as well. It mattered little for her she thought, but for the others—the two little ones even now waiting her return in their miserable rooms—it mattered much, so much that the dark despair in her eyes became but a reflection of that in her heart as, drawing her shawl about her, she shrank back in the shadow of a nearby building, glad to rest her weary body against its cold, damp wall. It seemed strange to think that she could ever have been happy—she so miserable and wretched; and yet she had been. Away in far off Poland there had been a happy, contented girl, whose name was Rachel. Unlike this one, whose face was drawn and pinched, the other had been bright and ruddy, with a heart that seldom thought of care or misery; nor had she ever breathed the fetid air that lurks in crowded tenements, for in those days she had only known the beauty of fields of waving grain, with their nodding heads of gold, fields that stretched away behind the little cottages, whose rambling line made up the single village street. Even then her life had been full of toil—they were but poor folk, glad to labor in the fields for their more prosperous neighbors—but it had been healthy toil, one that made the tired limbs enjoy the welcome rest of evening when, the modest meal over, they gathered near the open doorway—her mother with her knitting and her father with his pipe—to watch the summer day give way to twilight and then night. Thus might it have ever been but for the coming of Stanislaus, the Stanislaus of that other day. He was handsome, and her heart had fluttered strangely when she encountered his ardent gaze. He knew it, and gazed the more.

Poor little peasant girl. It was her first thought of love, and it made her so happy that she scarce could hide it; what wonder, then, that the neighbors guessed it all before she had even dared whisper it to her own trembling heart, or that father came to know of it by the same process. He called her to him one evening, and, while her mother wept silently, told her she must have nothing more to do with Stanislaus, for he was worthless and not to be relied upon.

"Mark thee well, my daughter," he

said, with solemn head shaking, "he will never make thee a good husband, his tongue talks too sweetly for that."

With bowed head, too crushed to speak, that other Rachel had listened and crept off to bed; but after a while other thoughts coming to her convinced her that her father was mistaken. Had not Stanislaus, only that very evening, told in strong, impassioned language how he loved her, how he would work for her, and they would live so happily. What joy had stolen into her heart when he kissed her! She would never forget it. She would tell him how some one had belied him, and he would see how truly she loved him. Resolving thus, she fell asleep. Next day, when she told him, he was very angry; there was but one thing to do, he said, and that was to marry without their consent. Rachel was frightened; she never thought of flying in the face of her father's commands, but her lover pleaded, fumed and threatened to such a degree that, dominated by his superior will and her own love for him, she consented. Then had come that terrible day when, standing hand in hand with Stanislaus in her parents' cottage—the dear old cottage so far away—she told them he was her husband. How frightful had been her father's anger; he had risen slowly to his feet, his face white and drawn, and tremblingly removing his pipe, addressed her: "Thou wert once Rachel, my daughter; thou art so no longer. Remember, as thou sowest, so shalt thou reap. Go." Then her mother, with a sharp cry of anguish, turned toward her as though to give her one last embrace, but, awed by the old man's glance, sank sobbing in a chair as she, Rachel, her mind filled with the sight of that old man pointing to the door, and her ears ringing with his curse, had taken Stanislaus' arm—and gone.

With the coming of her first-born she had reaped. Stanislaus, who had vowed so much—where was he now? Passing his time here, there, anywhere, seldom at home, and growing surly when she complained. He worked little, and was always shifting their place of residence. From city to city, from town to town, they went, every day serving to show his character as it truly was. He drank heavily, and at such times cursed her for being a hindrance to him, but remembering her father's words she bore it all silently. Poor old couple, deserted in their latter days for him. She heard at last that they were dead, and telling him of it, he laughed. Then they had come to America, where she suffered worse than ever, and when one night, in a drunken rage, he struck her, that other Rachel died and this one was born.

"A Telegram, my good woman, a Telegram." She started abruptly, and hastily fumbling among her stock pulled forth the required article, handing it to a little kindly-faced old man, who stood peering at her from under a large umbrella. As she endeavored to get him the change to which he was entitled he remarked brusquely, but not unkindly, "Keep it; keep it; just same to me, and perhaps you need it." Then, as he turned away, he muttered, gazing curiously at his hand, on which there was a tiny drop of moisture, "Looks like a raindrop, but it isn't. It's a teardrop, my friend, a priceless human tear—and all for a few miserable pennies. Well, well!" and he strode on.

For a moment Rachel stood as he had left her, gazing at the money in her hand. Her eyes, so dry and hard but a moment before, had softened wonderfully with the tears that filled them to overflowing, and slowly drawing her hand across them she looked up at the clock. It was late, the business hour had passed, the throngs were thinning out; she might just as well go, she thought, for she would sell nothing more, and they

would be hungry at home. Gathering her thin shawl about her, she started off; from the bright square with its tall buildings to dark, seemingly deserted streets, through which the sharp, damp chill of the river came rolling along in billows of steam-like moisture, to others in which strange figures flitted to and fro, arising from the shadows like phantoms, to disappear suddenly in some door or alleyway; now passing a group of chattering Chinamen gathered in the shelter of a building from which came smothered sounds of revelry—the grim humor of souls going to perdition; then stepping aside to pass the reeling figure of a woman, on she hurried, thinking nothing of these, for they were nightly scenes, and, besides, her head was throbbing as though a great, heavy weight were rolling from side to side in it. At length, turning one of those dark, forbidding byways, she came upon a greasy-looking little shop, located in a basement, which, after a moment's hesitation, she entered. A stolid-looking German came slowly forward, as she paused, wearily trying to think what the few cents would buy. A loaf of bread and a small quantity of cheese—that was all, and with it grasped firmly in her hand as though it were some costly dainty she went forth again into the rain and the night. A few moments more and she was home. She found the miserable alley by instinct perhaps, for it was too dark to see, or mayhap the maudlin laughter and loud-voiced curses told her of it; in any event she paused a moment before ascending the stairs that led to her own rooms, for a close, greasy smell coming from the hallway made her feel ill and faint. As she slowly ascended it seemed they were never so steep. Her breath came in great quick gasps, and that throbbing in her head almost made her reel. At last she reached her own door, and opening it entered.

It was dark inside, and out of the dark and the chill came two little figures, who clustered about her with a glad cry of welcome and delight. She pressed them fondly with her disengaged hand, glad for once of the gloom that hid her tears from them, and then hastened to make a light. Poor little fellows; the sickly light of the candle served but to make them look more gaunt and ragged. The oldest, a boy of ten, had the face of his mother, and little Paul, who now began to cry plaintively, also bore a strong resemblance to her. Throwing off her wet, damp shawl, she opened the package, and while the youngsters watched her greedily, cut the bread and cheese in equal portions for them. Quickly they devoured it, speaking no word the while; then when they had done she took in her arms little Paul, who, satiated by the food, began to grow sleepy, and crooning a little lullaby that had been a favorite of her mother's, she rocked him gently back and forth. The older boy drew near, and placing an arm lovingly about her neck, looked very earnestly at the wan, thin face before him.

"You were very good mother; but you have eaten nothing yourself," he said.

"Hush," she replied, evasively, "you will waken the little one."

"But there is nothing left, and you are hungry," he persisted, very seriously.

Instead of answering, she stooped and kissed his forehead. "And what of it, Ivan?" she asked, smiling faintly.

"What of it?" the boy replied with energy; "you shall see." And drawing forth his hand he placed his portion of bread and cheese upon the table. It was untouched.

"You had better eat it. I shall not touch it. Ah, mother, I know thee well. I watched and saw how you gave us all, leaving none for yourself.

'Twas like you, but I will not have it. I but pretended to eat it."

"But, child, I am not hungry, and I brought it for you," she exclaimed, tremulously.

"Very well, mother; but I shall not touch it," he replied, a look of determination coming into the childish face. And so it came that he and she partook of it in common. Only when she tasted of it did she find how famished she was. Even then she would have made the boy have the greater part, but that he stoutly refused to take it. Then, putting Paul in bed, she and Ivan talked and planned how they would live on the morrow, and the days that were to come after.

"Mother," he said at length, "have you any money? Because—because —Mr. Bangs was after the rent again."

"Not a cent, child; it all went for food, tonight," answered Rachel, a look of intense weariness in her face.

"Thou art ill, mother!" cried the lad, springing up in alarm, as a heavy, unsteady step was heard coming up the rickety stair. They looked at one another in silence, the mother's face growing pale as a moment later the door was flung open roughly, and a tall, ill-kempt figure shuffled in.

"Ho, eating, eh?" he cried, advancing to the table; "good and plenty, too, while I am forced to starve. Nice treatment for your husband, woman. Do you hear?" and he brought his fist down with a resounding crash. The boy gave a frightened cry, while Rachel, half-rising turned appealingly toward him.

"But, Stanislaus, the little ones were hungry, too," she began. He stopped her savagely. "Stuff!" he thundered. "No excuses—and now I want money."

"Money!" she gasped, with a look of terror in her eyes; "but"—

"I want money, and I will have it. Do you hear?" he demanded, stamping his foot, and grasping her roughly by the arm.

"I haven't any; the last cent went to buy them food. Oh, Stanislaus, husband, listen," she cried, imploringly, and clasping her arms about his neck; but with a rude gesture he repelled her.

"Woman, you lie," he cried, and in his drunken rage he lifted his hand and brought it down with crushing force across her face. She staggered backward with a low cry of pain, then, tottering, fell, and striking her head against a nearby chair, lay insensible on the floor.

The noise awoke the younger boy, who began to cry; but Ivan, his face white and set, dropping on his knees beside the fallen figure, sought to stop the gory stream flowing from her temple, while Stanislaus gazed at him in a stupid, drunken way. It was then that the boy, turning to him, spoke: "Oh, father, how could you," he said, and burst into tears, as his father, muttering a drunken oath, staggered to the door and out.

Rachel was roused to consciousness by the sobbing of the children. They were crying piteously, as with a reeling brain she arose, and wetting a cloth applied it to her bruised and aching head. It was some time before she could reassure them, but she succeeded at length, and, worn out with fatigue, they fell asleep. As for herself, she felt too miserable, too feverish for that, and spent the remaining hours sitting in a chair, where when morning came they found her.

She was too ill to go out that day, so Ivan, taking his papers, went forth instead, returning at evening with a few cents, enough to buy the others something to eat. As they sat in silence, wondering what they were going to do in the time to come, their landlord entered. He came to tell them that they must pay or get out. Rachel attempted to explain, but he

cut her short abruptly, merely repeating his first threat. Two days later he put it into execution. It was just toward evening when two burly men, entering their rooms, took possession of the few miserable things they called their own, and without further ceremony began carrying them to the sidewalk, which they had no sooner accomplished than Mr. Bangs, coming up, took them for his own for what was due him, he said. It was all done very quickly, without the slightest pity for that poor, wretched creature or her sobbing little ones, as she stood gazing about her in a dazed, despairing way, utterly forsaken and desolate.

Ivan was the first to speak. "Come, mother," he said, in a hard, dry voice, and taking little Paul they moved on.

It was clear and cold, the first cold of the season, and the wind eddying around the corners pierced their thin, insufficient clothing till they were chilled to the very bone. Thus they wandered on, occasionally pausing in a dull, listless way before some gilded tavern, whose bright interior looked warm and inviting, till Ivan, tugging at her arm, caused her to walk again.

People passed them, some turning to gaze curiously, some perhaps startled at the dull, apathetic despair on the face of the woman, or wondering at the wretchedness written on that of the boy. None sought to help them. So the hours passed, until wandering on they found themselves as the clocks were striking eleven in a section filled with tall, gloomy buildings of a warehouse aspect, and quite deserted. Weary and cold, Rachel sank on the stone step of one of these, while Ivan, struck by a sudden thought, ran down the basement steps and tried the door. It was unlocked, and entering he found it to be an unused cellar. It would do them for a resting place, he thought; at least, it was warmer than the cold streets, and glad of even this he hastened to tell them of it. A moment later they had all three descended, and after stumbling about in the dark came across a number of empty packing cases. Spreading her shawl over these, Rachel and her children lay down upon them, and, spent with sorrow, wretchedness and fatigue, they fell asleep.

They were up in the morning long before the sun had driven the night chill off the streets, for they feared to betray their hiding place. Through the long hours of the day they wandered aimlessly about the city, as it was too cold to loiter, and with the night crept back to their gloomy retreat, glad to lay their tired bodies on the hard boxes piled within.

So had passed several days, and so had come another night. The two boys lay stretched beside her, buried in slumber. They had lain down hungry and supperless, while little Paul had sobbed himself to sleep with his mother's arm around his neck. As for her, she sat staring with gaunt, haggard eyes into the darkness, thinking—thinking. The poor, tired brain would give her no rest. With remorseless frequency it brought before her pictures of her childhood and girlhood, of a plain old country cottage, in which a busy old woman sat knitting silently, while an old man smoked, and this fading away, gave place to the Stanislaus of other days, bending low to catch the whisperings of a shy young girl; then after all would come that other one—the old man pointing to the doorway, while a youthful pair moved off, arm in arm, without one backward glance. Suddenly she started, roused by the sound of footsteps descending to the cellar. They came rapidly nearer, and before she could gather her scattered wits together a blinding light streamed in upon them, revealing a glint of brass buttons and two surprised and startled faces peering at her from the gloom, as a gruff voice ejaculated, not

unkindly, "Well Mac, what in thunder d' ye think of this?" Then when her frightened boys, awakened by the voices, started up in terror, they were hurried to the street, where all stood shivering while the policemen questioned them about their plight. Simply, in a graphic way, she told them of their being turned into the street, and these men, hardened to all sights and tales as they were, turned aside to gulp down a something that kept rising in their throats. When she had finished, they were silent for a moment, looking furtively at one another, as though in doubt what to do. Then he who had been called "Mac" asked, very gently, "And have you no place to go?"

"Nowhere," she answered.

"There is only one thing to do, Mac," broke in the other, with a peculiar look at his companion.

"You're right," was the reply, and then without more ado they were marched to a nearby police station, where an imposing-looking sergeant took down all particulars, and committed them for examination in the morning.

The warmth of the place was very welcome to their chilled bodies, and as they clustered about the bright fire the two men who had brought them in walked up to the sergeant, and held a whispered conversation. Many sympathetic glances were turned towards them, and one of the men departed, returning in a short time with a smoking dish and several steaming cups of coffee. Then, while the boys were sniffing the welcome fragrance like some species of famished animal, they were told to eat if they were hungry.

Rachel would have thanked the men, but they would not have it, and besides her head swam strangely, so that she only murmured a few inarticulate words. The excitement of it all made it impossible for her to eat much, starved though she was; but the sight of her children restored her more than any food could have done, so that when they were all led off to sleep it was a comparatively happy Rachel who sank into slumber, even though the place were but a police station.

It seemed but a moment ere they were awakened by the matron, to find it was broad daylight, and to be brought before the magistrate. Rachel was frightened; there were a number of people present, and the children clung trembling to her skirts as one by one bedraggled women and debauched men stood up before the court. As her turn came, many gazed pityingly upon her.

"What is your name?" inquired the magistrate.

"Rachel Tolska," she answered.

"Are you married?" he inquired, and when she replied in the affirmative he asked where was her husband.

"He has left me, sir," she answered, with a sob. Then, while Iván listened with a set face, and little Paul gazed on in childish wonderment, the policeman was called, and testified in detail how he found them, after which Rachel was told to relate her story. When she had finished, several individuals were blowing their noses vigorously; even the reporters looked moved, while a nervous little man who stood unnoticed in the rear, and who kept taking off and replacing his glasses incessantly, muttered: "The very thing, my friend; the very thing. You really must now; Sarah would never forgive you if you didn't," with which conclusion he moved forward as the magistrate, with a shrug, was saying, "Sorry, very sorry, indeed, but there is nothing left for me to do but send you to the workhouse."

"I beg your pardon, your honor," said the little man, advancing, "but that course will hardly be necessary, as I would like to provide for this woman."

Rachel looked up. It was the same little man who, peering at her on that rainy night, had bought a paper.

"In that event," replied the magistrate, "she may go."

"But as she was unable to care properly for the children," said a well-dressed individual, stepping forward at this juncture, and taking hold of little Paul, "I make formal application for their possession on behalf of the society."

"There is evidently no other course," answered the magistrate.

But Rachel, bewildered as she was, caught the word "children," and intuitively guessing the rest, seized Paul in her arms, and with a wild, sobbing cry, sought to rush from the room. She was promptly stayed by an attendant, however, while the society's representative advanced for the child.

"No—no—no—not my own children; leave me them!" she cried, piteously, turning in her fright now this way and that, like a hunted animal. "Why should you rob me of them? Surely they have done nothing. Ah, sir, have mercy—mercy."

But the magistrate only shook his head. Then ensued a miserable scene. Little Paul, crying frantically, was taken from her somehow, and Ivan, clinging to her neck, raining hot kisses on her worn face, went next, while the mother, holding her hands to her head, seemingly forgetful of those about her, kept crying, distractedly, "My children, my children; they have robbed me of them. My children, my children!" Suddenly, with a low moan, her wailing ceased, and she sank white and senseless to the floor, while the little man, wiping his glasses incessantly, kept saying to nobody in particular, "This is an outrage, an outrage, yes sir, and we shall see about it."

When Rachel came to consciousness again it was to find herself lying on a comfortable bed in a very cosy room, while a sweet-faced elderly woman bent over her with kind solicitude. For a moment she gazed dreamily about her till, the memory of past events dawning upon her mind, she sprang up, calling for her children.

"Hush, dear," said the elder lady, reassuringly; "you must lie very still if you would wish to see the children." Then, as the poor, weak patient, silently obeying, lay back among the pillows, the other woman told her how after that dreadful morning she had become very ill indeed, having been brought among them to lie for days unconscious and raving with brain fever; but she never told of the untiring care and watchfulness that soothed the wild outbreaks of sorrow or calmed the ravings of the fevered brain as it revived distorted images of that wretched past.

As Rachel listened to the recital her wan face flushed, and taking the hand that held her own so comfortingly she uttered no word, but pressed it to her lips in silent, heartfelt gratitude. The little man, coming in quietly, paused a moment unobserved.

"Well, well, Sarah," he began, drawing near and manipulating his glasses in the usual way, "our patient is really coming' round, is she? That's right—that's right. Why, my dear, she will be well in no time at this rate—in no time."

"I hope so, Silas; I hope so," replied his sister; "but in the meantime she must be left very quiet, and she has already talked too much I am afraid."

"Quite right, quite right, Sarah, as you invariably are. I am always putting my foot in it—always; but really I am very glad to see her coming 'round," and catching sight of Rachel's grateful face he smiled brightly, rubbing his glasses and placing them on his nose, only to promptly take them off again in a way that proved his sympathy to an un-

wonted degree; then with a few more words he stole quietly away. Being a busy personage he had little time to spare. Sarah had learnt all of Rachel's story from her incoherent ravings, and after some deliberation she and Silas had determined to provide for her as their housekeeper; but some time was to pass before their kind intentions could be fulfilled. Their charge was very weak, and recovered very slowly, so that only after the lapse of several weeks was it possible for her to be around again. How good it seemed to the newly-strengthened frame to be at liberty, to walk and do as other people once more; only those who have lain long with illness can tell.

And how grateful to them for it all she was, manifesting it in a thousand different ways. Her poor bruised heart drank in this new-found kindness greedily, hungrily, with all the passion that had accumulated for being witheld so long. Her children had not been returned as yet, though she had seen them several times. The society having once secured them it required time and a great deal of useless form to get them back again. But she got them at last, and what a reunion it was! Little Paul, looking a great deal healthier than on that last miserable night, was caressed a thousand times by his mother, kissed sedately by Sarah, and patted innumerable times on the head by Silas, who merely stipulated as a return that no one was to cry. "If you do," he said, wiping his glasses very vigorously, "I shall certainly—um—ah—leave, for I—that is, we must have no tears tonight." Nevertheless, they *did* cry; nor did Silas, for some reason, leave the room; but perhaps that was because they were tears of joy. Ivan, too, came in for the general rejoicing, and though he was rather dazed by it all, showed his appreciation in many a grateful look. It was truly a memorable occasion, so much so that Silas, when going to his room for the night, was moved to express himself thus: "Well, well, Sarah, it's a great thing, really, to think of bringing about so much happiness by a little judicious kindness. It's remarkable; makes life worth living, doesn't it now," and Sarah, giving him a sisterly poke, merely replied:

"You're a foolish old fellow," but she kissed him affectionately nevertheless.

OUR LADY, QUEEN OF MAY.

By Julia Teresa Butler.

"Fair, fair, wondrous fair!" Breathe the nodding wild flowers gay,
Summer's first sweet offerings to Our Lady, Queen of May;
Now smiling skies of azure blue unfold their wealth above
To tell of her the Lily pure, the Rose of holy love.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PENNY.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

By Mae R. Murphy.

"I was born in the mint at Washington," said a dull, battered, old penny to his friends in the money-drawer of a little fruit-stand. "I did not look as I do now; I was bright and fresh, and was very anxious to see the world. How did I know about the world?" he answered in response to a tarnished ten-cent piece. "Well, I was placed in a large bag with several other friends, much older than I was, and taken to a paint-shop by a short, wiry, little man, and I was locked away in a dark, gloomy thing which I afterward found out was a safe. Being very young, of course I did not like this gloomy existence, and my friends used to tell me stories of the world to keep me quiet, but they only made me the more anxious to be free. One day I was disturbed from a peaceful nap I was taking, by being pulled out of a bag, with a number of other coins, and given to a painter.

"I was just beginning to take a survey of the shop, when I was thrust into the man's pocket and carried away. The next day I was taken out of the pocket, and laid on a plate, where there were bills, coins and a few gold pieces. I could not imagine where I was. There were long seats filled with people, many of whom were reading little books. I afterwards found out that this was a church. The tray was carried into a small ante-room, and the money hastily counted. The bills and gold pieces were put in a safe, and the small change was placed in a bag. The man accidentally dropped me out, and I rolled under the desk. 'Never mind,' he said, 'it is only a penny.' 'Only a penny!' How the words stung my heart! for I have a heart under this copper jacket! Monday a man came in with a broom and a duster, he moved the desk, and swept under it, not taking the least notice of me. 'Oh, the impudence of these mortals!' but I hardly had the words out of my mouth, when I was swept up and thrown into the ash barrel. Here I remained for a day, when a man came along with a queer two-wheeled wagon, he emptied the barrel into it and drove quickly off. I was thinking what a cruel world it was, when the wagon stopped with a jolt which gave me quite a start. The man withdrew a bolt at the back of the wagon, and out rolled all the ashes, bearing me along.

"'Alas, alas,' I cried, 'my future will end here, and—' I was interrupted by childish voices. 'Ain't yer found anythin' yet?' inquired one of the other. 'No, nauthin much, ain't much in the dump terday!" So this was a dump. The children were probing in the ashes with a stick, when I suddenly came to view. They picked me up with childish delight, and ran quickly around the corner to a little fruit stand, where they invested in an orange. So here I am, tarnished and dirty, but still ready for more adventures. Though I am only a penny I have my place in the world."

BOOK REVIEWS.

To all who admire nobility of character and splendid achievement the life of "Cardinal Lavigerie," by Rev. J. G. Beane, will appeal with peculiar force. It is singularly fitting, too, that this life should be published under the auspices of St. Joseph's Society for Negro Missions, a work to which Cardinal Lavigerie gave the best years of his life. What this noble churchman did for the negro race ought to be known and valued in America. The negro problem is at our own doors, and we may learn a useful lesson from the life of the great Frenchman. His life is well summed up by his biographer: "Cardinal Lavigerie's life was one in accordance with God's will. It was a finished life, a life with a lofty purpose which he strove to fulfil. Well may we say that the world is better because Cardinal Lavigerie lived. He will never die in the remembrance and in the affections of his noble priests, his devoted people, and his bereaved African children." This most interesting sketch of the great modern crusader against slavery may be procured by addressing St. Joseph's Seminary for Colored Missions, Baltimore, Md.

A new English version of the four gospels, with a preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore and the imprimatur of the Archbishop of New York, by Very Rev. Francis Aloysius Spencer, O. P., has lately appeared. It is a most interesting departure from the traditional versions. It aims to represent our Lord and the apostles, as speaking, not in antique style, but in the language they would speak if they lived among us now. The exact meaning of the text is, however, preserved, and the translation shows evidence of great care. The careful choice of words in ordinary use, wherever possible, makes it a valuable version for the general reader. New York: William H. Young Co.; $1.50.

In "A Life of Cardinal Newman," by Rev. Thomas C. McGoldrick, the author gives a brief, succinct account of the great English Cardinal for the benefit of those readers who have no time to peruse the extended works on this subject. Every page of the forty-five in this interesting little pamphlet is full of information and the author has admirably succeeded in his design of giving a true picture of probably the most charming personality in the English-speaking world during the present century. This little work lays no claim to originality, and yet in its design and execution it is original. The selections from the Cardinal's works, together with the narrative account of the principal events of his life, as gleaned from the most approved sources, display the utmost good taste and the exercise of scholarly discrimination. We welcome this booklet as destined to make the life-work of the great Cardinal better known to a large circle of readers. Boston: Flynn & Mahoney, 25 cents.

The romantic novel has an able exponent in Robert Barr. He is a good storyteller. He has the happy faculty of weaving into a beautiful unity the various incidents of an adventure and of exhibiting them in a brilliant setting. His skill in this respect is seen in his latest novel, entitled, "Tekla." It is a story of Germany in mediaeval times, and is of absorbing interest. We cannot vouch for his historical accuracy, but he narrates a tale that interests from beginning to end. The interest of the story is centered on the adventures of Tekla, the niece of the Archbishop of Cologne, who, fleeing from the archiepiscopal palace, takes refuge in the castle of black Heinrich, a relative, which is besieged by the troops of the archbishop. Her unknown protector is Rudolph of Hapsburg, whose prowess during the siege contributes in no small measure to the discomfiture of the attacking party and who, escaping from the besieged fortress, finally comes to the aid of the beleagured garrison. The description of mediaeval warfare is well done; the devices of the attacking force and the expedients of the defenders to ward off the attacks are vividly portrayed. The story ends happily in the espousals of Rudolph with the Princess Tekla. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. De Wolfe Fiske Co., Boston, $1.25.

The adventures of two American newspaper correspondents in Paris during the progress of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870-77 form the basis of the novel by Robert W. Chambers, under the title of "Ashes of Empire." We have in this story a thrilling picture of the hardships of the Parisian populace during the siege of the city by the German forces and during the reign of terror inaugurated by the communists, who, at one time during the siege, controlled the destinies of the city. The incapacity of the French war depart-

ment, which is now an acknowledged historical fact, is brought prominently forward. The romantic interest of the story is wholly secondary and serves but to connect the various historical phases of the famous siege, which ended in the capitulation of the splendid city to the overwhelming forces of the German general. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. W. R. Clarke & Co., Boston, $1.25.

The portrayal of English life in the eighteenth century is admirably set forth in Stanley Weyman's novel, which has for a title "The Castle Inn." An abduction with all the exciting incidents of pursuit and final success is vividly brought before the mind of the reader. The historical interest of the story is founded on an admirable delineation of the character of the elder Pitt, who happens to be a guest at the inn at the time of the abduction. The author gives an interesting sketch of English manners and the way of living which obtained in Western England a century ago. Great dramatic power and consummate skill in bringing together the different incidents of the story to heighten its interest and produce the climax demonstrate the claim of the author to a leading place in the field of dramatic fiction.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York, $1.50.

S. Baring Gould in his historical novel, entitled "Domitia," has taken daring liberties with the facts of Roman history and presents some of his characters in an altogether different light from that which is shed upon them by the historical records. He has given us, however, an admirable picture of Roman life in the days of Nero, Titus and Domitian, especially the religious and moral condition of the empire. The character of Nero is well drawn and is, in the main, true to the historical portrait of the tyrant, while Domitian stands before us as the embodiment of suspicious cruelty, a characterization that is in accord with the well-known portraiture of the despot by the historian Tacitus. The author shows no little dramatic power in following out the issue of the episodes, and, apart from the character of Domitia, which is hardly in accordance with the certified account which history gives of her, draws a picture of Roman society in the days of the empire which is as interesting as it is true.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, $1.25.

A day's excursion by a party of children with their parents and friends to an island called Klondike furnishes Eleanor Donnelly with the materials for an interesting sketch, entitled "A Klondike Picnic." Some genuine letters from the Klondike gold mines are introduced during the course of the narrative, which add to its interest and justify its name. This is a charming little story for young folks and will secure the approval of older readers, for it reveals in a marked way the delicate touch and literary finish of the author.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 85 cents.

"Through the Turf Smoke" is the catching title of a fine collection of short stories by Seumas MacManus ("Mac"). This bright young writer is becoming widely known as the author of tales of Donegal, tales told round cabin fires in the homely language of the peasant folk, who are "as poor as paupers and as hospitable as millionaires." Despite the limitations of life in a mountain region, there is much of human interest in the study of the humble destinies marked out for the mountaineers. "Tragedy and pathos go leor there are in our lives," says Mr. MacManus, "toilsome struggle and patient suffering; but when we gather around the turf fire—old and young, boys and girls—care slips like a cloak from our shoulders, the oldest is for the hour a child, gaiety crowds the cabin, and merriment fills all hearts."

This identification of himself with the people he describes is the secret of the author's success; he has lived with them, shared their vicissitudes and their joys, and from this knowledge gives to the outside world a series of sketches true in detail, lovingly drawn, and free from the slightest touch of caricature.

In the animated telling of the tales the humor frequently softens into pathos, as in the case of the faithful wife, who all through life differed from her husband in religious belief, but when death came to him ran weary miles to bring him the priest.

There is a "homey" comfortable look to the little volume with its gray covers showing a cheery design, a fireside corner with smoke curling upward. One seldom sees a title more happily emphasized than in the make up of this book.

It is gratifying to learn that Mr. MacManus is receiving the public recognition his talent merits. Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.

In "The Tales Tim Told Us," Mary E. Mannix gives her readers a pleasing collection of short stories. They are bright, well-told tales, and hold the attention of adult audience as easily as they captivated Tim's juvenile listeners. The old Irishman is a fine character, lovingly drawn. He is a true type of the sturdy, honest Celt, proud of his race, faithful to his employer, devoted to the children, and loyal to the heart's core. There is no straining after effect in the telling of those tales, no forced humor or extravagant expression. But in the old man's homely phrasing there are fine touches of pathos and a shrewd wit pointing the moral of each tale. An hour with this little book will leave the reader as pleased as were the children who so ruthlessly intruded on "Tim's" time.

Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind.

"Swallow," by Rider Haggard, is a thrilling story, equal in weird interest to other romances from his pen. The scene is laid among the Boers and Kaffirs of South Africa, and, as might be expected, every chapter teems with adventure. The central figure is the beautiful young white girl, "Swallow," who is chosen by a Kaffir sybil to lead the army. This is according to an old Kaffir legend that victory could be won only when a white swallow went before the army. Those who admire creepy and uncanny effects in story-telling will follow with close attention the course of the "Swallow."

Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Mary Agnes Tincker in her latest book, "Autumn Leaves," gives the public some charming, clever sketches. "Two Little Roman Beggars" is particularly good, showing deep appreciation of the yearnings and aspirations of the humble class portrayed. It has the glow of Italian life, and is expressive of the writer's sympathy with all things Italian.

The other stories are also full of life and color, and bright with interest.

William H. Young & Co., New York. Price $1.00.

"Practical Occultism," being the second volume of the Occult Science Library, contains a series of seven essays in which the existence of hidden laws in nature is insisted upon and the regulation of human life in its different phases by the application of these hidden forces is strongly inculcated. Chicago: Ernest Loomis & Co.; $1.25.

Mr. Clarence Hawkes, already favorably known through the volume of poems entitled "Idyls of Old New England," has just published another volume of stirring poems, suggested by the events of the late war, under the name of "Songs for Columbia's Heroes." Mr. Hawkes has a genuine poetic gift, and an original, homely way of putting things which gives a peculiar charm to his verses. This latest volume, like its predecessor, is finely illustrated. New England Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass.

Another tale of the prairie by Colonel Henry Inman, entitled "A Pioneer from Kentucky," is as full of interest as his recently published "Tales of the Trail." His long experience of frontier life enables him to describe the peculiar life of the plainsman with vividness and portray the spirit of the wild, free-and-easy frontiersman with force and power. This little story is well told. Topeka: Crane & Co.

The Mass Book just issued from the Columbus Press is an entirely new departure in prayer-book publications. This book contains everything that a Catholic needs for his devotions, and a short, clear explanation of the essential doctrines of the Church. Price 5 cents per copy. Catholic Book Exchange (Paulists), 120 West 60th Street, New York City.

A Latin newspaper that is really a newspaper and not a periodical reprint of classical gleanings is something new, even in latter-day journalism. Yet such a publication has been produced and is now in its second year, although its advent was practically unheralded, except in scholarly circles.

Though "Vox Urbis" is a very quiet voice in the noisy Babel of the newspaperdom of today, it has succeeded in attracting much attention, both from the unique field it occupies and the subject-matter of its contents. In many schools and colleges the paper is being used to increase the interest of Latin students in their work, and to enable them to put to practical use the results of their labors in the classroom. Even many older Latinists, who have become "rusty" through the lapse of years, have found such a paper an agreeable method of making themselves once more familiar with the language.

The American representative of "Vox Urbis" is the Commissariat of the Holy Land, No. 143 West Ninety-fifth St., New York City.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

"Christian" writes:—

1. If two Protestants marry and one of the contracting parties has never been baptized, is that a marriage according to the Catholic faith?

2. Again, if two Protestants marry and the woman should be of illegitimate birth, and if these parties should afterward have a legal separation, could a Catholic woman marry this man? I ask this question as I am in doubt as to its being a lawful marriage. I do not know whether the Church would call it so, as this woman had to take her mother's name from infancy.

3. Why is it that the Heart of our Lord is represented with a flame of fire issuing from it?

1. The Catholic Church, in case such a marriage were brought to her attention, would not hold it as valid, and it sometimes happens that she is obliged to decide in such matters. For example, a Catholic sometimes wishes to marry a non-Catholic who has secured a legal divorce. If, on investigation, the Church finds there was no previous marriage, she declares the truth. She does not favor such unions, but where she must decide, she will decide on the facts.

2. The condition of being illegitimate does not destroy the marriage, and if there is no other reason than that against the marriage of the two Protestants, all the legal divorces in the world will not make it null and void. It may be said that the man would not have married such a woman had he known that she was not of legitimate birth. But we deal with facts, not suppositions, in these matters. And the fact is that he married this person, and his after knowledge of the circumstance of her birth does not alter that marriage. If there is a real impediment to the marriage of these two Protestants, from some other cause, the Catholic woman will find that out by submitting the case to her pastor, and he will tell her if there is a possibility of marrying the divorced Protestant. When such marriages do take place, much scandal is at times given, as people do not know what is the truth. When the Church permits a marriage of this nature, it is because on investigation she has learned that the two parties who seek the alliance are free not only before the law, but before God, as the former marriage has proved, owing to some heretofore hidden, but now discovered, impediment, to have been null and void.

3. In pictures flames are represented as issuing from the Sacred Heart of our Lord. These are indicative of the burning and consuming love of the Sacred Heart for souls.

A. B. C. writes:—

1. Do persons who die know that their different friends on earth pray for them; that is, do they know the different individuals who are praying for their release from Purgatory?

2. Do just souls, when they enter the Kingdom of Heaven, assume a spirit form, that is, do they have bodies like the people on earth, or are they invisible and simply there in spirit?

1. We may have many a pious belief regarding the knowledge possessed by the departed souls regarding us and our interest in them. But as to knowledge, that is a much different matter. We know but little of the life beyond the grave, outside of the few great facts of revelation and of the Church's teaching. We know that we can help by our prayers the suffering souls in Purgatory; we feel that they are made acquainted by Almighty God with not only the fact, but with such knowledge of their helpers as will induce them to pray for such helpers while in Purgatory, and later on in heaven. How and to what extent God gives such knowledge, we know not. These things are hidden in the recesses of divine mystery. Meanwhile, we believe in the Communion of Saints, and in all that it means of help by prayer for the souls on earth, in Purgatory, and in heaven.

2. At the moment of death the soul is separated from the body, and remains separated from it until the resurrection of the bodies shall take place on the day of the General Judgment. The Resurrection of Jesus took place on the third day after His death, and His soul and body are again united, and by the assumption of her body into heaven, Mary's soul and body have been and are reunited. But for all others, from death until Judgment Day, only the immortal souls are in Purgatory or in heaven. After that day, body and soul shall be together forever in heaven or in hell.

A. P. M. has sent a number of questions, but as his manner of presenting them, while of much value to himself, would not be of the general interest for which this department is intended, we take the liberty of answering in a way to impart general information.

The questions all revolve about the central notion as to what is meant by a practical Catholic, and in a special way it is intended to find out what are his duties in the matter of supporting the Church.

It is no easy matter to define the exact limits within which one must hold himself to be considered a practical Catholic. There are certain understood requirements for the good citizen in regard to his civil duties, and so for the good Catholic in regard to his religious duties. We say duties, because his views will not suffice. There are certain misdemeanors that at once mark out the bad citizen, and certain faults that declare a bad Catholic. The good citizen obeys the civil laws, the good Catholic obeys both the civil and the religious laws. The good citizen contributes to the support of the State in the ways indicated by the State; the good Catholic contributes to the support of State and Church, in the ways indicated by State and Church. The good citizen may have opinions as to what he considers better ways for contributing to the State's support, but, meanwhile, he obeys the present laws. The good Catholic may have private notions on the manner of raising money for the Church. But, in the present discipline of the Church in this country, he will naturally contribute by the ordinary methods of revenue. And so pew-rent or seat-money will come first of all in his way. He should contribute to the fixed and staple sources of revenue, according to his means, and according to the sum that should be raised in the course of each year. To do his share is the duty of each Catholic. As to the exact amount this or that one must give, as to the particular occasion when he must give,—these are queries not to be solved in a general statement. As to the enforcement of payment from delinquents, the State has its resources, but the Church is very loathe to drive or force anyone, preferring that the few should fail, and be left unnoticed, than that they should be visited with punishment. That coercive measures have sometimes been resorted to by individuals in authority, is not denied. But such measures are rare indeed.

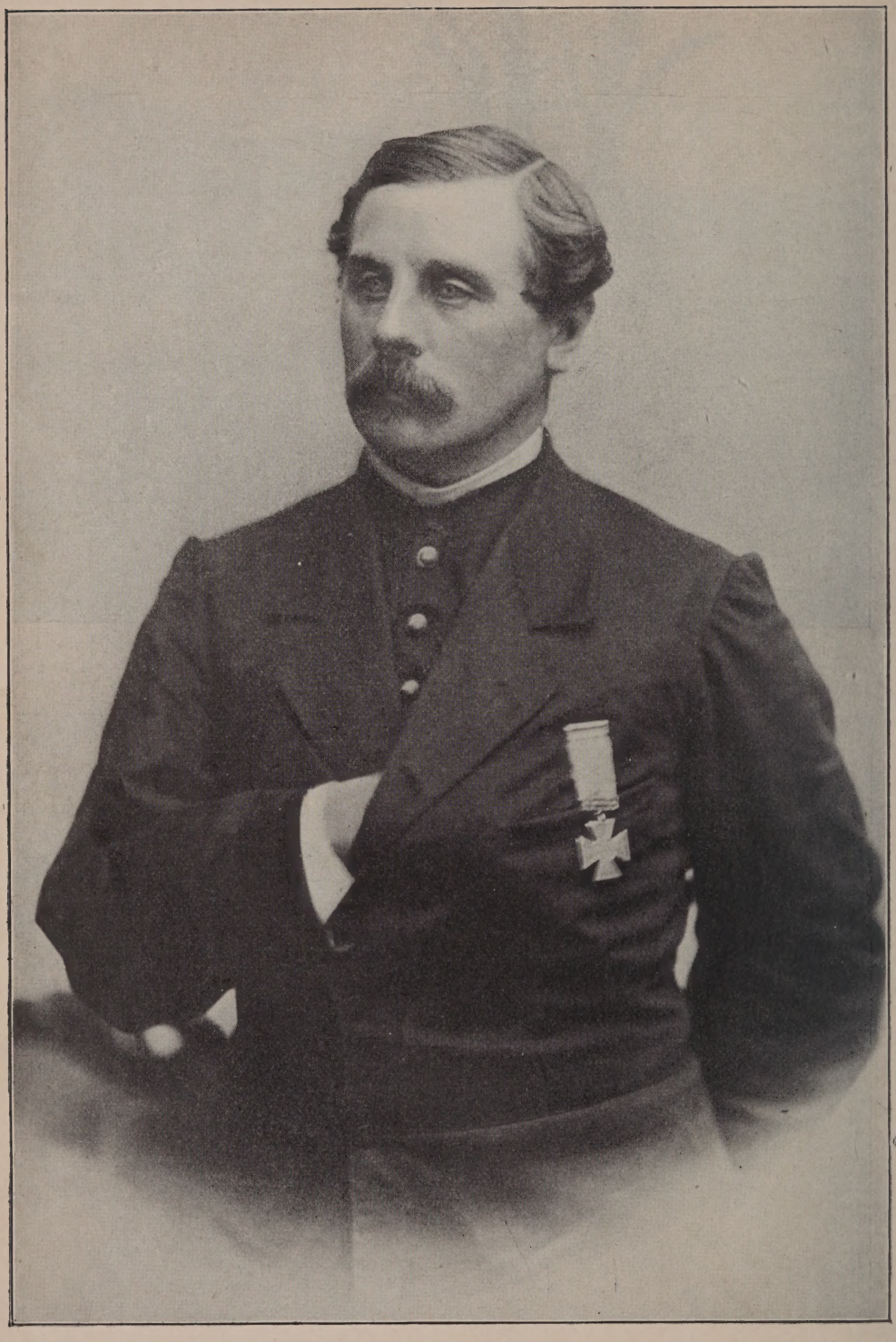
The man who goes to mass on Sundays and Holy days, and who makes his Easter duty, fulfills publicly some duties of the practical Catholic. We naturally suppose that when he goes to mass he pays as a man should for the seat he occupies, and so fulfills another practical duty. But while in these requirements he may find the minimum of his duties, we hardly hold anyone as a good, every-day Catholic except the one whose general and daily life stamps him as an upright, faithful representative of the Church of which he claims to be a member.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Blk., Rochester, N. Y.

A Wayside Shrine, Guatemala. See page 517.

One of the First Churches in Guatemala. See page 517.



General Thomas Francis Meagher.

See page 530.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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AUTUMN SCENE IN GUATEMALA.

THE LAND OF REBELLION AND ROMANCE.

GUATEMALA.

BY E. LYELL EARLE.

In view of the recent expansion fever that has seized on the United States, and the startling prediction of Cecil Rhodes, that the absorbing of the Central American Republics by Uncle Sam is the question of a few years, the interest in those regions has grown wonderfully in the past few months.

The decision reached in regard to the Nicaragua Canal by the present administration has intensified this interest, and the new canal bids fair to become that inevitable "ditch," so necessary to all possession, and, in this case, the real limit that shall bound the United States on the south.

This territory was the cradle of civilization in the New World. In some of the Republics they have not cast their swathing bands, while in others and especially in Guatemala the people have risen to a high plane of progress, and give signs of a continued, vigorous growth.

COLLEGE FOUNDED BY JUAN APARICIO.

The venture of a Republic by the descendants and subjects of the Latin races is a study worth following. And despite the fact that a revolution is an every day possibility, there seem to be positive signs of ultimate success in a representative form of government.

There is another reason why the study of these Central American Republics is of interest, especially to Catholics, namely the fact that the Catholic religion is the only one practiced there, though toleration is a constitutional right, and that the native, under its influence, exists in greater numbers and has reached a higher degree of civilization, than in the regions where the Saxon and his religion have ruled.

Though free to come and stay, Protestantism has never gained a footing there and a Protestant congregation is unknown.

Among these Republics, Guatemala is the oldest and most important. No land in the northern half of the American continent has a finer climate or a more beautiful and varied scenery. Valleys, uplands, and forests; lakes as picturesque as any in Switzerland, green slopes that rival those of the Emerald Isle, deserts like Sahara, volcanoes like Aetna and a diverse population, give but a faint outline of what the observant traveler finds to attract and interest him. Gold sands from the disintegrated veins sparkle in every mountain brook, and the deposits of silver are no doubt as rich as those of Mexico, Nevada, and Patosi. Aguas Calientes, or hot springs, are found all over the country, and earthquakes, often severe, are common, especially along the Pacific slope.

We left New York by steamer for an official tour through the Central American Republics. For diplomatic reasons we chose Guatemala as our first study. Our trip took eighteen days to Panama. We crossed the Isthmus by rail and proceeded thence by boat to Champerico. Here the sea runs wild and high

and we were taken off in a clumsy, swinging chair, which threatened several times to dip us in the deep. A small steam launch carried us to the pier to which we could not make fast because of the furious rush of the waves. This one fact alone makes commerce at Guatemala difficult. A cage-like elevator drawn by an ancient broncho lifted us to the landing, not without many a mad swing against the dock, that caused us to cling to the side with a grim resolve not to be immersed. The landing is forty feet above the water and every pound of freight, human or otherwise, must enter by the same perilous ascent.

WHERE BARRIOS WAS SHOT.

From Champerico we hurried by a narrow gauge to San Felipe, a town of several thousand inhabitants. After a night of very doubtful rest we started the next morning on our way toward Quesaltenango where we were to remain for a few days before entering the capital. We were charmed by the beauty and variety of vegetation around us. Oranges and bananas grew in wild confusion along the road side. Acres of coffee stretched out for miles on either side while the cocoa trees, laden with their delicious fruit, rose like sentinels. Toward mid-day we beheld a magnificent American flag in the distance, flapping lazily in the torpid breeze. As we drew near we read the name Santa Cecilia and were cordially greeted in English by a hearty welcome from Mr. Juan Aparicio, one of the largest coffee growers in the world. His hospitality was unbounded and our stay was a delight. Besides Santa Cecilia he has a number of other plantations. He is a representative Catholic and amid the sudden political revolutions of the Republic now enjoys the protection of the flag, being an American citizen. He needs this protection for it is scarcely a year since one of these uprisings brought death and sorrow into his home, and ruthlessly took the life of one of the most beloved men in Guatemala.

The story is a tragedy. When the

A Typical "Casa" of the better class.

expiration of Barrios' term drew near his Secretary of War, Morales, openly declared himself a candidate for the presidency. The Barrios family had practically been rulers of Guatemala for half a century and the great Barrios, who had cherished the dream of combining all the Central American Republics into a union similar to that of the United States, had left the prestige of his name without any of his vigor to his descendants. For long they had succeeded in securing the election, but the beginning of their down fall seemed at hand. Morales had won the moral support of some of the leading men of the state, and the respect of foreign representatives. He backed his pretentions, moreover, by an army which he organized against Barrios. The rebels as they were called threatened even Guatemala and to strike terror into the citizens the coward president ordered the arrest of young Juan Aparicio, the beloved of all classes.

There was no trial, no chance for rescue. At the very time the false Barrios was promising the pleading wife the safety of her husband, the young Juan was led to the church steps and shot like a dog. The natives were horror stricken, and the entire community mourned the loss as a public calamity.

But there was one, not a native, a young Englishman who had loved Juan Aparicio as a brother, and over his dead body he vowed vengeance. The hour was not long coming. Barrios was scarcely re-elected when the young Zoelinger shot him as he was returning from the theatre. The avenger tried to escape; but though a horse was near and the natives did their best

to save him, he was run down and literally riddled by the soldiers. Instead of mourning the death of the President, the people dressed in gala attire at his funeral, all the men wearing red ties, and the women red ribbons, the outward marks of carnival time.

We visited the grave of Juan Aparico for he was the son of an American citizen and a true Catholic. We found the grave surrounded by floral emblems from all parts of the republic. The simple, religious natives may be found daily offering a prayer for his soul at his grave. A fine memorial chapel has been erected for him in Santa Cecilia which is crowded on feast days and Sundays. We witnessed a Corpus Christi celebration there and saw the Indians, men, women and children, assist at Mass, and carry lighted tapers of their own making in the procession, singing in Latin the beautiful hymn, "Pange Lingua."

Sunday in the plantation district is always a day of great social and religious intecourse. Every one attends early Mass. The owner of the plantation, in this case Mr. Aparicio, comes on horse-back, with all the family in their best attire. They have a smile and a kindly word for every one. The natives always show a marked deference to the older and more representative families. After Mass all assemble in the Plaza and the news of the week is exchanged. This is the only Sunday paper they have, and it is a better one and truer than many a sensational sheet that dulls with its ponderousness the dweller in the large northern cities.

From Santa Cecilia we went by horse to Quesaltenango and there saw many proofs of the great public spirit

A Native Nurse and Her Charge.

VISITING THE GRAVES ON ALL-SOULS DAY.

of the Aparicio family which had entertained us so royally. There are monuments of their generosity on all sides. The Guatemala College of the Sciences and the Arts is a magnificent institution donated by him to the city.

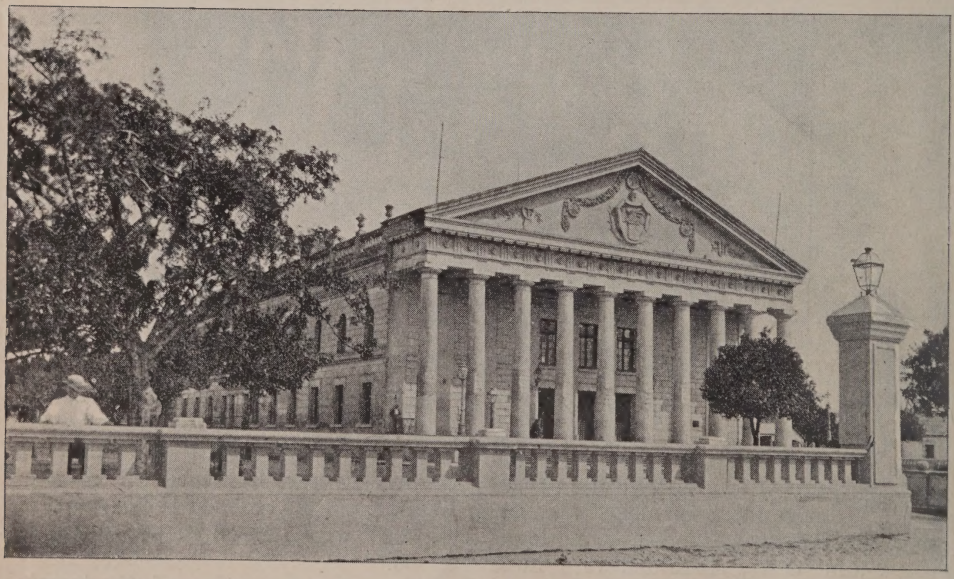
Here, as elsewhere in the republic, we noticed that all the houses were built low and massive. The reason for this is that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are of almost monthly occurrence. The country furnishes very little stone, but the soil is heavy and tenacious and easily moulded into huge blocks, which harden quickly under the tropical sun. This, when plastered and painted, makes a desirable abode. Among the natives these are mere huts and crude, but in the cities show much taste and architectural effort.

After a stay of three days at Quesaltenango we departed by the "Flying Machine" for the capital city, Guatemala. I suppose this lumbering old buss, making twenty miles a day, is called the "flying machine" by the same figure of speech by which the Chinese Empire is named the Celestial Kingdom. We reached the capital finally and were housed in the Hotel del Globo.

NATIVES ATTENDING MASS.

There are two sides of Guatemala. Antigua Guatemala had been destroyed

RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF CARMEN, ANTIGUA GUATEMALA.



THE COLON THEATRE, GUATEMALA.

by the Santa Marta earthquake in 1773. The inhabitants chose a safe site for the new city in the valley of the hermitagers, once the property of the church.

It is a city of 80,000 inhabitants, hidden in high dense foliage, two enormous volcanoes, Fuego and Agua, rearing their heads into the very clouds on either side. The population is mixed of all nations and tribes, the customs of the sixteenth and twentieth centuries creeping on there side by side.

The finest building in the city is the Cathedral, that rivals any in the United States. It is in the best Roman style and rich in splendid statues and altars. I strolled out alone to the most ancient church in Guatemala, the Cerro del Carmen, older than the city itself. It had been practically suppressed by an earlier government and only an old padre and sacristan are in charge. It seemed like an ancient fortress. The heavy iron gates stood ajar. I entered the court yard of four centuries ago. In the centre was a circular shrine on which were carved two cherubim. Within the dark church all was silent. It was some minutes before I could see even the walls. Beneath my feet were the inscribed slabs of the sainted dead who had served the Master well and long, and whose bones and ashes rest in this hallowed spot. I removed the dusty curtain before a beautiful statue of the "Sanctissima, purissima, carissima, Madonna." I climbed the massive stairway to the tower and looked at the immense bell, dated 1748. Be-

A Street in Gautemala.

IN A PRIVATE GARDEN.

fore the Antigua Guatemala was destroyed by the earthquake its deep tones had rung out over city and valley, bidding the faithful to the shrine of the Saviour to pay their vows and offer their petitions to Heaven.

I returned to the hotel filled with solemn reveries. The day was a fiesta and a cock fight in the forenoon and a bull fight in the afternoon were the programme of amusements. As I was not interested in either I decided to seek the points of interest in the city. Everywhere I found churches and convents, confiscated by the government, turned to municipal, commercial and worse uses.

A TRAVELING DISTILLERY.

The Bureau of Revenues and Customs was a fine Franciscan Convent. The Post Office, a church of the same order. The Treasury was formerly a Dominican Monastery. Yet another is a jail, and still another, a theatre. These seizures were carried out by the elder Barrios, who sought to please the irreligious element. The better class of the people rebelled against the outrage, and time has brought the inevitable punishment to the sacreligious hand in the downfall of the Barrios family. In the spot where once rose the chant of praise and the sacrifice of worship, the voice of the money changer and the

CHURCH AND HOSPICE OF ST. JOHN OF GOD.

vender is heard. In yet another where the altar and sacristy stood is the stage. But the Church is holding her own and, despite these defections, Protestantism and Atheism have not been able to secure a lasting foothold.

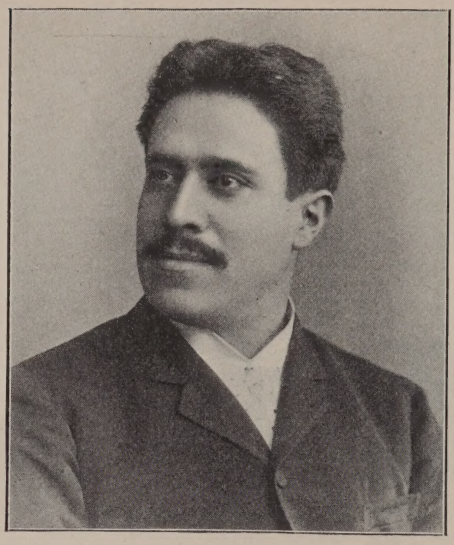
Our stay in Guatemala lasted four weeks during which time I had ample opportunity of studying the people, their customs and institutions.

The first may be divided roughly into the native and foreign population. The former have risen to a high degree of culture and refinement. They are bright, ambitious, and anxious to improve. In the professions they rival and frequently surpass the descendants of other nations. Probably the highest type of Spanish-American, Spanish only in blood, American in all else, may be found here. They preserve all the polish and courtesy of their ancestors with a large tincture of republican spirit sufficient to soften their inherited hauteur. They are hospitable to a fault.

The public school question has found an easy solution in Guatemala. All the schools are immediately supported by the State and the teachings of the Catholic Church are an integral part of the daily exercises. For a time it seemed as if the Church must suffer both spiritual and temporal losses here. But by a blessed necessity the government, after confiscating the Church property and then trying to care for the intellectual and moral needs of the people, found itself unable to discharge the duty. Hence the aid of the Church was again invoked and now all bids fair to issue in general betterment.

The powerful influence of religion can be seen in the most ordinary affairs of life . At baptisms, marriages, and funerals, all the accessories of the beautiful liturgy of the Church have free scope. I was deeply moved at a funeral

scene at Quesantenango. The body of an old chief had been carried on the shoulders of his four brawny sons, followed by a veritable tribe of relatives, to the little memorial chapel on the hill, in order that the Holy Mass might be offered for the soul of the departed. All the way for twenty miles it had been borne, the mourners the while chanting the Rosary and the De Profundis.



JUAN APARICIO.

There is certainly a virgin field in the Central American Republics. The natives may be found there, improved indeed during the past four centuries, but still with a great scope for advancement. The inhabitants, both native and foreign, are favorably disposed towards the United States and aim at a close imitation of northern methods. It is hard to say what their ofuture shall be. Should the Nicaragua Canal suggest a southern boundary for Uncle Sam's territory, it may be within the limits of possibility that the four Central American Republics and even Mexico shall, in some way, be drawn

APARICIO TOMB

A Fiesta.

within the jurisdiction of the United States.

We cannot approve the suggested methods of the English "bully" adventurers who advised the South with sword in hand. We are not yet drunk with the wine of conquest. The mere fact that we have the power and that there is a fair possession belonging to another, yet within the limit of our taking, is no reason we should reach forth and grasp it with robber hand.

Fate and events may draw us nearer our sister republics, but we should not force the issue. They may go on of their own inherent virtue and reach the goal of their destiny. And in this the Catholic Church and her traditions are bound to assert a predominating influence.

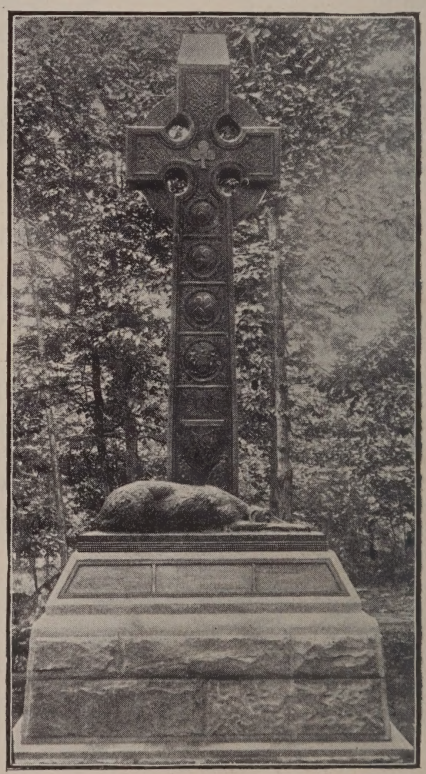
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

BY REV. GEO. W. PEPPER.

BATTLE FLAG OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

From the bright band of these glorious youngsters—the Young Irelanders — I select one whom I knew and loved and who by his magnificent pleadings for Irish independence and the American union has won undying fame. I refer to Thomas Meagher, the orator of the Young Ireland party. A word as to their doctrines. This organization soon won recognition and was everywhere heralded through the provinces as the harbinger of Ireland's redemption. Their fundamental principles were civil and religious liberty, and hence the Protestants flocked to its standard by thousands and thanked God that at last there was a party formed which they could embrace. They glorified the men of 1798, held up to the reverence and admiration of mankind the United Irishmen. These heroes became the charm of their writings, the spell-word of the brave and hopeful seceders of 1848. They abandoned the old war cries of Celt against Saxon and appealed to the everlasting principles of humanity. They clasped hands with the English republicans, invoked the patriotic memories of Vane, of Hampden, of Magna Charta. They glorified the illustrious Protestants who took their stand by the side of the great O'Connell in his emancipation agitation.

This Young Ireland party was founded by the perseverance and intellect of Thomas Davis. If he had any fault it was the same as that a Frenchman once ascribed to Lafayette, "He was too fond of liberty." The name of Thomas Davis operated as a charm upon the Catholics as well as upon the young liberals of the Protestant churches; it bridged over the chasm and united all classes in a sacred, pa-



MONUMENT TO THE "IRISH BRIGADE" IN ROSE'S WOOD.

triotic brotherhood. Ireland never, even in the zenith of her glory, produced a nobler man. His brief life teemed with records of deeds of patriotism, devotion and self-sacrifice, which should forever be an honor to Ireland and a glory to the very name of Irishman. The name of Smith O'Brien must be held in highest esteem; he dared, he endured, he suffered for Ireland and nobly sacrificed himself, an exile. I cannot omit the name of John Mitchell, a large promoter of the success of the new party. To his energy, boldness, desperation, the movement owed much. He defied the government and in the dock spoke heroically; the fierceness of his hatred was terrible. A similar debt of gratitude is due Charles Gavan Duffy, whose important services were very great. Let us not forget the intrepid Fenton Lalor; let us spare a tear to the fiery Leyne, John Martin, pure, ardent, unselfish.

Thomas Devin Reilly was the boldest and most daring of the Young Irelanders. He was manly, stalwart and remarkable for his self-reliance. In the United States he became distinguished as editor of the Democratic and Whig Reviews. The people of all parties admired him for his brave, brilliant and outspoken style. A few days before he died he expressed a wish to be buried on "the slope of a green hill where his feet could feel the dew, and his eyes look up to the stars." Thomas Davis expressed a similar wish and it was very characteristic of these two patriots for they had a sympathy with all the beautiful things of earth. The wish inspired Joseph Brennan, his fellow exile and a most magnificently gifted man to write a refrain, one verse of which I quote:

"Lay me on a hillside with my feet to the dew,
Where the life of the verdure is faintly stealing through.
On the slope of a hill, with my face to the light
Which glows upon the dawn and glorifies the night,
For the grand old mother nature is mightier than death,
The subtle Irish soul of which the beautiful is breath
Which nestles and dreams in the solemn sounding trees
And flings out its locks to the response of the breeze,
And it will crave for God's wonders, from the daisy star close by
To the golden scroll which sparkles with His scripture on the sky.
Oh, God rest you, Devin Reilly, in the shadow of that love,
And God bless you with His bliss in the pleasure dome above,
Where the heroes are assembled and the very angels bow
To the glory of Eternity which glimmers on each brow."

Joseph Brennan was, in the estimation of William Cullen Bryant, one of the most gifted poets of the time, and he includes in his book of gems, Brennan's "Come to me darling, I am lonely without thee."

I remember well Thomas Francis Meagher's visit to Belfast. I was young and enthusiastic then, but though years have passed since that memorable night, its scenes, its interruptions, its bewildering cheers, its crowd are still vividly remembered. As early as six o'clock the hall was filled with a dense crowd of human beings. It took me half an hour to squeeze through the compact mass. The crowd arranged itself in groups; there a group of O'Connellites were packed in the body of the building, fiercely resolved that the slightest criticism of their idol should be instantly resented; here a group of Orangemen in the rear, with mingled feelings of hate and admiration—hate for the O'Connellites and admiration for the fearless apostles of physical force who had the audacity to preach treason and republicanism in the very citadel of Orangeism and to fling down the gauntlet of war to the disciples of the famous agitator. In front sat the brave and faithful Young Irelanders, among them Dr. Beck, an eminent druggist, the whole-souled Johnstons and several of the well-

known citizens. Behind them sat the students of the college, each one with a piece of green ribbon. It was here that I found myself, happy from my toes to the top of my head. I have passed through many exciting scenes in the years that have intervened, but the remembrance of this one night has lingered in my memory like a song that never can be forgotten.

My remembrance of the orator, as he stood before that mixed and turbulent crowd, is that he was fairly tall and possessed an attractive presence; he was young and lithe, with curling brown hair, light blue eyes and a very radiant expression of countenance. His brow was very distinguished, not so much from its intellectual development, although there was plenty of that, as for frankness and manliness. He commenced his address by reference to the roofless houses pointing with their naked gable tops to the blue sky, to the flower of Ireland's youth emigrating to other lands, to the demon of rack rent with its vampire appetite as the ruin of the land. In the course of his exordium he referred to the men of Belfast, who in 1798 were foremost in the ranks of the United Irishmen, saying that their memories should be cherished by generations yet unborn. "They may be gone, but their names should be spoken when Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken." There was no interruption during the first part of the great oration; it was when he justified his action and that of others in their secession from old Ireland, that there was much interruption. A party of disturbers began an uproar which was evidently premeditated.

Having waited several minutes Meagher came to the edge of the platform and was received with deafening and prolonged cheering. The malcontents, being unwilling that the orator should proceed, jumped upon the platform, but the police drove them back, order being after a time restored. "I am a Catholic," said Meagher. "More shame for you," exclaimed one. He then proceeded to eulogize Ulster, along with illustrious examples of the Protestants who stood by the Catholics in times that tried men's souls. There were cheers from the Young Irelanders. A voice exclaimed, "The Pope would rob Ireland!" This was the first Orange interruption. "If the Pope should set his foot on this land I will stand forth in defense of the Irish nation. I want no ascendency, Catholic or Protestant, and will shed my blood in such a cause. Catholic ascendency is a ghost that frightens you and while you stand trembling before it, the union, which is no ghost, is playing the thief behind your back." The crowd was quiet, but when this declaration came from Meagher's lips, pronounced with tremendous earnestness, the enthusiasm that had slumbered like lava in the depths of a volcano, burst forth and the cheers became deafening and continued for a long time. Meagher was in his best form during the moments of his magnificent effort. I see the blood mounting to his broad, bright face, then his whole being transfigured with a sort of oratorical sunshine. His speech was wonderful, and as he called forth the nations that had thrown off their shrouds—Norway, Greece, Holland—and begged that Ireland might imitate and emulate these examples, the effect was electric and indescribable, and when he closed with his sublime adjuration to swear that the time had come for Ireland to sound the trumpet of reformation, the vast crowd rose to their feet. Meagher's speeches in the United States, although brilliant, lacked the dazzling splendor of his Irish addresses, yet they were nevertheless characterized by a tone of softened grandeur.

It was not long after this visit to the north that Meagher was arrested, tried, and condemned to be hung in Clonmel.

Whiteside's speech was magnificent and massive. The gifted conspirator was dressed in his usual style and ap-

peared in excellent health; he bore himself through the trying ordeal with manly dignity and fortitude. Expectation was raised to its highest pitch and a breathless anxiety pervaded all in court to hear his masterly vindication of his sentiments. When the judge assumed the black cap and pronounced the awful sentence of death, the patriot was firm, fearless and unflinching. Meagher's address was grand and noble, and was delivered in a low, subdued and conversational style. The English Tory press had double leaded editorials announcing that the "Irish revolt was crushed!" Fools! They might as well attempt to crush the Andes or the Rocky mountains. Crushed!

The next time I heard Thomas Francis Meagher was at Nashville, Tenn., when he delivered a lecture upon the "Poets," with illustrative readings. He had been ordered west to take a command under old General Steadman. I had run great risk in my efforts to hear him. I was stationed at Resaca; General Sherman asked what was my object in facing such risks. "My object is to get sanitary stores and to meet General Meagher," I said. "Ah, yes," chuckled Sherman, "Mozart Hall," meaning Meagher's transcendent eloquence. The distinguished orator was received by the audience with waving hats and handkerchiefs. He commenced his lecture with a brief and rapid sketch of poetry, citing illustrations from Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Byron, Grey, Campbell. He then referred eloquently to the Irish poets. Moore was described as a nightingale forever in motion; a dapper little fellow, young as fifteen at heart, though his hair resembled one of the Alps at sunset. His soul was deep though the surface of it perpetually leaped and sparkled in the sunshine. But it was of Davis that he spoke the most grandly. He drew a vivid picture of his clenched hand, flashing eye and a voice that rang like Murat's at Aboukir as he described the battle of Fontenoy:

"Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English lines the Irish exiles sprang.
On, Fontenoy, on, Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won."

He glorified Burns' poetry. "Where," he asked, "can truer poetry be found than in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' a laboring man's description of a laboring man's home?" He compared Speranza to Miriam in her wrath, and Eva was praised for her sweet verses.

In speaking of Moore he told this incident of the wreck of the brilliant and witty man: Before his death he was present at a party where a gentleman was requested to sing. He sat down and out of admiration sang one of Moore's own favorites. When he had finished the poet exclaimed, "How beautiful, I have heard that before." The song was the well-known one, so descriptive of the ruin of the brilliant and accomplished Moore.

"The harp that once through Tara's Halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled."

The next time I met General Meagher was at the Grand Review in Washington. Hark! What means that shout? It was the Irish Brigade as it passed before the dignitaries. It was the most magnificent display in modern times. Everyone welcomed the Irish heroes! Every one of them wore a green sprig. I watched the British minister as the flag bearing the memorable numbers 69th passed; it must have recalled to the ambassador's memory the year '98 when the grass blades grew bayonets. The coats were bound with sprigs of emerald, and the men bore entwined in their shattered flags the harp and shamrock. Their faces were brown and bearded, showing under the low caps the enthusiastic eyes of the men of Ireland. I met the gen-

eral on this occasion at the residence of Mr. Coyle, the former proprietor of the National Intelligencer. As handsome as ever, eyes as brilliant and persuasive as when I first saw him. His voice was more free and full and the English accent which he had acquired at college in England was gone. He repeated for hours his experiences in exile, the peculiarities and preferences of his companions, O'Brien, Mitchell and Martin, and gave their favorite poetical quotations. Here is O'Brien's. Over his chimney-piece he wrote these sentences from Wordsworth:

"One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

Meagher's quotation was from Kirk White:

"Go talk of spring to the trampled flowers!
Go speak of light to the fallen star!
Go talk of glory to the soldier who delights
in war!
But ye mock the exile's hopes
When ye speak of aught
Save the land he loves."

Mitchell's favorite was from Coleridge, but I have forgotten it. Meagher was a capital anecdote teller. Here are two that he told with a rollicking humor and imitation of the parties concerned: In his day Judge Monahan was notorious for his convivial habits, his sprees and his frequent drowsiness upon the bench. He had a brother Stephen who was register of his court and in addition to his intemperate habits was very profane and absent-minded. The judge would often reprimand him for his drunkenness. "Blast you, Stephen, drunk again." On one occasion Stephen handed the bible to a witness, saying loudly, "Take the book!" The witness moved not a muscle. "Take the book," screamed Stephen. The witness was silent, but finally said, gently, "I am a Friend." "D—n you, you are no friend of mine, take the book!" At length the judge roused himself from his drowsiness in time to say, "Blow you Stephen, don't you see the fellow is a Quaker?"

He was full of anecdotes of his famous brigade. One story is too good to be lost. He said he was leading his men to the front in one of the Seven Days' battles when an aid rode by and announced the news that our army had carried a certain strategic point and several colors. "D'ye hear that, boys," shouted Meagher, "our men have won the day and captured the enemy's colors!" "Just as I said that," remarked the general, "a private who was plunging along out of one muddy hole into another, looked up at me and said, 'Ah, Ginral, I'd rather hev a pint of Dinnis McGuire's whiskey now than all the colors of the rainbow.'"

In 1834 the question of Repeal was introduced by O'Connell into the House of Commons. One of the fiercest and most conspicuous opponents was Mr. Spring Rice, afterward Lord Monteagle. He spoke almost daily piling up statistics to show Ireland's alleged prosperity under the Union. He was everywhere despised and abhorred as a renegade Irishman. He became a candidate for Parliament for the city of Limerick. O'Connell arrived when the excitement was at its height; he was asked to make a speech and to express his choice for the two members of Parliament. He absolutely declined, but said he would tell them a little story; he was speaking from the balcony of his hotel and the crowd shouted, "Give us the story!" He replied, "At the beginning of this century when the French invaded Ireland and their fleet was to anchor in the Shannon in the neighborhood of Limerick, the people feared that the French would rob and confiscate all their possessions, which they had done on the continent. There lived among them a farmer named Maurice Sullivan, religious, sober, in-

dustrious; his wife was equally industrious and thrifty. One Sunday as the husband and wife went to the chapel they talked over the French invasion. 'I have to tell you, dear wife, that I have more money than you think of; if a Frenchman found it he would take it.' 'Maurice,' replied the good wife, 'I have a hundred pounds, what shall we do with it?' 'I was down in the churchyard the other evening and I noticed a hole in the Rice monument, that would be the safest place to put it.' His wife answered, 'Do anything else that you please, but not that for I would not trust a Rice living or dead.'" The anecdote did its work. Rice was defeated.

The oratory of Thomas Francis Meagher stands alone—unique, unapproached and unapproachable. More than a hundred critics, European and American, have all endeavored to find out the secret of his marvelous power. Even Lecky, the Conservative historian, is compelled to confess that he was the first orator of his age and he quotes samples of Meagher's speeches to prove his convictions. He had all the essentials of true oratory—including a splendid and commanding personality, and possessed a full knowledge of the English language. All its vast resources were at his command. He studied it in all its various derivations. He had no fault to find with it. Neither had Milton when he wrote his "Paradise Lost," nor Locke when he produced his great work upon the "Understanding," nor Chatham when he thundered in the House of Commons. He carefully prepared his speeches and lectures in the seclusion of his study; there he would spend hours over one sentence—he was a splendid sentence-maker; hence there are no drunken metaphors and no driveling statistics in his lectures and orations to mar their beauty and impair their strength.

Action was another of his attributes; there was no start, no friction, no exclamations of wonder. Every gesture was a picture; you saw the scenes he described. He never raved, never tossed his arms, never tore a passion "to very rags and split the ears of the ground hogs." I have said that the hearer saw his personages. Read his lecture upon Grattan—there you behold the volunteers in their uniforms—beauty in wreaths, and chains of crusted gold, and the spires and people of Dublin, in all their gladness and glory. Meagher has been compared to Richard Lalor Sheil, the renowned rhetorician whom Gladstone in his address recommended to the London preachers. But there was no resemblance; Sheil was small and slight with a voice that screamed like a scalded eagle. Meagher was an athlete, Sheil was as the commingled voice of the Rapids lashing the rocks with his brilliant declamation; Meagher was the broad cataract throwing its beautiful sprays in profuse diamonds, Sheil was the impetuous torrent flinging up a succession of fiery rocks and vapor; Sheil was a torch that blazed, Meagher was a lamp that shone steadily; Sheil had more fire and energy, Meagher more brilliancy and grace; he had little fervid declamation, some times he hesitated for a word, but when he rose to his most impassioned moments all the orator shone in him. His eye flashing, his voice thrilling, and when repelling some slander his face would become pale with excitement. His orations were always beautiful, adorned and ennobled with a train of images. They flashed and sparkled all over with the gems of a brilliant fancy, polished to the highest sheen by the rhetorician's art. Perhaps the most finished of all his orations in this country was the one upon Australia, his description of the infant colony sleeping in a peaceful cradle while all the world is torn and rent by the revolutions of 1848, was really grand and powerful and when he pictured that at no distant day she would form a new constellation of free and mighty repub-

lics, the orator became a prophet, for the colonies have become all that he predicted.

General Meagher was appointed, shortly after the war, secretary of state for Montana where he afterwards became governor. I received several letters from him while he was there. Never were letters more welcome; they were as refreshing to me as a spring of pure water to a thirsty traveler. I append a few of them.

New York, 129 Fifth Ave.,
August 11th, 1863.

My dear Sir:

Your very friendly and welcome letter of the 8th of July has failed to receive an acknowledgment until this late moment, partly because I have been away from the city for some weeks past, and partly because, in response to a question you put me, I was unable even vaguely to intimate that I was free to gratify the wishes you have so cordially expressed.

You ask me would it be in my power to visit your noble state? I presume to deliver a speech on the great question of the day (to wit—shall this nation be governed and maintained, or be cast loose and broken up) —and you do me the honor to say that the Chairman of the State Central Union Committee has pressed this question on you. In reply I feel much pleasure in saying that, if it would be convenient and agreeable for me to visit Ohio, for the purpose indicated, towards the close of September, I can promise to do so. It seems to me, however, that an invitation from this Committee should be regularly and formally sent me, so as to justify my visit, or at all events to divest it of an intrusive character.

As to compensation—why, to tell the truth, I can't afford to dispense with it. I wish to Heavens I could do what I did in Ireland —that is, serve the public interests without a cent of compensation. But now-a-days I have to pay my way or have it paid, or I can't move a step.

Any day after the 20th of September, I shall be happy to hold myself bound to the Committee, in case I receive an invitation from them to visit Ohio, and bear a hand in the national struggle of which their state is about to be the great Arena. This invitation should name the day and place, etc., of my appearance. Though marked "private," this note, of course, is so far communicable as that my intentions to visit Ohio for the purpose named, can at once and fully be made known to the State Central Union Committee.

Believe me most truly yours,

T. F. Meagher.

New York, 129 Fifth Ave.
Sept. 8th, 1863.

My Dear Sir:

I have this morning written to the Secretary of the State Union Executive Committee, Columbus, informing him that I can be in that city, Thursday, October 1st, arriving there the evening previous from Cleveland.

I was prevented replying to him sooner, having been absent from New York until a day or two ago.

I am sorry I cannot promise myself the pleasure of going by the route you indicate. Engagements made before I received your kind invitation to do so, render it impossible. Should it suit the Committee, however, I shall positively be in Columbus the time I have named.

I enclose here a copy of the addresses presented to me by the officers and men of my old command, on my taking leave of them. They will explain the reasons of my doing so, and the feelings with which my action of the occasion were regarded by those most interested. They serve also as the best and highest attestation of my fidelity to the cause and the service of the Nation. Should you think it advisable or serviceable to do so, you are, of course, at full liberty to have them published. Believe me,

Yours most truly,

T. F. Meagher.

To the Revd. George W. Pepper.

Executive Office,
Territory of Montana,
Virginia City, December 17, 1865.

My dear Friend:

I should have written to you some time since—indeed shortly after my arrival here—but I forgot your address, and had to wait until Mrs. Meagher sent it to me, before I could write to you.

I write now a few lines only—can't write more—being greatly pressed down by official correspondence with Washington, this being the busiest part of the year for that description of work.

I haven't time to do more, in fact, than cordially write you to join me here as soon as you can.

It is a perfectly beautiful and delightful country, singularly rich and singularly grand. Americans who cling to the Atlantic sea-coast, or to the valley of the Mississippi even, have little conception of the wealth

and grandeur of the country they own. You cannot realize it until you traverse the plains, or ascend the Missouri to its headwaters and look over it from the Rocky Mountains.

You, my dear friend, would exult in being here. It is just the country for one of your temperament, your intellect, your heart and eloquence. Come out to Montana—take up and fence in your 160 acres under the Homestead act, in one of our wonderfully fertile, abundantly watered, and well-timbered vallies—and my word for it, you will feel yourself a new man, and an American citizen in full.

Should you desire to follow the ministry—to preach—attend the poor and sick, devote yourself to charitable, religious, and intellectual labors—I promise you that so far from being disappointed and damaging your condition, you would be most pleasurably surprised and your prospects heightened.

We want men of your stamp—your accomplishments—your facility of writing and attainments in oratory—out here; and with such solid capital as you possess in these respects, you would soon find yourself a substantial man.

Mrs. Meagher, in writing to me the other day and giving me your address begged that I would entreat you to join me in Montana, and that, as she purposes to leave St. Louis by boat for Fort Benton early in the spring, to take up her home with me in this glorious young territory, it would delight her extremely to have you and your family as her companions on the journey. Open a correspondence with her right away and settle the matter with her. I have two or three things for you to do, for which I shall furnish you with abundant materials and cordial assistance. "Memories of Young Ireland," etc. Write immediately and say you have determined to come—and believe me ever your most affectionate friend,

Thomas Francis Meagher.

Executive Office,
Territory of Montana.
Virginia City, January 20, 1866.

My dear Mr. Pepper:

I sent you a little letter a few weeks ago, entreating you to come out here along with Mrs. Meagher and become a mountaineer as I have done. I hope to goodness you have received that letter. In it I assured you of all the happiness and success you might reasonably desire, in the event of your translating the household gods to this, the Switzerland of the new world—and I begged you at once to put yourself into communication with Mrs. Meagher (32 East 23d Street, New York) in case you felt inclined to act upon my suggestion, so that your movements and hers should be combined. Do come. We have too great a preponderance of Yankee blood (not blood, but serum) out here. I want to see a strong infusion of the rich, red, generous royal Celtic blood, to counteract the acidity and poverty of the former. I enclose you a couple of our papers. They will give you some news of my doings here, which are quiet enough at present.

Exultingly cherishing the hope of grasping you by the hand early in the summer.

Believe me ever to remain your warmly attached friend.

T. F. Meagher.

To the Revd. George W. Pepper, Ohio.

Virginia City, M. T.,
Feb. 7th, 1866.

My dear Mr. Pepper:

Your heartily-welcomed letter of the 2nd of January, with paper containing your Thanksgiving sermon, reached me here night before last. I had previously written you two letters, addressed to the directions I had from Mrs. Meagher, begging you to come out here with her. She leaves St. Louis by the first boat starting thence for the Upper Missouri. Confidently reckon on her being here the end of May. I shall be deeply disappointed if I do not find you with her. We shall have the happiest times in Montana together. I promise you golden harvests for your labors as a clergyman. Now, I entreat of you to come—nay, I insist upon it. This is all I have time to say at present. I am overpowered with official work, and so must at once conclude, begging you ever to regard and believe me most faithfully your friend,

Thomas Francis Meagher.

To the Revd. George W. Pepper,
Bloomfield,
Marrow County,
Ohio.

My appointments in the regular army prevented my acceptance of his kind invitation to become a citizen of that young Commonwealth. These letters show a cultured intellect, fine descriptive powers, devotion to freedom, enthusiastic love for Ireland and an intense admiration for Montana. Alas, that the hopes so rapturously expressed were never realized! Alas, that the noble woman of whom he speaks so fondly never reached him! It is to be hoped that the monument designed by the Irish citizens of Montana will be erected. With such a man as Marcus Daily, and backed as he is by Senator Carter and my old friend, Major Magennis, it cannot fail. I

have said nothing of Meagher as a soldier. In my last book "Under Three Flags" I quote General Lee's estimate of the Irish Brigade and its commander.

The Confederate chief in his conversations with me which I relate fully could pay the gallant Irishman no higher compliment than to compare him to their own famous Cleburne and Stonewall Jackson.

In one of Meagher's letters, which has been lost, there is a sentence which I vividly remember; it was on the Union Army.—"The pride and beauty of which are irreparably blended with the sudden blaze of victory which rose above Fort Donelson and Chattanooga and traveled in unwavering lines of glory through the storm that shook the earth." He also wrote a tender and touching letter when I conferred his name upon my youngest son.

The premature and unexpected death of General Meagher filled the whole country with profound sorrow. I was stationed in the Regular Army at Raleigh; General Miles, now Commander of the Army, was my colonel; he knew and loved Meagher in the army of the Potomac. He asked me to deliver an address upon his dead friend. I did so. It was published afterwards by Mr. Donahoe. Meagher rose in the estimation of Americans by his bravery and patriotic eloquence; he left no successor behind him. In him may be traced a character superior to the highest gifts of fortune. If the word 'heroism' cannot be applied to him, it is because he remained greater than his own genius; his life has nothing to gain from panegyric; his whole career shines with the steady light of day; it has nothing to conceal; everything in it was manly, compact and clear; shaped to one rule of public duty, animated by one passion—love of Ireland and America.

Though singularly free from every trace of cant, his mind was no stranger to the sublime influence of religious truth. He had a smile for the youngest child, a compliment for the prettiest face, an answer to the readiest tongue. He was the very type and model of an Irish gentleman. And though men are prone to invest the worthies of an earlier age with a dignity and merit they commonly withold from their contemporaries, we can select none from the long array of orators, soldiers and patriots, who taken for all in all, can claim a rivalry with him whose body lies in the waters of the Missouri. It is fitting that a stately monument should be dedicated to his patriotic memory. He has no tomb; nobody knows where the hero sleeps, but Meagher can never be forgotten. As well ask the young mother to forget her youngest born, the flowers to forget the dew, or the American to forget George Washington. Almost every European city has its monument; Bonn has its Beethoven, Antwerp its Rubens, Frankfort its Goethe, London its Nelson, Edinburg its Scott, Dublin its Grattan, and across the ocean, Boston has its Boyle O'Reilly. Let the Irish people evince their gratitude to their illustrious countryman by uniting with their generous fellow nationalists of Montana in building this monument to the lamented Meagher. Though the silver chord be broken, and the body can not be found, that monument will speak with a sweet and powerful eloquence of the soldier, the orator, the exile, the patriot who dared and suffered that his beloved Ireland might take her place among the republican commonwealths of the world.

(The Rev. Dr. Pepper is an Irish Protestant, and a minister of the Methodist Church. He took an active part in the Civil War, first as a captain in the army, and later as a chaplain.)—Editor.

DAINIE'S DECORATION DAY.

Dainie was standing at his usual post of observation behind the big lilac bushes. After awhile his mother would stop long enough from her washing to look around the house to see if she could see him. But she could not. Dainie smiled. And then she would wash a little while again and maybe look once more, and after a little she would call "Dainie," short and sharp. Then he would know it was time to run around the other side of the house and ask her what she wanted.

"What y'doin' again?" she would ask, and he would answer, "Jes' playin' by the house." He did not need to tell it was by the lilac bushes, because she might make him come away, and he did want to see Fanny and ask her where she was going all dressed up and with the flowers in a little basket. He knew that if his mother saw him talk to Fanny she would whip him. She always did when he ran out on the street, or when he talked to the children through the pickets—if she saw him,—but even Dainie's mother did not see everything. And he and Fanny were good friends. She knew much more than Dainie did, because she was seven, and went to school, and her mother took her down town and let her go visiting alone and she lived in a big house.

The house was not so very big, but it had two stories and a half,and Dainie's had only one. There was another big house like it on the other side, and there were others across the street, and Dainie asked his mother one day why they did not live in a big house too. But she told him he should "be quiet" and thankful that he was living in any house at all. Dainie knew what "be quiet" meant, but he did not understand "thankful" so well, and he liked the lilac bushes better than ever.

Fanny came to the near end of the porch. Fanny's mother did not want her to play with Dainie either, and Fanny was a girl, and had already learned the meaning of a big house, and of a little house. But by the same token she knew that Dainie was behind the lilac bushes looking at her new white dress and her flowers. And Dainie knew, though he was a very little boy, that she would watch her chance to come down from the porch and walk over behind the rose-bushes on her side of the fence and show him her things.

"Where yo' goin'?" he asked.

"Don't yo' know? To-day's Dec'ration Day."

"What's that?" asked Dainie.

"Why, that's when the children all sing and take flowers to the cem'try."

"Where's the cem'try?"

"That's where the graves are."

"The graves," said Dainie, "then that's where my gran'mere is, are you goin' to put flowers on her too?"

"No," said Fanny and she laughed, which pained Dainie very much.

"Well, on who, then?" But just then Fannie's mother came out on the porch and Fanny gathered up her flowers and walked carelessly across the lawn.

Talking to Fanny of graves made Dainie think of his gran'mere. All day long he used to sit on his little red chair beside her, and watch her knit or mend, and listen to her telling stories, and when his mother scolded, gran'mere would pat his head and say, "Mon pauvre enfant," and call him her "bon Denis." His mother called him "Dainie," and Fanny said "Donnie," and some of the children, "Denny," and "Dinny." But he liked the way gran'mere said it best of all and he wished she was there. It seemed a long

time since they took her to the grave, and he did not know just why they took her. Somebody had asked Dainie if he was sorry that she was dead. "I can't be sorry she's dead, I don't know what dead means, but I wish she was here."

And he had wished that every day; when he was lonesome, when he could not button his clothes, or tie his shoes, or brush his hair, and when he wanted to hear a story. If anybody was going to have flowers on the grave his gran'mere ought to have them too. Dainie knew that his little shirt waist was clean, so he sneaked in and got his Sunday hat and some lilacs. Then he made sure that his mother was busy. She was putting the clothes through the "blue," and he knew that she would not let them lie in the "blue" if she could help it. He ran down to the corner and waited to see what Fanny would do. When Fanny and her older sister started down the street he waited until they had passed and gone half a block and then followed. They went to the school house, and there got into a long picnic wagon with other children who had flowers. Dainie climbed into one too, taking care that it was not the one in which Fanny was. She might tell his mother.

His grandmother's grave was not in the first cemetery to which they came; nor in the second; but in the third one Dainie found the little iron cross with the glass-covered box in the centre, in which was his father's photograph, surrounded by pressed flowers. Dainie knew the photograph because there was one framed just like it at home. And beside it was the bare grave to which they had put his grandmother. She was only six weeks dead, but it seemed a long, long time to Dainie, and he was so glad to be with her. He laid the lilacs down on her grave, and sat down.

"Do you like 'em, gran'mere? Are you glad I's brought them for you? Good gran'mere." He stuck each separate spray in the ground, because it made them look like the plants on the other graves.

"Is that pitty, that way?" he asked.

He heard the little children singing at a distance, and he was glad, because his grandmother liked to hear children sing. But when he heard them no more, and they did not come to her grave to sing, he himself began to sing the songs she had taught him.

"You like that better, don't you?" Then after a while so much singing made him thirsty, and he started to find a hydrant. "I will come back soon," he said to his grandmother.

The children were all gone, but he passed a grave with wreaths and loose flowers. There were so many more than his grandmother had that Dainie was pained. He went over and took two or three blossoms and carried them back with him.

"Does you like zis, good gran'mere?" he asked. He thought she did and he went to look for more. There was a big man with a shovel walking around, and Dainie was afraid of him. Gran'mere always told him that he must not touch a thing that did not belong to him, and maybe this man would think that he was stealing the flowers. But he wasn't, he only wanted to put them on gran'mere. So Dainie watched and hid and ran by turns, until at last his grandmother's grave was covered all over with flowers. He had found some water to drink, and on the clean soft grass he found a bit of bread and butter. "Some little girl lost it," thought Dainie, "nobody would throw good bread and butter away would he?" And he picked it up and took it over to his grandmother. But quaintly fancying she told him to eat it himself, he set his little white teeth in it. He was very hungry, and after a little found he was tired too, and he laid his head against the grave as he used to against his grandmother's knee.

And he slept and was at peace. And the heart that was just beginning to tune its beatings to the pain of living

and the old heart that had worn itself out were close together, because between them was the one mystic bond that lasts beyond the grave—they loved each other.

Dainie's mother washed away steadily. She was an energetic woman and washed her clothes out before noon. Besides she washed every day, and there never was time to leave anything for to-morrow. After awhile she wanted Dainie to carry the clothes-pin basket after her while she hung up the clothes. But Dainie did not answer. She set her mouth hard—Dainie knew the look and had trembled before it. She would teach him to run away when he came back. But noon passed and Dainie did not come back. She set her mouth a little harder as the hours passed. This time called for a lesson that he would remember. She did not mean to work her nails off and let her boy grow up a good-for-nothing. There were times when Dainie was asleep that she would kneel beside his bed and caress his curly head, while she vowed to rear him so his father might have been proud of him. But Dainie did not know that, nor many other things. She was one of the unfortunately unyielding women whose emotions culminate in a burst of temper, rather than in tears. When supper was over and no Dainie, she cut a switch from the lilac bushes and laid it on the kitchen table and started the round of back doors in the block. But no one had seen Dainie. Fanny's mother took it upon herself to telephone to the police station. But Dainie was not there. Nor did they know of him. To be sure the lady had ideas of what her neighbors ought to do, even if they did not. So she gave in Dainie's name as Daniel Centlivre, carefully spelling it out, and the desk-sergeant put it down that way; and Mrs. Centlivre went back to her little house and tried to wait. But her hands shook and her head burned. Dainie's little every-day cap was lying on his bed, and his Sunday hat was gone. The discovery gave her a pain that made her gasp, for it told her that he had not wandered away accidentally, but had gone deliberately. She looked up at the picture of her dead husband. Her own people were Germans,—farmers, prosperous, thrifty and purse proud. She had their thrift and their stubbornness and physical endurance. She had married the slight, dark, beggarly printer, a Frenchman too, in spite of the whole clan. She had come to town to learn the sewing trade, as befits every well-equipped housewife, and they had met and loved, with not a trait in common save the church at which they first saw each other. Then when he died she had asked no odds of her people; but had taken her washboard and made a living for the grandmother and the little boy. The needle had always been stiff in her fingers. It was for someone with thin blood and soft muscles. Never could her people wring a word of complaint from her against her fate or her husband. They two had been happy. Did she not know it? No one of her own blood ever was as kind as her husband. If she was angry he only looked out of the window, or played with Dainie. And then afterwards, the next day, she cooked the things he liked best—and he understood and praised her. But sometimes it would all come to her as if it were the grief of the day, instead of two years ago. Then she was sharp to the old grandmother, and Dainie knew it was time to keep out of the way. But if her husband had lived he would never have made Dainie run away from him, she thought with a choking sigh.

All the time she had been changing her dress and putting on her hat. It seemed to take her so long. She went half a dozen times after each article, and sometimes she did not seem to see the things at all, when they were right in front of her.

When she was dressed she called to Fanny to ask her mother if there was

any word from the police station. There was none. She went on; up and down and across the street she looked, and every time she saw a child that made her think of Dainie, she almost cried out loud.

At the entrance of the police station she drew a long breath. What might she not learn in there. Dainie's face pale and still rose before her until her knees shook so that she could hardly move. But when she entered the revulsion of feeling made her white. There was Dainie sitting on the sergeant's knee and eating bread and milk out of a bowl. When he saw his mother he dropped his spoon and got down on the floor and ran behind the sergeant's chair.

"I was only puttin' flowers on gran'mere's grave," he piped tremblingly, for he could not understand that the look in his mother's face was not anger. She did not speak, but looked at the sergeant.

"The sexton of Mt. Elliot Cemetery brought him here an hour ago," said the sergeant. "He had seen him all day hiding behind tombstones and getting a flower here and there from the wreaths to put on some grave, but he did not know that the child was alone until this evening when every one was gone and the child still there."

Dainie's mother stood looking silently at the desk sergeant. She could not bear to look at the cowering, shrinking child behind him. That was the thing that heaped highest the measure of her remorse. Her husband's eyes seemed to look out of the little, dark face, ominously accusing.

She put her hands on the sergeant's desk. "An hour ago?" she said. It seemed a year ago since she had cut the switch and first started out on her search. "But we telephoned." The desk sergeant looked at the memoranda.

"Daniel Sentliver," he read. "That does not sound like the name the kid gave himself. Seemed to me he said Dinny Sawleaf."

She smiled in spite of herself at the twist of brogue the sergeant gave the French name, and Dainie seeing the smile, took heart and came out and slipped his hand in hers.

When she came home she burned the switch, and Dainie told her his story, and went to sleep on her knee. And since she has learned to talk to him, he does not hide behind the lilac bushes nor run away.

IN HER GARDEN.

BY EDWARD WILLIAM DUTCHER.

Unhappy thrush, why is your song so sad?
  There seems no place in all the earth for gloom
  When south winds murmur over fields of bloom,
And nature in her springtime garb is glad;
When whistling goes the merry farmer lad
  About his task, and in the summer's loom
  Are fashioned garlands for old winter's tomb,—
The whole wide world with mirth and pleasure mad

Canst charm her garden with some sweeter tone,
  As she stands list'ning by the vine clad wall,
  Waiting my coming for the promised tryst?
Perchance your song will melt her heart of stone,
  As to your mate for sympathy you call,
  And win for me what I long time have missed!

LEO XIII. AND THE UNITED STATES.

BY REV. MORTIMER E. TWOMEY.

The fisherman's net is on all the seas. We in the United States have felt ourselves drawn into a close and immediate relation with the Supreme Pontiff. The distance to Rome has been lessened. His fatherly solicitude has reached to the hearts of the far-away children, and knowing that we are everywhere beneath the shadow of that blessing which falls from his outstretched hands, and everywhere within the range of his strong, clear voice, we have awakened to the great fact that Leo has annihilated distance, as he has overthrown prejudices.

That one, who had grown into old age under the teaching and the training of monarchy, should evince a splendid understanding and a thorough appreciation of republican government and institutions was scarcely to be expected. But Leo has demonstrated the falsity of such a fear. Republican France has found in him a stanch and fearless supporter under disheartening circumstances, and republican America has captivated the intelligence and the heart of Leo.

Every institution has its opponents as it has its defenders. The Republic of France was not at all to the liking of many of the Churchmen. But Leo has regard for the people and their best interests, as also for their legitimate aims. He is a practical man. He has found in the existing state of the Pope's relations with the governments sufficient difficulties. His was the disposition to remove the existing troubles, so far as right and honor might permit, and to avoid the creation of new entanglements. And in both ways he has proved himself a man of marvelous prudence. In France, he found a Republic, and he upheld it.

In the United States, individuals have at times in a mistaken zeal for religion placed the Church in a false and awkward position. They have sought even at Rome to bring about the fulfillment of their wishes. But eloquence and endeavor have been in vain. The Church in America has suffered nothing from the misdirected energies of her well-meaning, but narrow friends, because Leo, awaking, has stilled the turbulence, and bade the bark sail on in calm and peaceful waters. Peter's bark sails equally well upon the high ocean or the inland sea, upon the stormy lake or the gliding river.

The very latest of Leo's communications to the Catholics of this country has but served to emphasize his respect for our laws and institutions, and his desire that we shall all as Catholics appreciate the American spirit, and uphold American institutions. "Non vos, sed vestra;" "I desire," says St. Paul, "not what belongs to you, but yourselves." And when a man is great enough for that, form and appearance are of little hindrance to the estimation of real worth. The Churchmen in Rome would be false to tradition and to training, if they were less than world-citizens. And Leo, with his own great comprehension, seizes, as the great Churchman should, the heart of truth that lies hidden from untrained and self-satisfied reasoners.

"In no country of the world, do I find myself more a Pope than in the United States," said Pius IX, and the force of the word is not to be lessened in regard to Leo. Admiration, respect, reverence, love; he is the Father of the people, the loved one of obedient and proud children.

While not addressed in a special way to the Catholics of this land, Leo's encyclical on labor has a direct and a growing signification for our capital-

ists and workingmen. The problem of capital and labor is a hard one to solve, and Leo approaches to the question with that knowledge. We have the great question settled every day by a flippant word, or an outcry of despair or a forced submission of poverty. But there is an element that must of necessity enter into its consideration and its solution. And this is the Christ. The world has no other Redeemer. The poor have no other Saviour, and the rich no other Master. Others may be substituted, but the truth does not thereby vary. Christ belongs to the world and the world to Him. It belonged to Him first, because as God He made it, and so possesses it, but since He became man, and gave Himself to the world and for it, He belongs to it. And He must be reckoned in every calculation. To set Him aside is to start falsely, and the conclusion must be of error, proceeding, as the reasoning has done, on ignorance. Cause and effect are in correlation. The nature of the road and its direction must be considered in the journey.

The great Churchman, Leo, the Vicar of Christ, cannot forget his Master. His first and highest allegiance is to the God of truth and love. Peace to men shall be attained only by the ministrations of the Prince of Peace. Men have read Leo's statements to the laborer and his employer, and they have forgotten. And yet the principles he advocates are the ever-enduring and mighty principles of Christ's teaching. And even if the capitalist, in his pride and fancied security of the purchasing and coercing power of his money, feels a disdain for spiritual allies and weapons, he shall have his rude awakening, when in consternation he will turn for help to the Church to control the righteous anger of the tormented masses. The capitalist has his rights, undoubted and personal. And no stancher defender shall he ever find than the Catholic Church which always with the eye of truth regards fantastic theories that would destroy a man's property and his claim thereto. And Leo does not forget the rights of the property-holder, does not ignore the position in which the capitalist has placed himself. There is no tolerance in the Vatican for the frenzied assaults which under various names and in various regions have been directed against capital. Capital is necessary, labor is necessary. Each has its claims, each, its rights. A calm, a clear, a penetrating consideration of a great question is required. Not like a general viewing his own and the hostile forces does Leo regard the matter before him, but as a father deploring the disagreement and ill-will between the members of his household, or as a ruler saddened at the mutterings of discontent that reach him from different municipalities in opposition one to the other, when all their best interests point to co-operation. Co-operation is Leo's ideal. Law is good, but only to a certain extent. And the aid of the state is needed, but only to help to the furthering of the expressed will of capital and labor that have agreed to advance along the lines of mutual good-will.

With extreme gentleness does Leo enter into the heart of the question. He does not batter down the walls, and then devastate the land. Lives are at stake, and souls are in the consideration. A Churchman never reasons apart from the idea of souls and of immortal destinies. And so his reasonings seem often at fault, or too ideal for a materialistic age. Leo values legislation, and believes that the state should aid capital and labor to unite in plans of working together, of discussing together, and of securing the ends to which they have planned. But then there is God, who has given authority not only to state, but a magnificent comprehension to individual consciences, and the Divine influence over the individual is necessary wherever good, real good, lasting good, the good of human lives is to be accom-

plished. The yoke of the working man, so Leo recognizes, is often that almost of the slave. And the workingman who would remove this yoke which capital puts on him, must take off the yoke he too often puts on his own soul by sin. An honest, sober, a moral workingman is a powerful man. And the union of such men in workingmen's guilds, which Leo advocates, would form an irresistible union. There is no cause after all so mighty as the cause of justice; no argument so convincing as truth, and no man so conquering as he who holds dominion over his own soul.

The mighty worker Leo pleads for the workingmen according to the laws of mercy and religion, receives the workingmen as pilgrims to his prison and by his known sympathy for their needs has been honored with the sweet title of the workingmen's Pope.

Popular opinion is held to be a mighty force in the United States. Until a few months past, as a government and a people we advocated "government from the people, by the people, and for the people." The government seems to have bravely weathered that tempestuous and unsafe sailing on inland water, and now in intoxicated security has fallen on the high waves where the greater the storm and the surer the danger, the less is the destruction. It remains to be seen whether the people have so deeply imbibed of Albion insobriety as to be ready on staggering feet to follow the guidance of a whirling head. But be that as it may, we still hold to the delusion—if delusion it is going to prove—that the people have a voice, and that popular opinion must be reckoned with as a great national institution. We believe in the education of the masses, and feel that an educated people should be capable of self-government.

As for the workingman in his unions, Leo believes in the voicing of grievances and views, so, too, in general does he hold to the power of popular opinion. Where no injustice is occasioned, no wrong inflicted, he looks to the people's voice as a great factor in the decision of affairs. More, where the people have legitimately secured power, he has favored and upheld them in its use. He has shown what the world has regarded as democratic and modern tendencies in this regard. And when he has found the people's voice considered of such vehemence in the United States, he has but expressed his accord with existing conditions. There has never been any desire to contravene the wishes of the people, nor to antagonize their lawful claims. All with him is in the interest of justice and of truth. And so in Rome, where the Italian government has stolen everything, Leo has been solicitous for the poor, for the people, by starting into existence orphan asylums, night asylums, charitable institutions, cheap kitchens and varied classes of schools. He deplores ignorance, he pities those who are in ignorance. From the trained scholar to whom he has opened the archives, and unrolled the manuscripts of the Vatican, down to the child in the primary classes, he is calling for truth, he is demanding that the eyes of the soul be opened to the truth, and he is every day extending his welcome to the development of truth.

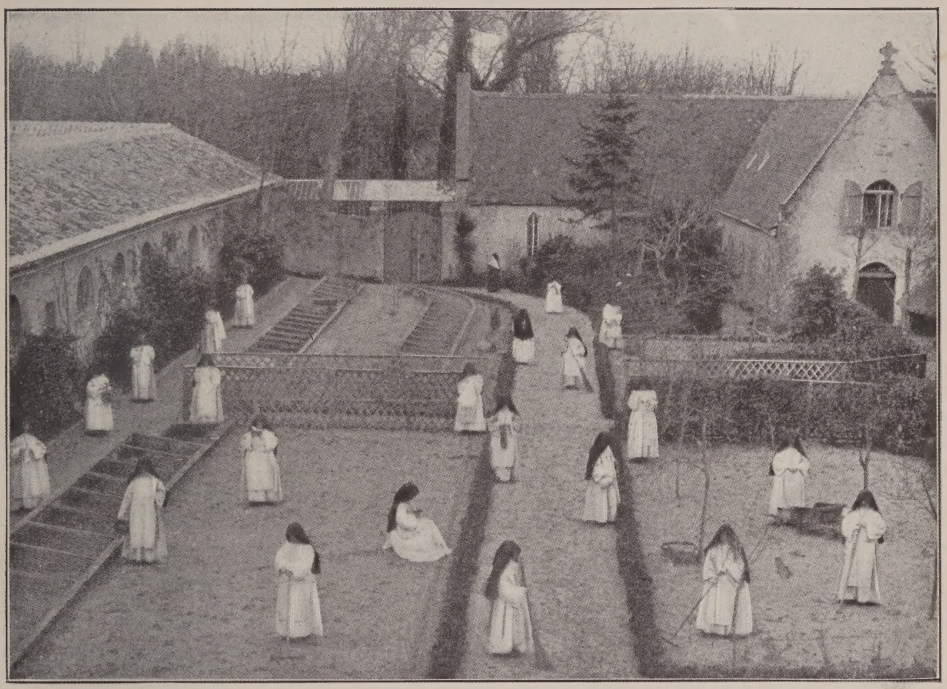
"Love of country joined with the love of religion" is what Leo desires for the citizens of a great Republic. And, certainly, no nobler sentiment can be desired than this to which he has given expression. They are short-sighted, indeed, who, not knowing the mind of the Catholic Church, cannot distinguish in the utterances of Leo between that unvarying doctrine of faith and unchanging law of morality, with which the church must be ever identified, and the perfect concord of the church for the varying moods of political life. There is so much to be yielded, so much that may be fitting matter for discussion and concession, but beyond that there is principle and

revelation. In what Leo knows to be God's word and will, he cannot swerve the shadow of a hair. And there is where his firmness is magnificent, and there is where he steadies the faithful.

"Love of country joined to love of religion." What nobility of sentiment, what splendid expression of sublime duties! Leo has taken occasion in a recent letter to emphasize the necessity of never putting aside the supernatural, of never seeking to replace the supernatural by the natural. Each has its own province and powers and possibilities. There should be no clashing, but harmony of action, so far as the essence of each demands, as should be between faith and reason, as between Church and State. Great has been the insistence of Leo upon man's possession of natural gifts, and upon their rightful use, as witness his zeal for the study of history and philosophy. Great has been his zeal for the direction of human reason and its development, for the maintenance and the spreading of Catholic faith, for the upholding of civil authority, for the freedom of the Church, and for the practical alliance of Church and state in the interests of humanity and for the glory of Him Who has constituted man to live in civil and religious society.

The best devotion to country is to be expected of the religious man. Faithful to God, he must be faithful to the laws of the land. And living in fidelity to the laws, he proves himself a supporter of the government. The peaceful, industrious, honest-living citizen is the good citizen. Boasting does not prove patriotism, and noise is not religion. Deeds proclaim the citizen of the civil and of the religious society. Leo has been no exception in imparting such lessons. His has been the task to simply repeat, in dealing with present difficulties and tendencies, a doctrine which his predecessors have known and adhered to as Catholic teaching. But to him has been given the capability of being opportune. He knows his age, and he knows how to deal with its requirements. And so he is listened to, the friendly, fatherly voice pleading for the universal man. Place, position, politics, climate, color, race, figure in his deliberations, as they must in the deliberations of every thoughtful man. But they are only the accidentals; the man is the essence. And the head of the Catholic Church is catholic in his views. In belief and in the commandments, in faith and in the moral law, unity, perfect sameness. We in the United States, under the rulers of our own selection, shall obey the same spiritual father, Leo XIII., as they obey him, who are his faithful children in Italy, and have no share in the laws that persecute him; and as they obey him, who in Jerusalem are tolerated in existence by the followers of Mahomet. But in America, in Europe, and in Asia, religion does not interfere with a man's political views. It only inculcates in politics, as out of politics, the obligations of morality. And who shall say that the voter is less wise who has sought counsel from the God of wisdom, or the ruler less just who has learned to live beneath the eye of an all-seeing Divinity?

The Catholics, the practical Catholics, faithful to their Church and its teachings, here in the United States, yield to no class of men in admiration for our noble country and in obedience to its laws. And these Catholics in the United States do not disguise the fact that they acknowledge obedience to God and to His Vicar, the Pope of Rome. The Catholic mind is broad enough and strong enough to grasp the dual relations to the Capitol and to the Vatican, and to understand the guarantee of our Constitution for civil and religious liberty. The Catholics in these United States do not disguise from themselves or from others their feelings as hero-worshipers, be it for a peerless Washington who died in 1799, the unselfish patriot and father of his country, or for Leo XIII., who lives in 1899, the lover of mankind and father of the Universal Church.



IN THE GARDEN.

THE SISTERS OF SILENCE.

The austere life of the Trappist monks with its perpetual silence and daily sacrifice of self has its counterpart in the Order of the Bernardines, the Sisters of Silence. The shadow of the Pyrenees falls on the lonely retreat of these women, whose lives, to the casual observer, seem shrouded in gloom. Half-way between Bayonne and Biarritz on a dreary waste of coast they have made their home, if the word home may be applied to a dwelling place where no word is ever spoken, no glance exchanged.

Having renounced all things of earth these silent women spend their days in prayer and good works, meditating ever on the life to come. Their industry is unceasing; they till the soil, compelling it to yield a fruitful harvest; they weave and knit and sew; make shoes, and dainty fancy ware; engage in household tasks—and through all the silence remains unbroken. Their food is a scant portion of dry bread and a drink of water, their resting place a comfortless cell. The severity of their rules controls even the adornment of the chapel, or rather forbids such indulgence of a love of the beautiful.

"One bright, sunny morning," says a traveler who recently visited Biarritz, "I set forth from the famous hotel facing the blue Bay of Biscay, once the palace of a luckless Empress, and natu-

THE PIETA IN THE SISTERS' GARDEN.

rally her favorite home, being so near her native and beloved Spain, to discover the Convent of the Bernardines, or Sisters of Solitude. There was little silence as I walked along. The birds in the air were singing; bells jangled on the collars of the horses and the oxen; the steam-cars puffed away on the road from Biarritz to Bayonne; they were all laughing merrily on the golf-links by the sea and in the club-house adjoining, where the English residents and visitors seem to spend the best part of the day between meals, all as golf-mad out here as we are in England. The blue sea dashed upon the rocks, flinging a torrent of white spray into the air, and one felt, in this glorious atmosphere, bracing as a tonic, the full exhilaration and joy of existence. This was the exact contrast that was required before visiting the retreat in the pine-woods—the home of Solitude and Silence. I was evidently nearing the spot that was to end my little pilgrimage.

"As I passed along the pasture and the fields, instead of rough peasants and laborers, I saw silent women in their habit of black and white, hooded in black, and with large white crosses on their "tabard-like" mantles, hoeing the turnips, tilling the soil, gathering the fir-cones, guiding the cattle, all speechless, all with eyes cast down on the ground. Suddenly, a bell rang out from the convent. Down went these silent workers on their knees. At every quarter of each hour, day and night, this bell on the convent clock strikes out its message.

"You approach the lowly Solitude by a sandy lane, with small hedges on either side starred with camellias, cacti,

and flowering laurustinus. It is nearing the sunset hour, and night frost is expected, so the Bernardines are surrounding the tender plants and vegetables with matting, and are busy at the top of the glass conservatory neatly rolling down preserving-mats of plaited straw. For them in their humble, sanded refectory at nightfall will be a piece of dry bread and a jug of cold water; a prayer on bended knees, abased on the sand, every quarter of an hour; a silent meditation in the lowly chapel, bare, whitewashed, sanded, unadorned, save for the statue on the high altar of "Notre Dame de la Solitude"—a miraculous gift. And then a few hours' sleep in the plainest cell, comfortless, but spotlessly clean, scarcely protected from the bitter, piercing air outside. Believe me, the cattle of the Convent of the Solitude, in their warm, cosy sheds, are better tended.

"I am met at the gate by one of the Sisters of "Notre Dame du Refuge," who is bound by no laws of silence and who spends her day at the entrance of the solitary Convent. Our first visit is, of course, to the chapel, appallingly plain and bare. Here is the first instance of the severity of the rules of self-denial. In other convents there is comfort at least in the chapel of the Order, where all the religious meet to pray, morning, noon, and night. Coloured statues on the altar, painted windows and frescoed walls, "Stations of the Cross," lace, flowers, altar-cloths, music, light, and brightness relieve the convent life elsewhere from its dreariness and monotony. Not so at the Solitude. Only one patient figure on the altar of "Our Lady of Loneliness," and no more. Elsewhere, sand for the floor, whitewash for the wall—a barn-like, desolate, and deserted place.

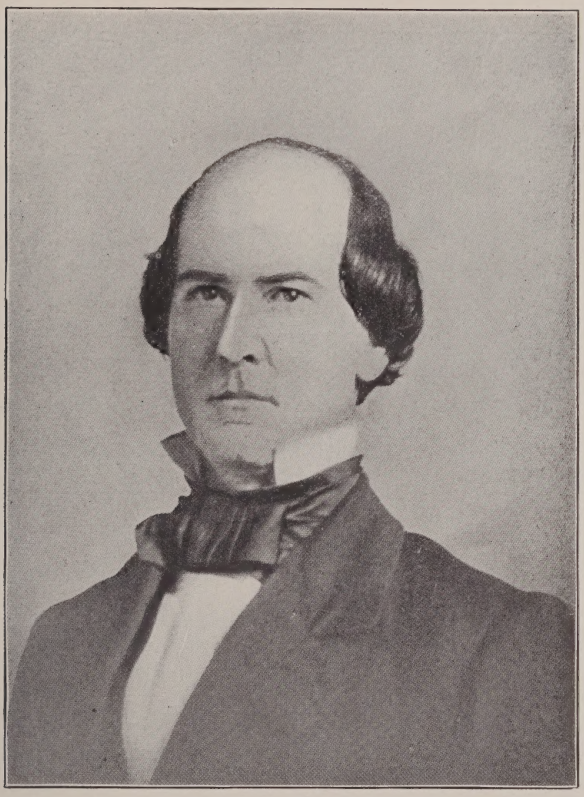
THE PROCESSION TO "OUR LADY OF CONSOLATION."

Deserted it may seem to one from the outside world, but filled with sweet peace for the silent devotees, and adorned with that beauty which is visible only to the eyes of faith.

Out in the little cemetery lowly mounds mark the burial place of those for whom toil and denial have ceased. Under the white crosses they lie at rest, their work forever done.

"In Him they sleep, who rest so quietly here,
In Him to rise, who sleep in patience here.
Far from the angry city's fretful noise
Of loud mortality forgetting death,
They sleep in His large peace, the halcyon calm
Of that deep peace the world can never give.
Blessed their sleep in Him, who slept as they
To rise again, as they in Him shall rise
To sleep no more. Here do they sleep in Him,
And slipping off the weeds of time rise up
Robed by His hand in immortality."

PRAYING FOR THE DEAD.

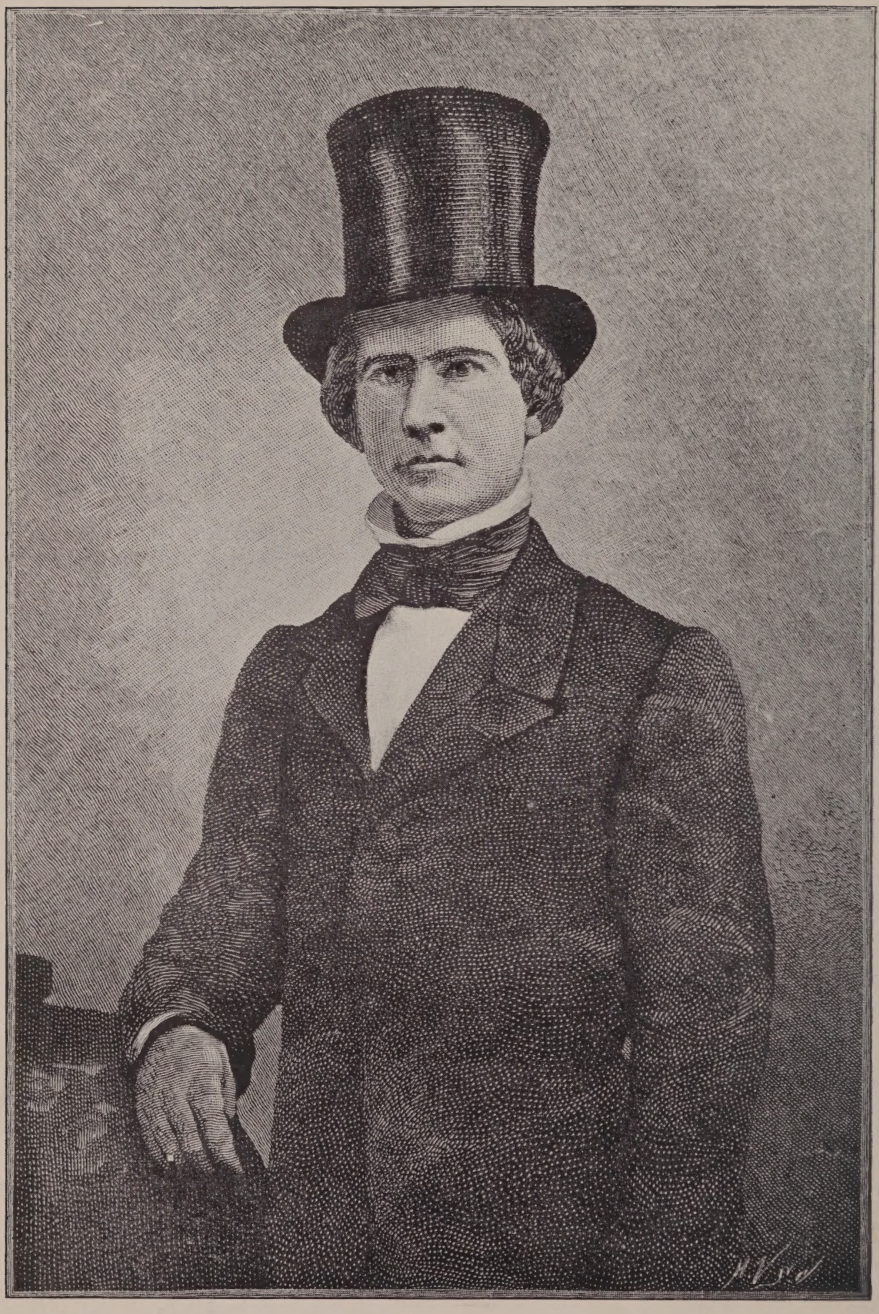


THEODORE O'HARA.
Author of "Bivouac of the Dead."

DOWN IN OLD KENTUCKY.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

When I opened my shutter that first morning at Cardome and saw the rare glory of a winter sunrise breaking in a tranquil sky my heart let slip its fears and the intended trip to Frankfort that day became a pleasurable excursion. January weather in Kentucky is as uncertain as a woman. I have sat by my open window enjoying a moonlight night, and a day later hugged my nook by the fireplace, piled high as the grate was with coal. In the middle of an ice-bound week will come a day mild and balmy as one in Spring to permit a walk through the forest where everything, from the blade of brown grass to the stately oak, wears a frosted, glittering armor. The day I left home, my extra wrap and umbrella seemed unnecessary; a few hours later, when I reached Georgetown, the wind had begun to saw unpleasantly and the snow to descend with uncomfortable celerity, and when the carriage turned in at Cardome's ancient gateway, the convent was but faintly discernible through its

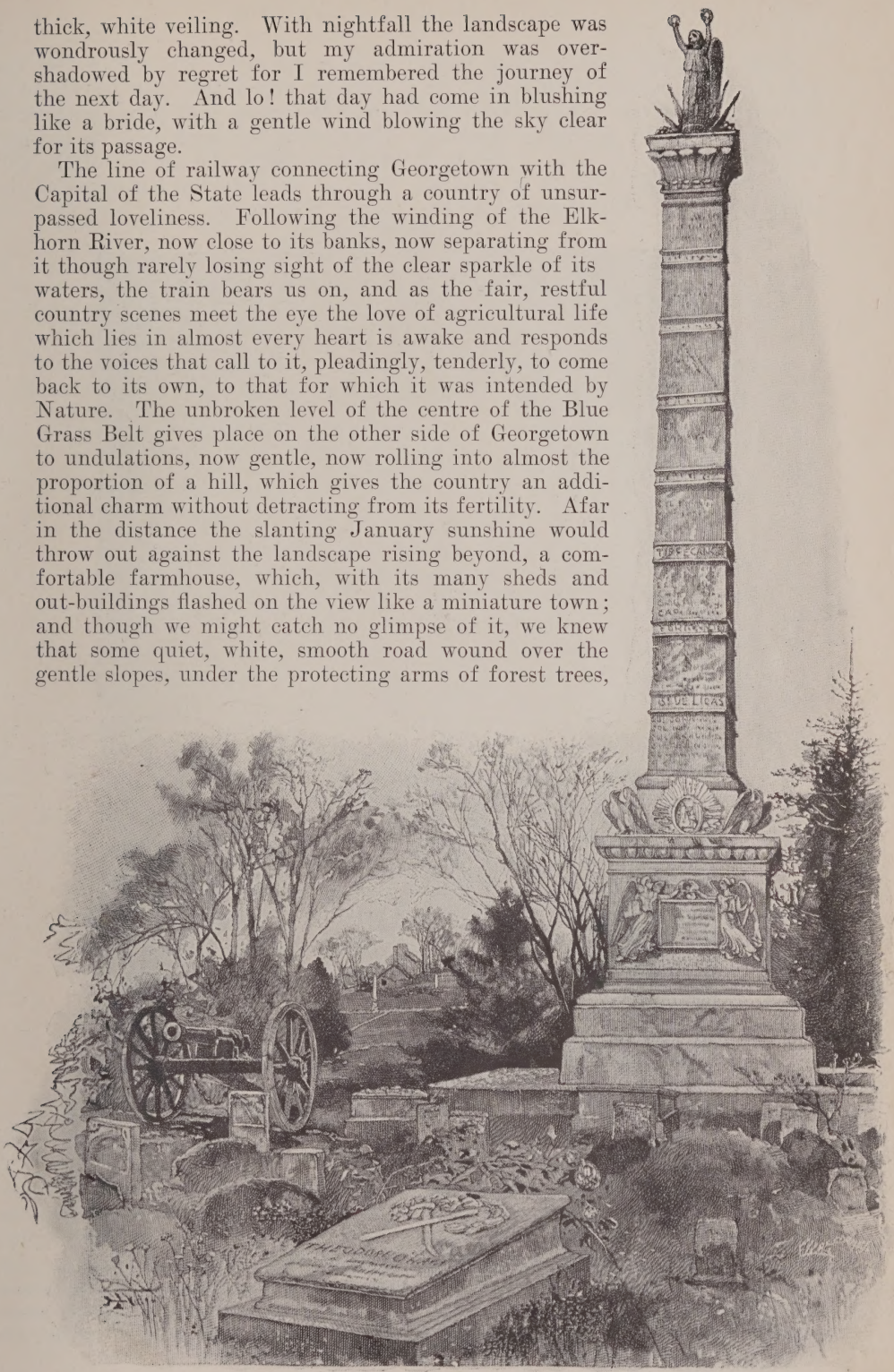


Theodore O'Hara.

From an old picture.

thick, white veiling. With nightfall the landscape was wondrously changed, but my admiration was overshadowed by regret for I remembered the journey of the next day. And lo! that day had come in blushing like a bride, with a gentle wind blowing the sky clear for its passage.

The line of railway connecting Georgetown with the Capital of the State leads through a country of unsurpassed loveliness. Following the winding of the Elkhorn River, now close to its banks, now separating from it though rarely losing sight of the clear sparkle of its waters, the train bears us on, and as the fair, restful country scenes meet the eye the love of agricultural life which lies in almost every heart is awake and responds to the voices that call to it, pleadingly, tenderly, to come back to its own, to that for which it was intended by Nature. The unbroken level of the centre of the Blue Grass Belt gives place on the other side of Georgetown to undulations, now gentle, now rolling into almost the proportion of a hill, which gives the country an additional charm without detracting from its fertility. Afar in the distance the slanting January sunshine would throw out against the landscape rising beyond, a comfortable farmhouse, which, with its many sheds and out-buildings flashed on the view like a miniature town; and though we might catch no glimpse of it, we knew that some quiet, white, smooth road wound over the gentle slopes, under the protecting arms of forest trees,



Soldiers' Monument and O'Hara's Tomb.

a connecting link between that home and the great outside world. And oh, the solemnity of the country as it lay wrapped in white, sparkling, flashing and deserted!

As we proceed there is a sudden, sharp transition. The sloping land betainous scenery. We still follow the Elkhorn which has lost its placidity and wide sweep, and creeps on around the base of the stern hills or through the stony dells, the shadow of the former on its face, the loneliness of the latter in its voice.

REV. THOMAS MAJOR.

gins to lose itself in hills; the broad fields, in valleys; then, the hills grow higher and barren, the valleys narrower and rocky, and from a rich agricultural country we are plunged into one of untamed harshness, but possessing all the grandeur and picturesqueness of moun-

In the heart of this scenery is a disc-like valley in which lies Frankfort, the Capital of the State. Before it runs the Kentucky River, and behind it rise the high hills. While the fine honor of that commissioner, who having property in Lexington and fearing his

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

MOST REV. THOMAS CARR, ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE.

Most Rev. Thomas Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne whose recent visit to our country has left such a train of pleasant memories, stands in the front rank of the Australian Hierarchy.

His Grace's career in Melbourne has been singularly successful, showing great administrative capacity and wisely-directed activity. During the seven years following his arrival in Australia nine new convents were founded, eight superior schools established, twenty-two new parochial schools built, twenty-one new churches erected, and the number of priests engaged in parochial work increased from fifty-five to ninety-seven. But the work with which Dr. Carr's name will be most associated is the completion of St. Patrick's Cathedral, a noble structure, larger than any cathedral in Ireland or Scotland. The Archbishop has spent nearly sixty thousand pounds upon the work, his capacity and energy accomplishing wonders even in a time of great depression.

In the pulpit and the press Dr. Carr has pleaded the cause of religion and charity,

and has triumphantly vindicated truths of Catholic faith against its assailants. Several series of lectures, marked by dignity and rare self command, present facts and arguments driven home with merciless precision. Archbishop Carr possesses the admiration and love of the people of Victoria, irrespective of creed or class. In every sch[illegible]e of practical benevolence as in every effort for the general betterment His Grace is an earnest co-operator. The cause of Ireland has no more loyal or fearless supporter.

Walter George Smith has been chosen head of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia. The organization is doing very useful work in collecting data concerning the achievements of the Church in this country, and its quarterly volumes of "Records" are the most comprehensive publications of their kind.

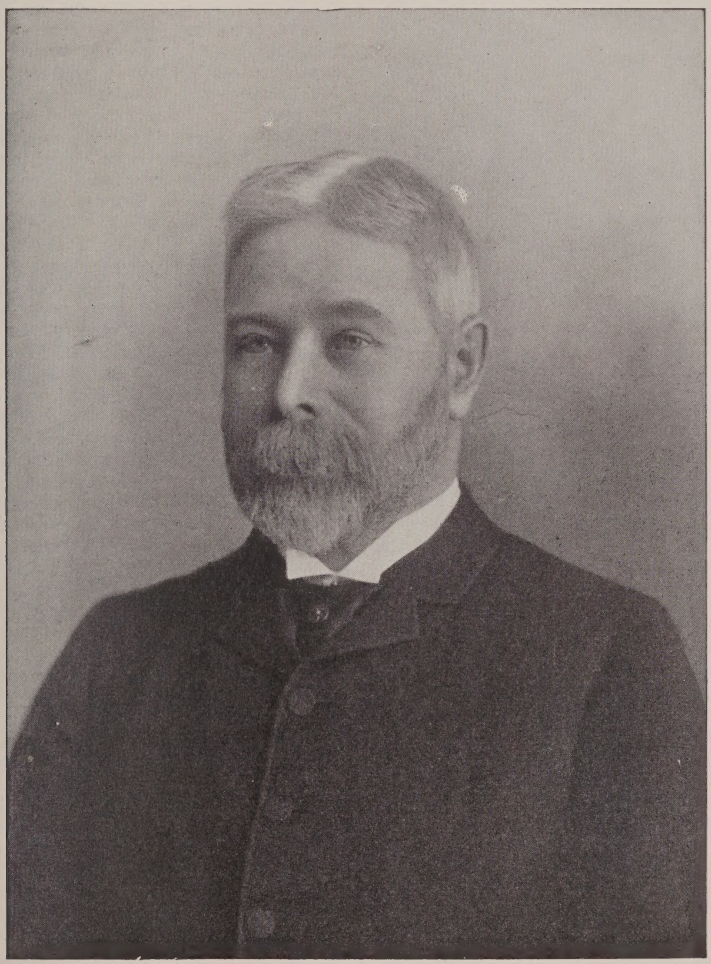
During the year the society has had the good fortune to secure the services of Rev. Umberto Benigni as Archivist in Rome. He has been copying manuscripts relating to early Catholic history in America, and some results of his labor will shortly appear in the "Records" and add much to the value of the contents.

WALTER GEORGE SMITH.
President Am. Cath. His. Society
Courtesy of Am. Cath. His. Society.

By the delivery of his learned lecture on

the Gaelic Language, on April 11th, 1899, at Tara Hall, Quebec, under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Mr. Carbray has at once proved himself an apt student of history and an enthusiastic supporter of the grand old Irish tongue. The essay showed deep research and an intelligent grasp of the interesting subject. So who grouped his materials so skilfully and made his theme attractive, clear and interesting. It is hoped that the address will bear tangible fruit, and that very soon, in the establishment of another branch of the Gaelic League of America.

True hearted Hibernians cling to the tongue of their ancestors, and will hail with



HON. FELIX CARBRAY.

much so, that prominent Irishmen in the United States and Canada have promptly felicitated the lecturer upon the success of his efforts and have recommended it as a piece of literature worth preserving. It is fitting that such a forceful lecture should come from a worthy representative Irishman in the venerable city of Champlain and from a man of scholarly attainments delight the efforts being made for its revival in the United States and Canada and in every country in which the descendants of the Gael are centered. Although it is but a few weeks since Mr. Carbray's stirring address was delivered, he has already received congratulations and compliments thereon from many distinguished Irishmen and Irish-Americans, among whom we may

ALICE MEYNELL.

name Rev. Dr. Henebray, professor of Keltic at the Catholic University of America, Washington; Rev. Dr. Eugene O'Growney, Phoenix, Arizona, Vice-president of the Gaelic League, Dublin; Rev. Father Caniffe, CSSR, St. Alphonsus' Rectory, Broadway, New York; Mr. John Mullan, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Washington; Hon. M. F. Hackett, Queens Counsel, etc., Stanstead, Canada.

Mr. Felix Carbray, M.P.P., son of Niall Carbray and Catherine Connolly, both of County Tyrone, Ireland, was born in Quebec on the 23rd of December 1835, was reared at the historic "Holland House," St. Foye road, and educated at the Academy of the Christian Brothers, Quebec. On completion of his scholastic course, his commercial career began with a clerkship in 1854. For the next 15 years he made a study of and mastered the intricacies of mercantile life, and in '69 began business on his own account in partnership with Mr. Frank A. Routh.

The young firm prospered from the day of its inception and developed into the now world known firm of Carbray, Routh & Co., with offices at Quebec and in Montreal. In the former place Mr. Carbray sits in the director's chair and in the latter city Mr. Routh performs a like function. In May 1854 Mr. Carbray took for his wife an estimable native of Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland, Miss Margaret Carbery, daughter of William Carbery and Bridget Dooley. The issue of that happy union was four sons and six daughters; three of the latter have gone to a better world, and of the four sons the third, Paul, is a distinguished Redemptorist Father, stationed at Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Carbray felt the stroke of grief—in the death of his worthy helpmeet, in 1895. Among the poor of Quebec the name of Mrs. Carbray was a veritable household word. She was the ideal type of the pure, noble Irish wife and mother, and on her lamented death fervent prayers went up from many hearts that her path to heaven should be made smooth. Conjoined to his main mercantile pursuits and parliamentary duties, Mr. Carbray is Consul for Portugal at Quebec.

Beyond these his fellow-citizens have placed in his hands many positions of honor and trust. He is Senior Trustree of St. Patrick's Church, Trustee of St. Bridget's Asylum, Member of the Board of Trade, is a member of the Quebec Harbor Commission and member of the Quebec Exchange. He has represented Quebec west in the local Legislature for two parliaments, was elected by acclamation in March, '92, and returned by a handsome majority in May, '97. Nor is he an idle member of the legislative body, for he is a man of wide culture, keen political perception, enlightened views as to the rights of the people and the state, and no man is better posted on all mercantile concerns, so that his speeches on the Budget and all financial quetions affecting the interests of the city and province receive marked attention in parliament. In every phase of his career his example and influence have been exerted for the good of his fellow-citizens. Mr. Carbray's vigor of body and mind bespeak the well spent life in which, amidst many commercial occupations, the physical and intellectual forces have been preserved fresh and active. Viewing him on all sides his career has been one of fruitful and useful labors. At once a patriotic Irishman and fervent Catholic, always to the fore in any movement in which religion or nationality were concerned, he has earned the esteem of his Irish fellow-countrymen and of his fellow-citizens of all creeds and races. In his course of diligence, well directed effort, sterling honesty and ability the rising generation of business men may learn profitable lessons and conceive how pluck, perseverance and legitimate ambition may carry a man forward from humble beginnings to positions of honor and trust.

Alice Meynell is another Catholic woman who is commanding the attention of the literary world. Henry Van Dyke's estimate of her, drawn in the Book Buyer, is analytical and truthful. The spirit of her latest book, he says, is very near of kin to that subtle, indescribable, remarkable presence which haunts certain localities, and of which she has written in her first essay under the title of "The Spirit of Place."

She chooses her subjects by the most inexplicable and absolute of all laws—the law of liking. She begins with bells and ends with shadows. She speaks somewhat of beggars, and a little of lyrics and a word or two of the unconscious humor of French words to English ears. She picks an illustration from "Parsifal" or from Millet's pictures or from the hounds of Theseus, or

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

her own personality is distinctly visible. In each field that she enters there is something, be it ever so little, that belongs to her; and this—and this only—is what she touches and claims. You would know her with your eyes blindfold by the sound of her step, dainty, delicate, precise and firm.

Dora Sigerson Shorter's latest literary success, "My Lady's Slipper," is not her first introduction to an American audience, but it is certainly a very happy one.

Mrs. Shorter is the daughter of Doctor Sigerson, Dublin, a distinguished Celtic scholar and man of letters, and she has been recognized for some years as a poet of undoubted promise. But even those who most admire her early work were not altogether prepared for such evidence of intellectual growth, such strength and originality as are to be found in her last two volumes. Her first book of verses was published in 1893. The Bookman says that Mrs. Shorter may be said to have re-discovered the almost lost secret of successful ballad writing. There is no mistaking the strength and the sureness of her touch in this rare art. Celtic as Mrs. Shorter is to the core a curious affinity may be traced in her to our best New England poet. One could readily believe of her that much of her work was first chanted to the accompaniment of a rude harp, with the firelight flashing red and fitful on mail-clad warriors. Mrs. Shorter's maiden name would certainly imply that she is of Norse as well as of Irish lineage and it would be difficult to find among the work of other women poets so much of the adventurous spirit of the Viking.

ST. JOSEPH TO HIS BRIDE.

SUSAN L. EMERY.

"The Holy Ghost, Who resided in both of them, was their conjugal love."—Rafaello Maria the Carmelite.

And dare I call thee mine,
Lily of Israel's most holy place!
Dove in the cleft of the Eternal Rock,
Close hidden from men's eyes
Since thy third year's sunrise!
From evening star till crowing of the cock,
Watching, ('tis said,) all night, in ecstasies,
Until thy lovely and immaculate face
Is bright with what was neither moon or sun,
But God's face looking full thy face upon!
Can I call thee mine own,
Thou being His alone?

I too loved only God.
Over life's long, hard road, alone I went;
And but one thing I sought,—no selfish gain!
With bitter crying and tears,
Through weary days and years,
I craved His coming, Who shall break Israel's chain.
In prophet-vision a Virgin's Son appears;
So with keen longing all my soul was spent,
That haply I might serve that holy Maid,
In whose pure arms the Saviour shall be laid.
Could I wed any one,
When I sought Him alone?

They bade me bring my rod,
And lay it in the temple's hallowed shade,
That they might know if I were chosen to win
The fairest maiden there,
Spotless beyond compare,
In whom was never found one taint of sin.
Blossomed it then,—could this have been thy prayer?—
In lilies pure as thou, O lily-maid!
And then I thought how God's own love-song says,
He feeds among the lilies all the days,
And unto them comes down,
To seek and find His own.

Come, O thou North wind, come!
Thou South wind! through my garden softly blow.
Winds of the Holy Ghost! come swift to me.
Dare I to call her mine,
Whom Thou hast chosen for Thine?
How shall our virgin-souls espoused be?
Behold! Thy seven-fold flame of Love Divine
Shall be the only love our lives shall know.
Thy arms, my Bride! the Son of God embrace;
I see the world's Redeemer face to face!
All that thou hast, I own,
We being God's alone.

A Baptism in Brittany.

choice of that city as the capital site might be attributed to a mercenary motive, gave his deciding vote for Frankfort, is to be commended in these venal days, it is certainly a matter of regret that his scruples gave the State's seat of government this location. Changing it to Lexington has, of late, been urged, but it is doubtful if the plan will ever meet with success, for the associations clustering around Frankfort are many and holy, and sentiment with Kentuckians is of higher value than commercial gain, or State pride. I doubt not but every member of the General Assembly gladly endures the inconveniences of the little remote town for the high privilege of lifting his voice in those ancient halls that have resounded to the matchless eloquence of a Clay, Breckenridge, Menefee and Blackburn; and what Kentuckian, who raises his eyes to that hill where sleep some of the greatest men the nation has known, pioneers, statesmen, soldiers, poets, artists, orators, would urge that the invisible bond connecting the State's honored past with its glorious present should be broken!

That hill, or rather the cemetery on its lofty summit, was the objective point of our visit to the Capitol that sunshiny January day. Our party found itself more fortunate than the majority of visitors, in being honored with the company of the Rev. Thomas Major, the courteous and kind rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Frankfort. I doubt if the ranks of the Southern Catholic clergy afford a more striking illustration of the changes life rings than that given us by Father Major, "Soldier once, priest now, and gentleman always" to use words so finely describing him, and spoken of him by an eminent Kentucky judge, when on an occasion of a Confederate reunion Father Major was called upon to address his former brothers-in-arms. The Major family is old in Kentucky. They helped whip the English in the War of the Revolution and followed it up in 1812; doubtless they were among those gallant Kentuckians who crimsoned the plain of Buena Vista with blood, and we have in the present pastor of Frankfort irrefutable evidence that the bugle-call of Sixty-one found them, like their honored ancestors, ready to respond generously to their country's call, and it is almost unnecessary to add that that call was the South's. When the war was begun in earnest, the Unionists of Lexington thought to secure the arms of its military organization, and one of the dramatic pictures the history of the conflict in this state gives is the capture of these by that dauntless soldier and military genius, John Morgan, rightly called "the Marmion of Kentucky." With him in the cause of the South, went the flower of Kentucky's manhood, and among it was young Major. It is said by those who served under General Morgan that few men possessed in higher degree the power of awaking in the hearts of soldiers an affection and respect, verging almost into reverence.

But though he rode in the front with him for years, dashed with him into a thousand dangers, and fought gallantly by his side, Father Major's war reminiscences were not confined entirely to General Morgan, and writing now, one personal experience related by him comes back to me with vividness, for it was the first time I had found together the actor in a war-scene and the place where it was enacted. Morgan was still in the Blue Grass Country, the birthplace of the majority of his men, and the Unionists were on the alert. Frankfort's guardians were stationed high, as well they could be with those cliffs before, and hills behind, but Morgan was never daunted by unknown dangers, and, anxious to gain information about this important place, he despatched a party, of whom Father Major was one, to reconnoitre. Disguised as Union soldiers the little company galloped away at their chief's command, drawing rein

as the brow of the hill was reached. To their left lay the cemetery, the monument erected to the fallen soldiers of the Mexican War greeting their eyes; below was the city; and in the yellow-faced cliff across the river stood their enemies with their cannons ready to belch death down upon them, defenceless against such warfare. The thought, if it occurred to them, did not make them pause, and as calmly as if the keys of the town had been offered them they rode down the hill; but just below that point where the arsenal stands, they were stopped rudely as a cannon ball ploughed its terrible way across their path and rolled down the steep ascent. Their disguise had been pierced, and the Unionists on the hill had more such welcome if they persisted in their course. One shot, however, was not sufficient to deter Morgan's men, but their bold dash forward was anticipated for those behind the cannons were doubtless Kentuckians, too. A second shot, just grazing their heads, tore off the gable end of a house beside them and was followed by others so quick and hot that it was madness to persist in their design, and retreat was called. Retreat fell harshly on the ears of men who wanted to charge instead, and as Father Major pointed out to us the spot where he had received his "baptism of fire" he declared he did not see, on that far-off day, why they should run when they had started out to fight; but added, after a thoughtful pause, "However, I got plenty of fighting afterwards." And with it the misfortunes that fell to these brave men when overwhelmed by superior forces in the heart of the enemy's country, they knew the sorrow of surrender. From that free, glorious soldier life to Camp Chase! But these things belong to a past we have buried we think forever, remembering that this Memorial Day the North keeps for her soldiers the South can keep with her for her heroic sons who last year went down to and across the River of Death.

At the close of the war young Major returned to his native State, and to Frankfort, to begin the study of medicine. The changed condition of affairs in the country doubtless made professional work a necessity with him as with other gentlemen throughout the South. But Father Major never took out his degree, for the course of his studies was strangely interrupted. The grace of God led him to see the truth in Catholic doctrine, and, after embracing it, he found his vocation called him to become the physician of souls instead of the healer of bodies.

Almost at the brow of the hill a smooth avenue meets the road and entering it we found ourselves in the Frankfort Cemetery. One side of this hill is the high precipitous shrub-covered bank of the Kentucky River and the view obtained from its summit of that swift, picturesque stream and broad sweep of diversified country would compensate for the ascent had the hill nothing further of interest to offer. But at that point where the finest view is obtainable repose the ashes of the intrepid Boone and his faithful wife, in the shadow of a noble monument erected by the State he explored and helped reclaim from the savages. According to tradition this spot was a favorite resting-place for the hardy pioneer, and when returning from his perilous journeys he would lie there for long hours, his eyes, prophetic of the future, fixed on the scenes below; and this was remembered when his beloved Kentucky brought him home to repose for all time on her sacred soil. Across from the Boone monument, and the first to meet the eye when the cemetery is entered, is a majestic marble shaft, placed there in commemoration of the deeds and in honor of the memories of the men sleeping under it, who gave their lives for the cause of Southern independence. High over them a sentinel in stone keeps faithful watch, his eyes turned toward the East, expectant of

the morrow. Further away lies Joel T. Hart, whom critics have considered to be one of the greatest sculptors of modern times, and the inscription of whose tombstone bids us seek him not beneath that narrow mound but in his work, which is done for immortality; and, between these, is a grave by which the visitor to that Silent City pauses long and musingly, the grave of Theodore O'Hara. Around him, warriors resting after the conflict, are his brave compeers who bought victory with their lives at Buena Vista, while above them and the poet who fought by their sides, but lived to sing their valor and give to American literature its greatest elegy, rises the stately monument Kentucky built over her heroic sons, the unveiling of which stirred the soul of her poet-soldier into writing the "Bivouac of the Dead," the fame of which shall never perish.

Theodore O'Hara, the son of Kane O'Hara, an Irish gentleman, was born in Danville, Kentucky, in 1820. On completing his studies at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, O'Hara began the study of law in Frankfort, under one of the most celebrated jurists in Kentucky. It can readily be believed that such a pursuit held little attraction for one over whom from infancy Poesy had thrown her magic, and his legal studies were relinquished for a Government position in Washington. That he should have, in time, found this also uncongenial is certain, but at this juncture the Mexican War was declared and the martial-souled O'Hara, abandoning his position, obtained a Captaincy in the "Old United States Army" and served until the close of hostilities, winning promotion for his bravery. The return of peace found him rich only in honor and he began again his start in life, this time resuming his law profession. But scarcely had he established himself when the cry of oppressed, struggling Cuba touched his liberty-loving heart and the sword that had helped in the defeat of Mexico was offered to the revolutionists in their holy cause and was gladly accepted. The world knows the result of that expedition, whose failure, however, we made amends for last year at Santiago, giving to Cuba the freedom for which O'Hara bled and Crittenden died. When he recovered from the wound received at Cardenas, O'Hara went with Walker into Nicaragua, and after the results of that ill-fated adventure, returned to the United States to enter on the less exciting work of an editor, first on the Mobile Register, then on the Louisville Times, until came the welcome call to Frankfort to take charge of the Yoeman.

Like the generality of Kentuckians he was unhappy away from his native soil. At length, he seemed to have found his current and whatever of prosperity and peace and happiness this child of genius knew was held in that period which lay between his return to Frankfort and the breaking out of the Civil War. He was then among his own, the generous, appreciative, hospitable people of Frankfort. They honored him for his rare gifts of mind and heart, were lavish of their affection and of their praise. When "War's wild note" was again heard in 'Sixty-one, calling out brother to battle against brother, O'Hara made his decision, unhesitatingly and loyally. His sword had ever been given to the cause of liberty, it would not now be turned against it; and though he must have regretted such a conflict had been forced upon her, he went with his South, and fought as one who believes in the righteousness of his cause fights, to the end. And there he met his brother-poets in arms. In the North, the poets helped fight the battles of their section on paper, but Southern Timrod sang Carolina's "Battle Hymn" and after bidding her sons

> "Come with the weapons at your call,
> With musket, pike or knife;
> He wields the deadliest blow of all
> Who lightest holds his life;"

joined them. Sidney Lanier, ill, with

that unquenchable desire to sing his songs eating at his heart, felt his patriotism stronger than even that holy sentiment and laid down his harp to shoulder his weapon. For the South of which he so musically wrote, Paul Hayne fought, while Father Ryan, her poet-laureate, went to her battle-fields, singing of hope, and even when that hope was dead past resurrection, prophesied that a future yet will show "The men who wore the gray were right." It was a glorious company in which Theodore O'Hara found himself and well he proved his right to be there. The heroism that won for him promotion in Mexico, the bravery that sustained him with his feeble band against Spain's equipped forces, nerved him then to greater valor, for the cause was his own, and on the South's long roll-call of honor Theodore O'Hara's name holds deservedly a conspicuous place.

When the war was over he returned, like many of his fellow-soldiers, penniless, homeless, broken in health and spirit; but the true warrior is as brave under the blows of adversity as under those dealt him by a human foe, and at forty-five O'Hara again fronted the world. But the star of his fortune had forever set. His efforts resulted in dismal failures. For two years he waged his hardest battle, but on the morning of June the 6th, 1867, he heard, at last, the welcome call to stack arms and he went gladly to join his comrades in the bivouac of the dead.

Always a faithful Catholic, his last hours were soothed by the ministrations of a priest of the Church, and he was given honored burial by the good Georgians in the Catholic cemetery at Columbus. But Kentucky had better for this well-loved son than an exile's grave and by an act of her Legislature his remains were brought home and interred with highest honor. It is said the Frankfort cemetery was ever a favorite place of O'Hara's. In it he was wont to spend many hours, there were composed his poems, and there he now sleeps amid its loved scenes. Around him lie those who were his compeers in the forum, in the world of art and letters, and those whom he held by the closer ties of friendship and affection. A few paces away a company of his brother-Confederates have spread their "silent tents;" while beside him, under a martial Victory holding out toward them the conqueror's crown and with the silent guns keeping guard, sleep those who fought with him at Buena Vista. What matter now, those early trials that touched his heart with fire; the long vigils, the unrecognition, the wasting toil, the disappointments, the patriot's dreams that knew a dark eclipse; the after-days that brought all a life's hopelessness; the high genius made victim of cruel circumstances; when, enwrought in steel over the gateway of the Nation's cemetery, and of the States', North and South, inscribed on the monuments of the men who wore the Blue and those who died for the Gray, rudely carved over the graves of the soldiers who perished at Havana and those who died in far-away Manila, are the sublime and patriotic words he penned? What matter, when a white path leads to his grave and his poem is repeated whenever the praises of the great, heroic dead are sung, his name remembered "While Fame her record keeps?" Ah, what matter, when in Springtime a bird builds its nest in the black mouth of one of the silent cannons and sings its song of peace and security over the soldier's grave, and a rose-bush droops its rich, fragrant blossoms over the poet's pulseless heart.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

THEODORE O'HARA.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

BY M. T. ELDER.

You have of course read—"The man with the hoe." You have agreed with the poet that the man with the hoe is not a man but—a brute! And further, you acquiesce in the finding that this brutishness is the fault of—but no, stop! Let me not anticipate.

A correspondent writes me: "What is your opinion regarding the condition of affairs existing in the South and making possible such a scene as that of Sunday, April 23rd? Who is to blame?"

Who is to blame? Oh! my dear Sir, I feel like saying—"Pray excuse me. I am trying to go out of the blaming business. It is so ungrateful and—ungraceful."

Nevertheless, I will venture: Let not the lawless North condemn the lawless South. Let not the criminal cities condemn the barbarous country places. In the South the law cowers before the shotgun—sometimes. In the North the law cowers before the money bags—all the time. Which is worse? In the South fiendish monsters are cruelly, inhumanly executed—sometimes. In the North public murderers—like those who poisoned our soldiers with bad food and drink—are petted, pampered and rewarded! In the country places—as Governor Rollins of New Hampshire has pointed out, and as Rollin Lynde Hartt in Atlantic Monthly testifies, and as Western papers corroborate (particularly regarding the recent divorce revelations there), and as news from Georgia, the Carolinas, etc., confirm—there are indeed rural crimes and conditions appalling. But in the cities—Oh! I need not enumerate what goes on in the cities. The rural crimes are more barbarous—if you will. But the city's vices—(more refined, better masked) are just as diabolical.

Show me any rural community which has but a tenth, aye, a fiftieth part of the spiritual blessings which every city has, and I will show you a community loyal to the Faith, with both men and women honest, God fearing, temperate, frugal, thrifty, and in every way worthy of respect. The vilest slums in our wickedest cities receive more spiritual effort than do the vast, vast majority of our once Catholic rural settlements.

Undeniably our Lord's own example and teachings were markedly pastoral, rural, agricultural. Did He wish thus to show us that we must despise the man with the hoe? Ignore him and his work in our efforts, religious, educational and philanthropic? It would seem so.

"But we *have* some institutions in the country—schools, churches and asylums."

Oh! Yes. I know we have!—a few. They are *in* the country, yes. But are they *of* it? Assuredly not. Geographically they are in the country. Ethically, they are a *million miles away!* Their curriculum has never seen the man with the hoe. They don't know that he exists. They do *not* fit his sons and daughters to give him aid. They do nothing to hallow the hoe on which he leans, and must lean until eternity begins. They stuff his offspring with misfit education and straightway that offspring—goes to town.

Oh! to hallow the hoe! What a blessed work were that! Why do we so utterly scorn it! Why do we depart from—aye, diametrically contradict our Saviour's precepts, and give our best,—

not to say, our entire efforts to the town?

I note indeed some honorable exceptions, heroic prelates and priests who are interesting themselves in the man with the hoe. There are a few localities, chiefly in the West, whose rural folk are well supplied with priests and churches,—thank God, thank God! But I speak not of those exceptions. I take the situation—as a whole, and as a whole we are—in Heaven's name, where *is* the use of denying it!—we are bent upon belonging wholly to the cities and getting as far away as possible from—the man with the hoe.

So horrible have been the happenings, not only in rural South Carolina, in rural Georgia, but here in Catholic Louisiana, that I thought those fearful episodes would prove their own cure. They would awaken the leaders among us. And these leaders would say:—"Let us do something for the country people. They have had virtually nothing of help from Religion, Education or Philanthropy. We have concentrated our best efforts upon urban interests. We have scattered but the poorest crumbs to the country. See now the appalling consequence! Among our country people are brutes, and wild beasts, not to say, diabolical fiends. Is this surprising? Their souls are dead by starvation. In the cities drenched with spiritual blessings, the people are bad. In the country parched from lack of spiritual dews, is it astonishing the people should be worse?"

But did such counsel obtain?

Not at all. Here in Louisiana, as everywhere else throughout the United States, there are no definite steps towards the uplifting of the country people.

Right here, in many an old Catholic settlement of (once) Catholic Louisiana, there are babies growing up without baptism, children ignorant of Confession and Communion, young people who have never been taught one word of the sacredness of matrimony, middle-aged people who have never heard a mission, sinners who are a day's whole journey from the nearest priest, and aged people who are dying unshriven. Any wonder that the man with the hoe "is the most dread shape . . . . No shape more tongued with censure for the world's blind greed, plundered, profaned and disinherited."

Oh! no. Oh! no. Worse than "plundered, profaned and disinherited" by the world's blind greed. He is forsaken by Charity, Religion, Education! Our farming people can be saved by one influence *only*,—that of the Catholic Church. And since in this country the man with the hoe knows not that Church, where, Oh! where is there hope? As long as Catholic education persists in being strictly pro-urban, anti-rural,—as long as Catholic philanthropy ignores the man with the hoe,—as long as Catholic churches are planned chiefly for the cities,—so long will nameless crimes and horrors unmentionable be rampant among the rural districts. Who is to blame?

"Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw? * * *
Oh masters, lords and rulers in all lands, * * *
How will you ever straighten up this shape?" * * *

Let us comfortably and safely sit at home—in the city—and hurl fierce denunciation at the rural brutes whose misdoings reach us, harmlessly, through the newspapers.

What have we ever done to prevent such horrors? What have we ever done to regenerate those brutes? Oh! we have done no end of work in the direction of city institutions,—Oh! yes, city asylums, city Cathedrals, city churches, city Convents and Chapels, city eleemosynary establishments numberless! But for direct, definite betterment of the rural folk, tell me, what have we done?

Is there one Catholic institution

throughout this nation whose definite aim is to uplift the country people? The countryman is a distinct, a very distinct,—entity. He cannot be reached by glittering generalities. A diffuse, indefinite plan of effort,—whether religious, educational, or eleemosynary, —will not benefit him. He has to be recognized in his official character, so to speak; and dealt with accordingly. He has to be recognized as "the man with the hoe"—recognized and revered as the man with the hoe. To ignore his occupation, his life, his environment, is to make a dead sure failure.

Oh! its quite comfortable to wash our hands and say: "I am innocent of the blood of this poor man. The world's blind greed is to blame. The injustices of law, of railroads, of heartless syndicates, monopolies, etc., have reduced the farmer to his low condition."

It is *not* so. It is the injustices of Religious, Educational, and Charity—methods, which, having left him "naked to his enemies," are primarily responsible for the farmer's neglected condition. I challenge denial. Let any one show me what recognition our schools show the farmer, the farmer's wife, or the farmer's child!

And so the religious ignorance among our rural people is simply appalling. Is it wonderful that their souls are dead?

The man with the hoe—whether white or black—we have to believe *has* a soul. Why then do we treat him as if he had no soul?

Not one Catholic Agricultural College in the whole United States.

Not even one *chair* of agriculture in any of our Universities. Never a medal offered—throughout the length and breadth of this land—for study of rural matters. Never a lecture, never a book, never an hour of instruction in the whole year, never anything that would arouse interest in the man with the hoe, inspire respect for him, or show how to uplift, benefit, or sanctify him. Where then is the wonder that our rural folk and villagers sometimes "act like brutes and beasts?"

"World's blind greed"—indeed! In Ireland the "world's blind greed" did its worst to the man with the hoe. It crushed him to the ground. But what matter? Soggarth Aroon stayed with him—and lifted him to the skies. The peasant folk were brought down to rags and crusts. But the Catholic priest and the Catholic school-master stayed with them in the hedges and the bush. And Ireland went on producing mighty saints and sages, martyrs and heroes, patriots and poets. And so with us—were we as devoted to our poor farmer folk,—we too could show something of saints and sages, heroes and martyrs, patriots and poets.

And Millet's "Angelus" shows what the man with the hoe could be if Religion alone were his friend! The Church is far indeed, and the Angelus faint, but they hear it! Pierre and Susette are not brother to the ox. Their bodies are toil worn and hardened, it is true, but their souls are akin to the Seraphim,—and they know it. Their heads are bowed low, but their hearts are lifted high. Whereas Markham's picture shows well what the man with the hoe becomes when Religion fails to stand between him and "the world's blind greed."

What do we do when we hear of the decadence of country life, the degradation of country people? Why, first we turn to and write fierce denunciatory articles about the miserable countryman, his incorrigible viciousness, his deliberate malice, his fiendish propensities. And then we thank the Lord that we are not as other men, particularly that we are not as the man with the hoe,—and finally we turn over and sleep the sleep of the just—and all is well!

Strange with such plethora of spiritual luxuries in the cities, the

country people should have to spiritually starve to death!

Even granting there is dearth of priests and vocations, why is it? Precisely because we have not that element which produces priests,—a sanctified, uplifted, country folk,—a hardy, heroic, Catholic rural people. Our grandest prelates and priests are of country birth, or of country parentage. St. Alphonsus, St. Patrick, St. Paschal, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Ignatius Loyola, Pope Leo XIII, Pius IX, in fact three-fourths of our Popes and nearly all of the great Founders were of rural extraction—peasantry, gentry, or nobility.

And He, the Greatest of the great, the Master of all,—where was He born? Who were His parents? Who His first adorers? His chosen Apostles? His most devout hearers? In the stable,—warmed by the breath of the field animals! Can environment more rural be conceived? His parents, —villagers. His first adorers,—shepherds. His Apostles, — fishermen, hardy, rugged, out-of-door people! Not clerks, merchants, nor money-changers. His chosen pulpit,—the hillside, the mountain top, the green country "where there was much grass," the rustic well, the garden, the seashore, the open boat. His favorite similes,—the sower of the seed, the treader of the wine-press, the master of the vineyard, the Good Shepherd, the mustard seed, the ant, the bee, the figtree, the harvest, weeds, good grain, cockle, and many another as strikingly bucolic. He called His Father the Husbandman, Himself the Vine, and we the branches. Mark well, mark well, His Heavenly Father He likens to the Husbandman, to him whom in our day we call "the Man with the hoe."

A MESSAGE.

BY HELEN W. HOLDSWORTH.

If I stand with you tonight beneath the elm-tree
That shades the pathway and the dear old gate,
Will you let me say one word, and ask one question,
Or is it now too late?

There are memories that throng upon the pathway,
There are ghosts that troop in legions through the gate;
There is not in all the world a place so fitting
For me to hear my fate.

There will be the same rich fragrance from the clover,
The swallows as of old will homeward fly,
There will be the same old moon to shine upon us
As in the days gone by.

So, tonight, if I should stand beneath the elm tree,
The gate will be a symbol and a sign;
If I find it closed—your heart is closed against me,
If open—you are mine!

"THE LARK'S RETURNING."

BY THERESA STUCKEY.

O velvet throated bird! You sit and sing,
And call your playmate, to come echoing
Your lay, alluring her, where'er you lead,
Across the daisied mead.

No silvery notes, that swell thy siren strain,
Can tempt her forth to round thy full refrain;
Or follow thee, on tiptoe o'er the grass,
With arms outstretched. Alas!

How often I have watched her eager play,
And heard the wild sweet laughter die away,
When all her pretty arts had proven vain
To coax your song again.

One evening, when your vesper hymn begun,
And she, the mellow cadences had run
In measure true, an angel passing near
Heard the notes ringing clear.

Then up he sped across the Milky Way
To tell the Seraphim. In envy, they
Besought, why earth should know this magic rune,
Their chords could not attune.

She nestled in my arms, the Vesper done,
And prattled of the shadows, where the sun
Was playing hide and seek atween the hills;
Too tired, to mock your trills;

When back, the Seraph came; and from my arms
Lifted her, warm, pulsating with her charms.
Then folded them across my empty breast—
Song bird, you know—the rest.

And ever as you call before the door,
I see thy playmate hasten as of yore;
The golden curls unbonneted, untwined,
The harp strings of the wind.

My arms reach out to gather her again
To their embrace. Hush'd is the melting strain.
I fold them slowly o'er my hungry breast;
Song bird, you know—the rest.

OUR SAMOAN TROUBLE.

BY JAMES E. WRIGHT.

Since the beginning of the present year the American people have been making a chapter of history, so strange, so astounding, so utterly unlike any other chapter in their past record that one feels like pinching one's self to ascertain if one is really awake, the ghastly spectacle which confronts seems so unreal.

The Republic established by Washington and the Fathers, based on the Declaration of Independence, has been engaged in the subjugation of a foreign people who have died in thousands defending their homes against American soldiers. The only crime of the Filipinos is that they prefer to govern themselves in their own way, and to do so they are risking their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor defending the very principle for which our revolutionary ancestors fought and bled. Our naval forces in the Philippines are occupied along the coasts and upon the rivers throwing shells into the native towns and villages, and our soldiers carrying the flag of the free are killing people who are fighting to be free.

President McKinley is directing this bloody tragedy without any rightful authority. The constitution provides that Congress alone has the power to declare war, but Mr. McKinley is attending to that business precisely as if he were Emperor of Russia or Sultan of Turkey. He declares by commissioners whom he has appointed that the Filipinos must surrender unconditionally, lay down their arms, come under his yoke as a condition precedent to the process of "benevolent assimilation" which he promises them. The horror of the murderous work now progressing in those distant islands, the ruthless devastation of the homes of the people, the carnage and pillage for which Mr. McKinley's unwarranted and illegal action is responsible seem more like a horrible dream than an actual reality.

Nor is that all. Imbued with the same fell spirit, Admiral Kautz, acting doubtless under instructions from the President, has been throwing shells among the Samoan islanders to impress them with a proper respect for American authority. One of our warships, the Philadelphia, acting in consort with British ships, has bombarded the city of Apia and the villages upon the adjacent coast.

Great Britain is an adept at this kind of business. It is an old custom of hers but it is a new experience for the United States. Verily we are traveling rapidly upon our new road of Imperialism under the guidance of an administration which is manipulating things with a high hand and a bloody one. We are rivalling if not indeed excelling the monarchical governments of Europe in the slaughter of weak, foreign peoples. The blood of the natives in the Philippines and in the Samoan islands has been shed recklessly and without good cause. It lies deep and damning at President McKinley's door. The people of the United States for the time being, at least, seem to be powerless while foul murder is perpetrated in their name. And this brings me to the subject proper which I propose to discuss.

What right had Admiral Kautz, commanding a war-ship of the Republic, to fire upon and kill people in Samoa? Let us see what business we have in interfering at all with the people of those islands. The salient facts

are quite clear. A number of years ago some American traders with eyes wide open to the main chance, the making of money, got interested in the trade and real estate of those islands. German and British traders were also interested in like manner. German interests far exceeded, and at the present time exceed, those of the British and American combined. Jealousy between the traders of the different nationalties, who tried by fair means or by any means to secure special privileges for their business from the native rulers, brought about from time to time trouble and contention, occasionally resulting in riot and civil war. The traders who were damaged in person or property applied to their respective governments to secure redress. Damages were demanded from the natives, at the cannon's mouth.

To avoid this turmoil representatives appointed by the American, German, and British governments met in Berlin, on April 29, 1889, to make a treaty providing against its recurrence and making such other regulations as were deemed necessary. The appointees of President Harrison were John A. Kasson, William Walter Phelps and George H. Bates. The treaty was signed by the representatives, on June 14, 1899. The following are the sections of this treaty of Berlin which have any bearing upon the action of Admiral Kautz in firing upon the people.

Article I. It is declared that the islands of Samoa are neutral territory, in which the citizens and subjects of three Signatory Powers have equal rights of residence, trade and personal protection. The Three Powers recognize the independence of the Samoan government, and the free rights of the natives to elect their Chief or King, and choose their form of government according to their own laws and customs. Neither of the Powers shall exercise any separate control over the islands or the government thereof.

Article III Section 1. A Supreme Court shall be established in Samoa, to consist of one Judge, who shall be styled Chief Justice of Samoa, and who shall appoint a Clerk and a Marshal of the Court; and records shall be kept of all orders and decrees made by the Court, or by the Chief Justice in the discharge of any duties imposed on him under this act. The Clerk and Marshal shall be allowed reasonable fees to be regulated by order of the Court.

Section 2. With a view to secure judicial independence and the equal consideration of the rights of all parties, irrespective of nationality, it is agreed that the Chief Justice shall be named by the three Signatory Powers in common accord; or failing their agreement, he may be named by the King of Sweden and Norway. He shall be learned in law and equity, of mature years, and of good repute for his sense of honor, impartiality and justice. His decision upon questions within his jurisdiction shall be final. He shall be appointed by the Samoan government upon the certificate of his nomination as herein provided. He shall receive an annual salary of six thousand dollars ($6000) in gold or its equivalent, to be paid the first year in equal proportions by the three Treaty Powers, and afterward out of the revenues of Samoa apportioned to the use of the Samoan government, upon which his compensation shall be the first charge. Any deficiency therein shall be made good by the three Powers in equal shares. The powers of the Chief Justice, in case of a vacancy of that office from any cause, shall be exercised by the President of the Municipal Council until a successor shall be duly appointed and qualified.

Section 3. In case either of the four governments (the United States, Germany, British and Samoa) shall at any time have cause of complaint against the Chief Justice for any misconduct in office, such complaint shall be presented to the authority which nominated him, and if, in the judgment of such authority, there is sufficient cause for his removal, he shall be removed. If the majority of the three Treaty Powers so request, he shall be removed. In either case of removal, or in case the office shall become otherwise vacant, his successor shall be appointed as herein before provided.

Section 4. The Supreme Court shall have jurisdiction of all questions arising under the provisions of this General Act, and the decision or order of the Court thereon shall be conclusive upon all residents of Samoa. The Court shall also have appelate jurisdiction over all Municipal Magistrates and officers.

Section 6. In case any question shall hereafter arise in Samoa respecting the rightful election or appointment of King, or of any other Chief claiming authority over the Islands; or respecting the validity of the Powers which the King or any Chief may claim in the exercise of his office, such ques-

tions shall not lead to war, but shall be presented for decision to the Chief Justice of Samoa, who shall decide it in writing, conformably to the provisions of this Act, and to the laws and customs of Samoa not in conflict therewith; and the Signatory governments will accept and abide by such decision.

Section 7. In case any difference shall arise between either of the Treaty Powers and Samoa, which they shall fail to adjust by mutual accord, such differences shall not be held cause for war, but shall be referred for adjustment on the principles of justice and equity to the Chief Justice of Samoa, who shall make his decision thereon in writing.

As will be readily perceived from these sections of the treaty, to which a brief amendment was subsequently added, a protectorate over the islands was established by the three governments. After the treaty went into effect things moved along quite smoothly with little apparent friction until the kingship of the islands became vacant last year. Two chief aspirants to the throne appeared, each setting forth his claim to the succession. One was Mataafa, the other Tanu. According to the unwritten law or custom of Samoa none but a male member of the royal line possesses the right to election. Both the claimants in this case were of the royal family, hence qualified in that respect.

But there is also a native custom invariably followed, the like of which has prevailed in all tribal communities, which precludes the election to leadership of any except one of man's estate, competent to govern in time of peace, and to lead in time of war. One of the two claimants to the Samoa throne, Tanu, was only seventeen years of age, hence, according to the ancient custom, disqualified to occupy the throne. This was the view taken of his candidacy by an overwhelming majority of the Samoan people. Neither the consuls of the Three Powers stationed in Apia, the naval commanders, nor the chief justice dispute that Mataafa had the support not only of an enormous majority of the natives, but also of the white people.

On November 14, at a general meeting of the natives summoned to elect a ruler according to the ancient custom, Mataafa was chosen, duly installed, and assumed control. Thereupon the Tanu party lodged a series of objections to his election, with Supreme Court Justice Chambers, an American who had been appointed under the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin. The Chief Justice suggested that both parties summon their followers to meet at the same time and place, so that they might be counted under the supervision of the consuls, the captains of the warships and the court, and thus determine who was the choice of the people. Mataafa promptly agreed to this proposition but the advisers of young Tanu refused. It is alleged that the London Missionary society, a Protestant institution, of whom the youth Tanu is a protege had much to do with this refusal, inasmuch as Mataafa has been a practical Catholic for many years.

Chief Justice Chambers, upon this disagreement between the parties as to a mode of settlement, announced that he would require them to sign an agreement pledging themselves to abide by his decision respecting the election. Mataafa replied to this declaration by declaring that he had been duly elected according to the ancient custom of his people which the court was bound to recognize, that while he was willing under the circumstances to have the election verified by a recount of heads if necessary, he absolutely refused to bind himself in advance to a decision which might contravene the immemorial custom of the Samoans. He further declared that the Chief Justice had no right or authority by virtue of his office to ask for such an agreement; that the ancient usage was clear and definite respecting the way to elect a king, and that the treaty obliged the Chief Justice to recognize that way.

Notwithstanding this attitude of

Mataafa the Chief Justice proceeded to investigate the case in his own way, with such material in the matter of testimony as came before him. As a result of his labors, on Dec. 31, he announced that he found Tanu to be the legal king, he declared him king and directed all the natives to recognize his authority. In this judicial decree he averred that he did not doubt that Mataafa had a majority of the natives supporting his claim, but for other reasons he was disqualified. The principal reason alleged by the Chief Justice for ruling against Mataafa's claim was that he had made trouble with Germany several years ago, antecedent to the framing of the Berlin treaty, and that his selection would presumably be obnoxious to Germany. The German consul had all along during the election been the firm supporter of Mataafa and denied that his selection would displease his government.

On the following day, Jan. 1, Mataafa and his principal chiefs with about six thousand armed followers, swept the Tanu faction of about a thousand followers from the suburbs of Apia, hunted them through the streets of the city, and captured all save a remnant, including Tanu and a few of his chief counsellors, who succeeded in getting aboard the foreign warships. On Tuesday, January 2, just forty-eight hours after Chief Justice Chamber's decision in favor of Tanu, Mataafa by virtue of a successful revolution was the supreme native ruler in the Samoan islands.

A provisional government was immediately established, Jan. 3, with Dr. Raffel as president, and it included Mataafa and a number of the principal native chiefs. This government was formally recognized by the consuls of the Three Powers, by an official proclamation. It was agreed that the provisional government should administer affairs only until the treaty powers should determine upon a permanent organization. Order was restored and the tangled state of affairs resulting from the successful revolution was straightened out.

On Jan. 6th the provisional government promulgated a decree announcing the Supreme Court as closed for the time being, and that all questions would be adjudicated upon by the President of the provisional government as provided by the treaty. On the following day the British Consul notified President Raffel that he intended to open the Chief Justice's court by force if necessary at noon-day on Jan. 8, and that if resistance was offered the British warship in the harbor would open fire on the city. At the time named the British and American consuls with twenty-five British marines escorting the deposed Chief Justice appeared at the court house and demanded the keys from Dr. Raffel. The latter replied to the demand by saying that the revolution had closed the court for the time being, that the provisional government, which had been duly recognized by the three consuls and of which he was the executive, had deposed Chief Justice Chambers for a decision indubitably contrary to Samoan custom and right. He further declared that he, (Dr. Raffel) in the contingency which had arisen, was authorized by the treaty of Berlin to exercise the supreme judicial power, ad interim, citing that portion of the second section of Article III which provides that "the powers of the Chief Justice, in case of a vacancy of that office from any cause, shall be exercised by the President of the Municipal Council until a successor shall be duly appointed and qualified."

The German consul who was present during the discussion supported the contention of Dr. Raffel, declaring that he would not recognize the authority of the deposed Chief Justice, that he did recognize the accomplished facts, that he regarded Dr. Raffel as the highest judicial authority in Samoa until such time as the treaty powers appointed a new Chief Justice, as pre-

scribed by the terms of the treaty. After this protest by the President of the provisional government, endorsed by the representative of Germany, the British marines opened the court house for Mr. Chambers. The British consul charged the provisional government with insulting the British flag, for which he claimed it would be dealt with summarily. Mr. Osborn, our American consul on the ground, appears to have been either a weakling or a sort of assistant British official. By his action he seems to have been ignorant of his duties, or to have no will of his own. During all this time there was no armed ship of the United States present. Many of our fleet were at this time dealing out death among the homes of the Philippine Islanders.

On March 6, however, Admiral Kautz arrived with the United States ship, Philadelphia. He called a consultation on board his ship, which was participated in by the three consuls and the Chief Justice. He did not regard the provisional government as worthy of being consulted, although it had been in existence maintaining law and order for about nine weeks. On March 11 he issued a proclamation that he would forcibly break up the provisional government and carry out the decree of Chief Justice Chambers establishing Tanu as the native king. The German cousul protested vigorously against this course. He begged that the status quo should be maintained until the governments of the treaty powers should be heard from in an authoritative decision. But he begged in vain. Delay to avoid the spilling of human blood was not in accord with the martial spirit of Admiral Kautz—possibly not with his instructions from the Washington administration. Our Admiral issued a proclamation to the Samoans on March 12, in which he declared that the provisional government was regarded as null by the consuls of the treaty powers, and he ordered Mataafa and his chiefs and followers to clear out of the municipality of Apia and its vicinity or he would force them to leave. The German consul thereupon published a counter-proclamation in which he disassociated himself from the course set forth. On Wednesday, March 15, before the last of the natives had evacuated the suburb of Mulinu, the cannon of the warship Philadelphia commenced to pour a torrent of shells among the natives. "The flag of the free" waved on high while the ship hurled death among helpless women and children. "Our men behind the guns" were directed by a gallant Admiral, to kill human beings who were incapable of offering resistance. The British warship of course joined in this lesson of civilization. On one plantation on the outskirts of the city six shells burst on the afternoon of the first day's bombardment. Three shells exploded close to the school for native children, conducted by French missionaries on the South side of the city. One shell burst near the house of the priest, another near the house of the Sisters. Another wrecked the house of the German Consul. And so on with the shameful story. This atrocious business was kept up without cessation day after day for six days. It was a work of cold blooded murder, foul, black, damnable. It is an indelible stain on the history of the Republic.

After this wanton slaughter of the unfortunate people by two of the powers who designated themselves as protectors of the islanders the treaty governments have appointed commissioners to confer in Apia and affect a permanent settlement. This was the very proposition of the provisional government and the German consular authority before the slaughter took place, but it was rejected by Admiral Kautz. The latter preferred to spill native blood at long range.

At the close of the bombardment American and British forces landed to complete the lesson of civilization.

While marching through one of the suburbs they were attacked and routed by an armed force of natives who assailed them with desperate courage. It is alleged the natives cut the heads off the Americans and British who fell, an old custom of theirs. This cutting off of heads is a horrible affair according to some American newspapers who denounce it as the work of half-savages, while they have no word of reprobation for the rending to pieces of helpless Samoans, by exploding shells.

A flood of light is thrown on the whole situation by an authoritative statement in reference to it recently made by Mr. Lloyd Osburne, a former United States Consul at Samoa. He says: "I have been Vice and Deputy Consul-General there, for the United States; I speak the language fluently; I know personally nearly everyone—white or brown—who figures in the present trouble. I have some authority therefore to speak on the subject.

"The essential cause of the present quarrel is 'religion.' The London missionary society (Protestant) cannot tolerate the thought of a Catholic king. This is the reason why we are supporting with our guns and men, a divinity student, aged seventeen, (Tanu) and his following of a thousand men against Mataafa, the old King Alfred of Samoa, with the whole country—overwhelmingly Protestant though it is—behind him. The London Missionary Society has always had a finger in the king making pie; even the late Malietoa originally passed through the same college from which they now produce young Tanu—a sectarian institute at Mahia for the training of native missionaries.

"William Chambers, representing the three powers as Chief Justice, is a man of narrow evangelical views, and is altogether in the hands of the London Missionary Society—hence his decision in favor of Tanu, while admitting the numerical superiority of Mataafa's support, and barring him from the kingship by a quibble. Chambers' point was that Germany had once, in the Berlin convention of 1889, objected to Mataafa's nomination; and that the objection still held good, although Herr Rose, the German Consul-General, officially withdrew it in the name of his government.

During Mr. Chambers' whole tenure of office as United States and Land Commissioner, in 1893, he lived in the Protestant mission house in Apia, identifying himself completely with his hosts, even teaching in their Sunday school. . . . . The newspapers speak with elation of the English and Americans fighting side by side. What a pity that this entente cordiale, so desirable in itself, should be used for the purpose of inflicting a sectarian king on an unwilling people. How well is the old saying verified, 'first the missionary, then the trader, then the man of war.'"

Is the administration of President McKinley guilty of murder in the Samoan islands as well as in the Philippines?

BELIEF AND UNBELIEF.

THE CHRISTIAN STORY AS UNBELIEVERS SEE IT.

BY REV. J. T. ROCHE.

There is a well marked characteristic of all unbelievers. No two of them agree. One is a scoffer of the Ingersoll type, who finds Christianity a composition of imbecility, cruelty, hypocrisy, rapine, murder, theft, tyrany and oppression. Others, like Rousseau, might preach their creeds from many so-called Christian pulpits and be termed liberal and progressive. Some, like Renan, might subscribe to the Unitarian Confession of Faith, and be received without scruple into full membership in that body. Others, again, are clergymen, occupying evangelical pulpits, preaching a diluted infidelity to congregations which are not yet fully prepared to cut loose from the moorings of Orthodoxy. They have perhaps discarded "eternal punishment," the "story of Jonah," the "gospel miracles," but they still choose for propriety sake to be termed 'Christians.'

Our arraignment of unbelief is directed against the whole generation of unbelievers, whether they occupy the Christian pulpit, the listener's pew, the professor's chair, the editorial sanctum, or the tribune of self-constituted apostle of irreligion. They are all the same to an honest believer. They are enemies of the cross of Christ, and all the more dangerous if they employ the mask of religion to play the role of "The Iscariot." Every time I hear of a minister of religion preaching a distinctly infidel doctrine the terrible words of St. Mark come to my mind: 'Hail Rabbi! and he kissed him.'

In treating, however, of a religious or philosophical system of thought, one is naturally forced to occupy himself with those who are universally looked up to as being its greatest exponents.

The French school, and particularly that school of which Renan is the most scholarly and profound exponent, offers to my mind, the most systematic, logical and best grounded system which modern unbelievers have given to the world. The substance of that creed is as follows: Jesus Christ was a mere man, one of the greatest, noblest, wisest and purest men of all times. After his death, his disciples, who loved him, wove a web of legendary miracles, wonder and prophecy round about Him. Surrounded as it was, by this tissue of falsehood and fancy, it still offered to the world the highest type of human wisdom, and the noblest creed that had ever fallen upon humanity's ears. A world weary of the misery, degradation and darkness of paganism, found in Jesus' teachings a new and purer ideal of morality—"an inexhaustible principle of moral regeneration"—a doctrine so immeasurably superior to anything of which paganism had heard or dreamed, that they joyfully deified its founder and teacher. The 'Christ' of Renan and his school is almost as great as the 'Christ' of Arius, the great Heresiarch.

We have an American school of infidelity and unbelief, which cannot be said to have many pretentions to scholarships, erudition, profundity of thought or logical treatment of facts. As Carlyle said of Voltaire, they "war with Christianity without understanding beyond the merest superficies what Christianity is."

And here let me remark that it requires neither learning, erudition nor depth of thought to be an unbeliever—aye, even a great unbeliever. Gratuitous denial of the most stupendous facts is within the scope of even the most limited intellects.

But unbelievers always accuse Christians of misrepresenting their views. We will let them speak for themselves, or at least, those of them whose views we consider sufficient for our purpose.

I have termed Renan the most profound and scholarly exponent of the French school. He is at the same time, the kindliest, the least acrimonious, the fairest and most appreciative of all modern unbelievers. We must, however, do him the justice of stating that Renan never considered himself to be an unbeliever. An Agnostic, he certainly is not, as the Preface to the Life of Christ shows. Here it is:—

"To the pure soul
of
my Sister Henrietta,

who died at Biyblus, on the 24 day of September, 1861. Dost thou recall from the bosom of God, where thou reposest, those long days at Ghazir, in which alone with thee, I wrote those pages inspired by the places we had visited together?"

The Christian heart can never retain much of bitterness to the man who said:

"Men of indifferent morality have written very good maxims. Very virtuous men, on the other hand, have done nothing to perpetuate in the world the traditions of virtue. The palm is his who has been mighty both in words and in works, who has discerned the good and at the price of his blood has caused its triumph."

And now for his creed, if creed it can be called. I have given to Renan the place of honor because I believe that the views, which he endeavored to reduce to a system, pervade American religious thought to a greater extent than that of any other enemy of Christianity. Let him speak for himself:

"That the gospels are in part legendary is evident, since they are full of miracles and the supernatural. . . . . On the whole, I admit as authentic the four canonical gospels. All in my opinion date from the first century, and the authors are generally speaking, those to whom they are attributed, but their historic value is very diverse. . . . . They are neither biographies after the manner of Seutonius, nor fictitious legends in the style of Philostratus: they are legendary biographies. I should willingly compare them to the lives of the Saints, the lives of Plotinus, Isodore and other writings of the same kind, in which historical truth and the desire to present models of virtue are combined in various degrees. Inexactitude, which is one of the features of all popular compositions is there particularly felt. . . . .

"In histories, such as this, the great test that we have got the truth is to have succeeded in combining the texts in such a manner that they shall constitute a logical, probable narative."

And from those "legendary biographies" he builds up the life of Jesus, in which everything that savors of the miraculous, the super-natural and the divine, are discarded and the man Jesus stands out in all his undiminished splendor.

"Let us then place the person of Jesus at the highest summit of human greatness. Let us not be misled by exaggerated doubts, in the presence of a legend, which keeps us always in a supernatural world. . . . . Preserve us from multilating history in order to satisfy our petty susceptibilities! Which of us, pigmies as we are, could do what the extravagant Francis d'Asissi, or the hysterical Saint Theresa has done? Let medicine have names to express these grand errors of human nature; let it maintain that genius is a disease of the brain; let it see in certain delicacy of morality, the commencement of consumption; let it class enthusiasm and love as nervous accidents—it matters little. . . . . Sprung from the conscience of a man of the people, formed in the presence of the people, beloved and admired first by the people, Christianity was impressed with an original character, which will never be effaced. It was the first triumph of the revolution, the victory of the popular idea, the advent of the simple of heart, the inauguration of the beautiful as understood by the people. Jesus thus in the Aristocratic Societies of Antiquity, opened the breach through which all will pass."

I wonder what America's Arch-Infidel, who finds so much cruelty and mischief in Christianity, thinks of a passage of this kind? Renan's apotheo-

sis of the dead Christ reaches the sublime.

"Rest now in thy glory, noble initiator! Thy work is completed; thy divinity is established. Fear no more to see the edifice of thy efforts crumble through a flaw. Henceforth, beyond the reach of frality, thou shalt be present from the height of thy divine peace, in the infinite consequences of thy acts. At the price of a few hours of suffering, which have not even touched thy great soul, thou hast purchased the most complete immortality. For thousands of years the world will extol thee. Banner of our contradictions, thou wilt be the sign around which will be fought the fiercest battles. A thousand times more living, a thousand times more loved since thy death than during thy pilgrimage here below, thou wilt become to such a degree, the corner stone of humanity, that to tear thy name from this world would be to shake it to its foundations. Between thee and God men will no longer distinguish. Complete conqueror of death, take possession of thy kingdom, whither by the royal road thou hast traced, ages of adorers will follow thee."

Verily this man was near to the Kingdom of God. Hear him in the concluding paragraph, with which we also conclude our lengthy quotation:

"This sublime person who each day still presides over the destiny of the world, we may call divine, not in the sense that Jesus has absorbed all the divine or has been adequote to it (to employ an expression of the schoolmen) but in the sense that Jesus is the one who has caused his fellowmen to make the greatest steps toward the divine. Mankind in its totality offers an assemblage of low beings, selfish and superior to the animal only in that its selfishness is more reflective. From the midst of this uniformity, there are pillars that rise towards the sky and bear witness to a nobler destiny. Jesus is the highest of those pillars which show to man, whence he comes, and whether he ought to tend. In him is condensed all that is good and elevated in our nature. He was not sinless: he has conquered the same passions that we combat; no angel of God comforted him, except his good conscience; no Satin tempted him, except that which each one bears in his heart. In the same way that many of his great qualities are lost to us, through the fault of his disciples; it is also probable that many of his faults have been concealed. But never has anyone, so much as he, made the interests of humanity predominate in his life over the littleness of self love. Unreservedly devoted to his mission, he subordinated everything to it to such a degree that towards the end of his life the universe no longer existed for him. It was by the access of the heroic will, he conquered heaven. There never was a man, Cakya-Mouni perhaps excepted, who has to this degree trampled under foot, family, the joys of this world and all temporal cares. Jesus lived only for His Father and his divine mission which he believed himself destined to fulfil. . . . . Whatever may be the unexpected phenomena of the future, Jesus will not be surpassed. His worship will constantly renew its youth, the tale of his life will cause ceaseless tears, his sufferings will soften the best hearts; all the ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born who is greater than Jesus."

Poor, weak blind brother-man, Lucifer-like, thou hast sat in judgment on the Eternal God and hast been dazed by the glare of the divinity. Thou hast soared so high only to have fallen so low. Blind, purposeless, aimless, Samson-like, blindly tugging at the pillars of the world, is the Jesus of Nazareth thou hast seen! To what purpose has been all this heroic devotion to truth, this trampling under foot of human hopes and fears, this victory over sin and death? Was it as thou sayest that one man might stand acquitted at the tribunal of his own conscience, or as Christian faith teaches, that a whole race might be redeemed? To whom shall the coming generation cling? To such as thou, with thy gospel of a blinded, helpless, hopeless race, or to Him, who with eagle glances, piercing the very clouds, cries aloud to an enthralled world:

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him and without Him was made nothing that was made. In Him was life and the life was the light of men, and the light shineth in darkness and the darkness did not comprehend it. . . . That was the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world and the world was made by Him and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him He gave power to be made the Sons of God, to them that believe in His name. Who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And the Word was made flesh and dwelt

amongst us and we saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." . . . .

"That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen, with our own eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life. For the life was manifested, and we have seen and do bear witness and declare unto you the life eternal, which was with the Father and hath appeared to us. That which we have seen and have heard we declare unto you, that you may have fellowship with us and our fellowship may be with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ."

The world will believe the things which John has seen, his hands have touched, his ears have heard. His Master is our Master. His God is our God? The Word made, flesh had triumph over the hideousness of Idolatry and the vanities of Philosophy. Deceived, he was not; deceiver he is not; his labors, his zeal, sufferings, his long life of unswerving devotion to the Master's cause, his humility, his meekness, his holy fearlessness bear witness that he is no falsifier! We remember the Lateran Gate, his exile in Patmos, his journeyings, imprisonment. We remember that because of his fearless testimony he and his fellow-Apostles were made as the refuse of the world and the offscourings of the whole earth. Where is Philosophy's crown of martyrdom? Where its hunger, and thirst, and cold and nakedness, and stripes, and fastings, and torture and death for truth's dear sake? Where the sublime heroism and deathless devotion whereby the cross hath been planted upon the ramparts of the world?

I point to the holy Gospels, and fearlessly proclaim here is a testimony bearing upon its face the heavenly impress of sublimest truth. Composed, for the most part, by unlettered men, they constitute the epitome of the world's wisdom. There is a breadth, a universality about them that makes them applicable to the needs of every time. There is a youth and eternal freshness that stamps them the same yesterday, to-day and forever. There is a simplicity, a sincerity even to the confession of sinfulness, weakness and insufficiency that infinitely removes them from every taint of falsehood or deception. Mistaken, the Apostles and Evangelists might have been, wilful deceivers, never. And yet, how admit the possibility of mistake with regard to the stupendous, extraordinary, and unlooked-for facts which constitute the Gospel miracles. Are those men mistaken, when they tell us, that in their presence, the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the lepers are cleansed, the tempests are stilled, the multitudes fed with a few loaves and fishes; mistaken when Lazarus walks forth from the corruption of the grave, when the son of the widow of Nain is raised from the bier; mistaken when they see the Master, Himself, risen from the dead, when they hear His voice and touch His garments, when in the presence of numerous witnesses He ascends into the clouds; mistaken when with irresistible courage, conviction and zeal they go forth from the Cenacle on Pentecost day to proclaim to His bitterest foes that 'God hath made both Lord and Christ, this same Jesus whom you have crucified.'

If Christianity be false and Philosophy true, then has falsehood found for its defenders all the truth, devotion and heroism of the world, whilst truth has searched in vain for even one defender, whom the world deems worthy to loose the latchet of Christianity's humblest apostle.

Rousseau, unbeliever as he was, felt in his heart the instinctive presence of the divine in Christianity. The simple, dispassionate, Gospel story written with all the intense earnestness, fearless zeal and irresistible conviction of Evangelists who knew whereof they wrote, forced him, as he himself confesses "to respectfully remain in doubt concerning the Scriptures."

I will confess to you further," he adds, "that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration as the purity of the Gospel hath its influence on my heart. Pe-

ruse the works of our philosophers, enriched with all the pomp of diction; how mean, how contemptible they are compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible that a book so simple and sublime should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage whose history it contains should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious secretary? What purity, what sweetness in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What a sublimity in his manners! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind! What subtility! What truth in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where is the philosopher who could so live and so die without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato described an imaginary good man loaded down with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest reward of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus. . . . .

"But where could Jesus learn among his compatriots, that pure and sublime morality of which he only hath given us both precept and example. The greatest wisdom was made known amidst the most bigoted fanaticism; and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues did honor to the vilest people on earth. The death of Socrates, peacefully philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable form that could be desired—that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, cursed by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates in receiving the cup of poison, blessed indeed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormenters. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God."

The man who penned such sentences is not an unadulterated infidel. He had his troubled moments, when the great facts underlying Christianity came home to him in all their crushing conclusiveness. Few Christian teachers adduce such striking arguments for the veracity of the Sacred Scriptures.

The hero of "Quo Vadis" is represented by the novelist as having felt that it would be necessary either to be blind or to renounce one's reason to admit that the Apostle who said "I saw" was lying. The deep, unchangeable conviction of men who had seen the things which they narrated is written over every page of the Gospel. The "I saw" of men who went untrembling down to death constitutes the one great barrier to unbelief's hypothesis of deceived and deceiver.

In all four Gospels we have substantially the testimony of the eye-witnesses themselves, not the product of a later tradition, but their testimony does not stand alone. When they say that Christ died on the cross, they assert a truth which the contemporaneous testimony of the Jews and Pagans has placed beyond the shadow of a doubt. When they say He arose again from the dead, that they saw Him, conversed with Him, ate with Him, received His commands, were present with more than five hundred witnesses when He appeared to them, that He was taken up in their sight into heaven, they bore witness to a fact which has become the turning point of history—the fact which has made the history of the world since that hour. Sedan, Waterloo, Yorktown, Crecy, Bannockburn and Belgrade have been eventful days in the lives of nations. The history of the nations themselves constitute the weightiest evidence of their truth and importance. And so it is with the resurrection of Christ. Christianity has had as its foundation-stone, that one fact, that Jesus arose from the dead. It pointed to that fact, from the first day of its existence, as the one great proof of its own supernatural character and its Founder's divinity. "If Christ be not risen from the dead," says St. Paul, "then vain is your faith and our preaching." It pointed to the witnesses themselves, whilst living, and to their unimpeachable testimony when dead. It proclaimed it with all the boldness, fearlessness and aggressiveness of a truth which invited the widest criticism, and challenged the fullest investigation. It was no humble, obscure legend, hiding in caves, shunning the light, propagated in secret and reserved for the initiated. It was fear-

lessly preached from the house-tops, in the market places, and boldly asserted, regardless of persons, places or circumstances, and thus it is that the history of the church itself, its progress, its final triumph, coupled with its deep and enduring conviction that on this initial fact rested its highest claim to divine origin, and heavenly mission, constitute the strongest chain of evidence which human criticism can demand, and make the resurrection of the Master one of the best attested facts of history.

With one miracle proven, all the systems of unbelief topple to the ground.

"Down, forever down, with any religion that requires upon its ignorant altar the sacrifice of the goddess Reason, that compels her to advocate forever the shining throne of the soul, strips from her form the imperial purple, snatches from her hand the sceptre of thought, and makes her the bond-woman of a senseless faith." (Ingersoll—'The Gods,' Page 143.

When the infidel can produce, in support of his conflicting vagaries, self-contradictory propositions and confused hypotheses, one-hundredth part of the testimony upon which the Christian system rests, when he can demonstrate to the satisfaction of a jury of even twelve unbelievers, that the collective zeal, devotion, sincerity and self-sacrifice for the cause of truth of all infidelity's apostles deserve to be named in the same breath with those of a single Marquette, or Xavier or Las Casas; when he can point to one tangible blessing or benefit which unbelief has brought to the world; when he can point to the peoples, nations and tribes raised from degradation through its instrumentality; when he can show us an apostolic college of unbelief conspicuous for even virtue, veracity or common honesty, then it will be time enough for him to cry out: "Down forever with a religion which sacrifices reason upon the altar of ignorance."

But I am digressing. In a subsequent chapter I will have more to say of the "Apostles" themselves. For the present I have to do with Christianity as they see it.

Rousseau, whose tribute to Christianity I have just quoted, was a strange mixture of belief and unbelief. His profession of faith is that of a doubter rather than an unbeliever. Indeed there are preachers in Christian pulpits today, preaching a more dangerous form of infidelity than Rousseau ever conceived. His ultimate conclusions are summed up in the following singularly expressive paragraph:

"Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the mark of fiction. On the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition in fact only shifts the difficulty, without removing it. It is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and were strangers to the morality contained in the gospel—the marks of whose truths are so striking and inimitable that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero. And yet with all this, the same gospels abound with incredible relations, with circumstances repugnant to reason and which it is impossible for a man of reason either to conceive of or admit. What is to be done amidst all these contradictions? Be modest and circumspect. Regard in silence what cannot either be disproved or comprehended, and humble thyself before the Supreme Being, Who alone knoweth the truth."

There is one striking sentence in the foregoing paragraph which forcibly expresses the strength of the Christian's position. "The inventor of the gospel story would be a more astonishing character than the hero." How truly said! How conclusively does it overthrow the blind assertion that the 'Christian's reason has become the bond-woman of a senseless faith.' It is one of those golden gleams of sunshine which here and there break through the heavy cloud of unbelief.

There is a story told of the unbeliever Littre, the author of the monumental French dictionary, which goes to show that even the greatest disciples of infidel philosophy have doubted not only

the correctness of their own conclusions, but also the efficacy of a system of morality which discards Christ and His teachings. When his daughter was born, he said to his wife: "You are a fervent and practical Catholic; I wish you to teach our child your religion, with this condition, that when she reaches the age of fifteen, I am to be allowed to expound my views to her in order that she may make a rational choice." His wife agreed, and on the day when the girl became fifteen, she reminded her husband of their compact: "Our daughter is now ready to listen to you with the respect and obedience due to her father, will you begin your instructions today?" "Nay," replied Littre, "why should I? You have made her a loving, upright and simple-hearted creature and I am by no means sure that my own ideas, admirably as they suit me, might not at least impair your excellent results. Send her to me that I may hear her bless your name and bid her love and venerate you more that ever."

Despite his own disbelief in the church's divine character and mission, Littre was still of the opinion that she could form a truer, purer and nobler specimen of womanhood than any system which pure reason had thus far devised. He was right. Even in the closing hours of the nineteenth century, the world refuses to look for its highest types of manhood and womanhood elsewhere than amongst the number of those who conform their lives to Christian teachings.

Even unbelieving husbands prefer to have their wives and daughters retain some belief in a teaching which has made womanly chastity and maidenly purity the glory and honor of the Christian name. Saint Genevieve and Joan of Arc are names still dearer to the French heart than Madame de Chatalet or Madame Roland. Vincent of Paul is still esteemed a greater benefactor of humanity than Voltaire. The home from whose hearthstone the nightly prayer goeth up to the Father of Mercies is still a more sacred place than that in which "reason is enthroned as king of kings and Lord of Lords." Men still possess an old-fashioned faith in a "man of conscience," who weighs his acts not by the standard of human judgment, but by divine approval. The simple, upright Christian who forgives injuries for the love of Christ, who is honest because there is a commandment given of God, 'thou shalt not steal, who refraineth his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no guile, who rendereth not evil for evil, nor railing for railing, but contrawise, blessing, who with modesty and fear, having a good conscience and the incorruptibility of a quiet and meek spirit,' striveth after justice and righteousness in the hope of an imperishable crown is in greater demand today than even before. Men will persist in looking for the incorruptible, the unselfish, the brave, the devoted, the pure, the true amongst those who ennoble, not "sacrifice," their reason on the altar of faith.

It is with much reluctance that we leave a Renan, or a Rousseau for a scoffer of the Ingersoll type; yet, inasmuch, as men of his kind have always a coterie of disciples, who proclaim their Master's ability to cope with, and overcome any adversary, they cannot be overlooked.

Someone has characterized Ingersoll's religion as a religion of 'Don't knows.' Is there a God? Don't know! Is there a heaven, Don't know! Have I an immortal soul? Don't know! Will annihilation follow death or will I be born into a new life under new conditions? Don't know! It is a don't know of everything which the Christian knows through the medium of God's revelation.

Ingersoll's creed is, however, something more than a religion of denials. It is a fierce and savage assailing of every revealed truth. It is a broad and sweeping arraignment of the Christian

system of morals. It is an unfair expose of all the cruelty, inhumanity, injustice and oppression of Christian nations, attributed not as it should be to human cruelty and innate intolerance, but as a direct outcome of Christian faith and teaching. There is not one gleam of light in the history of Christianity as Ingersoll sees it. It is per se horrible, damnable, cruel, merciless and mercenary, the darkest page of humanity's history, the greatest blot on the escutcheon of the world.

Renan could see in Jesus of Nazareth the greatest amongst the children of men. Rousseau adjudged His life and death to be those of God. With Ingersoll He is a mountebank; His Apostles, cruel, and insane fanatics; His first followers, drivelling idiots, and the whole succeeding generation of Christians, blood-thirsty, fierce and savage brutes, whose chiefest pleasure and highest duty seems to have been the delectable task of beating out each other's brains. There is only one true gospel —Ingersoll's; only one infallible teacher—Ingersoll; only a few apostles of light and truth, here and there—Ingersoll, Paine, Voltaire and a few others of their kind—only one justifiable method of propagating the gospel of truth, not the old-fashioned method of Padilla, Martinez, Juniper Serra, Perboyre, Channel, Broebeuf and Lallemant, all of whom deemed themselves happy to have made a few converts before having been put to the torture; but the newer, safer and more remunerative method of the advance agent, the show-bill and the lecture-platform having as its reward, not the halo of present martyrdom and future glory, but the tangible consolation of a large, round, lucrative admission fee with all its attendant blessings. And here let me remark that a 'free gospel' has thus far had no place in unbelief's system of propagation. There is no free distribution of tracts, no door-to-door apostolate, no preaching on street corners and public thoroughfares, no journeyings to strange and unknown lands, no parleying for an audience with savage tribes, no dwelling in barbarian huts and living on aboriginal fare, no exposure to hardships, hunger and cruelty. Certainly not! Unbelief contemplates an apostolate less burdened round with hardships, discomfort and self-sacrifice. Its gospel of brotherly love is the gospel of big admission fees and excessive royalties.

And this is particularly true of the gospel which Ingersoll preaches. There has been an atheist here and there who, out of malice and hatred for established forms of religion, gratuitously poured out his opinions upon the world, but Col. Ingersoll, never! He has grown to be a plutocrat by trading his fascinating impieties for the still more fascinating coin of the realm.

Since an unbeliever has no other higher aims than those which look to personal aggrandizement, it would be doing him an injustice to expect of him anything higher than mercenary motives. Dollars and cents must ever remain the highest good of him whose creed is: "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." For such, a plethoric pocket-book will always have more consolation than the approval of a 'good conscience,' and the comforts of a peaceable and tranquil existence, greater charms than the trials and sufferings which a courageous adherence to right and truth bears in its train.

It is well to remember that the Christianity against which Ingersoll rages "with specious pen and brilliant rhetoric" is not Christianity, but a burlesque on the name. The Christian creed, as Ingersoll sees it, has for its God a rapacious, infinite monster delighting in murder, blood, rapine and plunder, longing for bloody sacrifices of men and women, gazing with solemn fiendish delight upon the ills and miseries with which mankind is afflicted—a God who is at the same time the immediate author of all the wars, plagues, famines, pestilences, atrocities and bar-

barities which have devasted the earth. It is a creed having for its followers and most devout believers, weak-minded souls, "who shut up their reason, when they open their Bible;" and who are with the utmost difficulty restrained from imbruing their hands in one another's blood. In short, it is the creed of the cruel, the foolish, the ignorant, the murderous, the malignant, the corrupt, the imbecile, the avaricious, the heartless, the rapacious, the blood-thirsty—the creed of the tyrant and the oppressor—all circled round with a moving panorama of lies, angels, devils, miracles, racks, thumbscrews, instruments of torture and dead men's bones. All the combined horrors, persecutions, cruelties and inhumanities of Christendom are ascribed to its unholy teachings, and all the liberity, peace, freedom, equality, justice and humanity to the elect few whom Infidelity crowns with the aureole of immortality.

"The Infidels have been the brave, thoughtful men; the flower of the world; the pioneers and heralds of the blessed day of liberty and love; the seers and prophets of our race; the great chivalric souls, proud victors on the battlefield of thought; the creditors of all the years to be. . . . . For ages, a deadly conflict has been waged between a few brave men and women of thought and genius on one side and the great ignorant religious masses on the other. This is the war between science and faith. The few have appealed to reason, to honor, to law, to freedom, to the known and to the happiness here in this world. The many have appealed to prejudice, to fear, miracle, to slavery, to the unknown and to misery hereafter. The few have said 'Think.' The many have said 'Believe.' (Ingersoll—"The Gods)."

And what have the brave few left us after all those ages of cogitation? Where is the fruit of their combined wisdom? Where the gloriou plan of human conduct, their triumphant system of human morals, their valiant stands for the lowest of human rights, their courageous efforts to redress the weightiest of human wrongs? Have we not heard one of the greatest amongst them say: "The palm is his who has been mighty both in words and in works, who has discerned the good and at the price of his blood has caused its triumph"—that"—Jesus is the one Who has caused His fellow men to make the greatest step towards the divine?" Where again, the "Inspired word" which the "brave few" have left as a lamp to our feet and a light to our souls? It is the obscene productions of a Voltaire, the incoherent ravings of a moral degenerate like Rousseau, the scurrilous and palpable sophistries of an Ingersoll? Aye, let them point, if they will, to one great and world-uplifting thought conceived after all those years of intellectual labor by the "pioneers and heralds of the blessed day of liberty and love!" Who will dare to say that all the generations of unbelievers who have walked the earth through all the centuries, have ever enunciated a proclamation of human emancipation equal in God-like wisdom, tenderness, compassion, mercy, liberty, love and duty to the sublime words which fell from the Saviour's lips in the Sermon on the Mount! Where in unbelief's teachings do we find poverty similarly crowned with honor, humility clothed in righteousness, that meekness which denies all violent resistance, that condition of men's souls in which it is possible for those who suffer to be the happiest, in which the gentle and meek shall be strongest, the persecuted shall be the victors; and in which anger, lust, hatred and vengeance are deadly vices? Compared with it, the profoundest system of philosophy are but as the babblings of infancy, the poor and stammering efforts of mental decrepitude.

Christianity has demonstrated its capacity to support, to deliver, to regenerate a corrupt world. Infidelity has demonstrated its capacity to effect—nothing! It has been at work for almost two thousand years, and all the brave few, from Julian the Apostate down to Ingersoll, have not succeeded in regenerating even one little tribe: aye, despite all their pretentions to

philanthropy, benevolence and brotherly love, they have not, up to the present hour, succeeded in founding even so much as one little orphan asylum. Great benefactors of humanity, those "pioneers and heralds of the blessed day!" These be thy gods O Israel! These be the "seers and prophets of their age."

"Each nation has created a God and the God has always resembled his creators. . . . They were created like men and like men they must pass away. The deities of one age, are the by-words of the next. The religion of one day and country is no more exempt from the sneer of the future, than the others have been. When India was supreme, Brahma sat upon the world's throne. When the sceptre passed to Egypt, Isis and Osiris received the homage of mankind. Greece with her fiery valor swept to empire and Zeus put on the purple of authority. The earth trembled with the tread of Rome's intrepid sons and Jove grasped, with mailed hand, the thunderbolts of heaven. Rome fell, and Christians from her territory with the red sword of war carved out the ruling nations of the world, and now Christ sits upon the old throne. Who will be his successor?"

None shall succeed Him. "The kingdom of this world is become the Lord's and His Christ's, and He shall reign forever and ever." He sat upon no throne, but He has raised humanity from the mire. Philosophy placed no crown upon His brow, but the pure and clean of heart the world o'er have crowned Him forever with the crown of righteousness. Rome accorded Him no conqueror's triumph, but His name will live in history when the memories of her myrtle crowned heroes shall have passed into oblivion. His own nation cast Him out, but His throne is set up in the heart of a regenerated humanity and there as long as time shall last, He shall reign and rule. For He has dispelled the darkness of idolatry, and the hollowness and sinfulness of unbelief. He has raised up the fallen; He has enfranchised the lowly; He has brought down the proud; He has blessed the earth; He has opened Heaven; He has destroyed sin; He has overcome death; He has lead captivity captive:—"How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth."

"In that vast cemetery called the past are most of the religions of men and there too are nearly all their Gods. The sacred temples of India were ruins long ago—. Along the banks of the sacred Nile, Isis no longer wandering weeps seeking for the dead Osiris. The shadow of Typhons falls no more upon the waves. The sun rises as of yore and his golden beams still smite the lips of Memnon, but Memnon is as voiceless as the sphinx. The sacred fanes are lost in desert sands; the dusty mummies are still waiting for the resurrection promised by the priests and the old beliefs wrought in curiously sculptured stone sleep in the mystery of a language lost and dead. Odin the author of life and soul, Vili and Ve and the mighty giants Yimir, and Thor with iron glove and glittering hammer dashes mountains to the earth no more. Broken are the circles and cromlechs of the ancient Druids; fallen upon the summits of the hills, and crowned with a century's moss are the sacred cairns. The divine fires of Persia and of the Astecs have died out in the ashes of the past and there is none to rekindle and none to feed the holy flames. The harp of Orpheus is still; the drained cup of Bacchus has been thrown aside; Venus lies dead in stone and her white bosom heaves no more with love. The streams still murmur, no Naiads bathe; the trees still wave but in the forest isles no Dryads dance. The gods have flown from high Olympus. Not even the beautiful women can lure them back and Danae lies unnoticed, naked to the stars. One by one the myths have faded from the clouds; one by one the phantom host has disappeared. (The Gods, p. 83.)

And what does all this prove, if not the truth of St. Paul's words? 'For professing themselves to be wise, they become fools, and they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness and image of a corruptible man, and of birds and of four-footed beasts and of creeping things. Wherefore God gave them up to the desires of their hearts, who changed the truth of God into a lie and worshipped the creature rather than the creator, who is blessed forever.'

It proves moreover, that humanity, even in the midst of this universal corruption and degradation, rejected with scorn the hopeless creed of unbelief, re-

tained its faith in higher powers and looked beyond the shadows of the grave for deliverance from its blindness and misery.

It proves too that a universal belief in immortality and in the existence of a spiritual world to which the human race is united by ties of love and duty, has been characteristic of every age, and lastly it proves the dire need in which the world stood of the regenerating influence of a gospel which has cast aside the myths and gods and goddesses and has established in their stead the healing and benign influence of Christian civilization.

In the foregoing selections from Ingersoll I have endeavored to fairly select such as go to show the views which he entertains of the Christian system. The arguments by which he sustains his conclusions ar e extraordinary specimens viewed from the standpoint of strict logic. To the superficial they are conclusive, but, to those capable of even the most elementary distinctions, they are characterized by a total disregard for fairness and truth, a deep disdain for the amenities of debate, a coarse ferocity of expression which taunts, insults, and wounds the intelligence of men, who cannot be bullied, abused or ridiculed into accepting his "ipse dixit" as the last and most infallible utterance on the mutual relations of God and man. The tactics of the stump speaker and the brow beater of country juries is visible in every line, in every page of his works—not the clear, calm, incisive logic of one who rejoices in the possession of truth, but the unfair methods of one who is determined to carry his point regardless of truth's interests.

I have selected in conclusion a characteristic example of the methods I have just described—one of those grandiloquent passages, which never fail to win the applause of the galleries, the "summum bonum" of an unbeliever's ambition—one of those brilliant scintillations of gilded sophistry, in which the brainless youth of the land finds justification for a life of vice and profligacy.

> "Redden your hands with human blood; blast by slander the fair name of the innocent; strangle the smiling child upon its mother's knee; deceive, ruin and desert the beautiful girl, who loves and trusts you and your case is not hopeless. For all this and for all these you may be forgiven. For all this and for all these, that bankrupt court established by the gospel will give you a discharge; but deny the existence of these divine ghosts, of these gods, and the sweet and tearful face of mercy becomes lurid with eternal hate. Heaven's golden gates are shut, and you with an infinite curse ringing in your ears, with the brand of infamy upon your brow, commence your endless wanderings, in the lurid gloom of hell—an immortal vagrant—an eternal outcast—a deathless convict."

And wherein has a scoffer learned the sacredness of human life? Was it an infidel who said, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"—"He that striketh and killeth a man, dying let him die. Thou shalt not pity him; but thou shall take away the reproach of innocent blood out of Israel?" Who first taught the generations of unbelievers that the smiling child on its mother's knee, and the unborn child in its mother's womb had a right to life, the destruction of which was a crime, crying to Heaven for vengeance? Was it not the "bankrupt court" set up by the gospel that has stood from the first hour of its institution for the rights of the slandered, the deceived, the cruelly wronged—that demanded as the sole condition of God's forgiveness and man's restoration to grace that the fair name of the innocent be restored, that full and due reparation be made her who has been deceived, ruined, and betrayed and led aside from the path of Christian purity. I say Christian purity, for outside the benign influence of the gospel there is no standard of maidenly purity worthy of the name.

But lo, the change. The complaint is no longer that the Christian's God is a monster of cruelty, but that His mercy reacheth down to the vilest malefactor, the blackest criminal—with however,

one exception, the denier of the Divine. Let not the scoffer be however without some shadow of hope. The haven of the invincibly ignorant offers a last refuge. Yet, what measure of mercy may he expect, who wilfully closes his eyes to the light of God's revealed truth? His life is spent in a total disregard of everything Divine. Common equity demands that he be meted out in death that portion which he has meted out to himself in life; that as he had neither faith in, love or fear of God in life, he be removed as far as possible from the Divine Presence in death. God has made him for Himself—for His love and for His glory. He made him capable of loving, worshipping and serving, of praising and glorifying Him; but he has robbed and defrauded Him of that which constituted his highest duty, his greatest dignity. To admit such a man to the participation of the joy God has reserved for those who have believed in Him, loved Him, trusted Him and walked in His ways, would be to place the crown of glory on the brow of treason; to bestow upon scorn, hatred and indifference rewards similar to those bestowed upon duty, reverence, obedience, worship and love; to declare the life, sufferings and death of Jesus Christ to be a meaningless pageant, and all the wondrous dealings of God with man, hollow artifices of an over-indulgent Creator.

There are numerous other unbelievers of more or less prominence, whose views it is impossible to give in the space I have assigned to my work. I have selected Renan, Rousseau and Ingersoll, because I believe their views cover pretty well the field of American unbelief. I hope to pay my respects in the following chapters to some of the other great names of ancient and modern unbelief. Though the influence they exercised upon their contemporaries and the succeeding generations has been much over-rated, it cannot be overlooked by anyone who wished to treat so serious a subject with that candor and sincerity for which they at least should be conspicuous, who are followers of Him who loved truth and hated lying and iniquity.

DREAMS.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

Dear days of dew and shine,
  Sweet hours of soft delight;
When dream and song were mine
  From morn till night.

Ah me! your skies were blue;
  Ah me! your fields were fair;
Naught then of grief I knew,
  Felt naught of care.

Ghost-like return to me
  Dead hopes and dreams of light;
Sad is the reverie;
  Swift comes the night.

Dead leaves and withered grass
  Now lie upon the plain,
Prone are the flowers, alas!
  Fast falls the rain.

NUMBER TWO TWENTY-FOUR.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

Mrs. Lord was bending over the stove; the last griddle full of cakes demanded her attention when Johnny came in.

"Got good news for you, mother. I'm going on the new machine."

"Will the work be much harder?"

"Maybe—at first just." There was a plashing of water, a swift handling of a towel; directly Johnny's face shone free of grime. He sat down beside his little brother who looked up at Johnny with the wonder with which a small boy regards his more masterful elders. Mrs. Lord helped them both, then seated herself.

"I'll get a dollar and a half a week more," said Johnny carelessly as he reached for another cake. Little Jim gazed at him in silence. Jim knew a whole lot of boys—cash boys—who only received a dollar and a half for a whole week, and Johnny was going to get so much more just for working on a new machine.

"You'll be very careful, John," said Mrs. Lord as she recalled the accidents that happened in the factory. Then she began to plan. The announcement that John was going to work on a new machine was like a rift in the clouds. John had brought her four dollars and a half each week. She had earned two sweeping the little church; now they would have eight dollars a week. Dire necessity made the widow plan day after day.

There was a surprise in store for Johnny the next morning. He expected the foreman would give him instructions. The machine was new in every respect. Its capacity had been discussed; the workmen wondered if it would accomplish all that was expected of it. If it accomplished all that the owners hoped for, soon the places now occupied by the old machines would be filled by the machine that was to earn as much more money.

Johnny was at his place five minutes earlier than usual that morning. The foreman was young and opinionated and paid no attention to Johnny for perhaps an hour. Then he addressed him sharply.

"Here you, Two Twenty Four! What's the matter? We don't want a boy all fingers and thumbs running this machine."

The boy thought the foreman was going to explain something to him, but as he walked away Johnny dimly realized that he was not the foreman's choice. He had reason to think that his father's old friend, the assistant foreman, had spoken for him to the proprietors, and that Griggs was angry because Saunders had dared to intercede for him. But as his father had lost his life in Bogg's factory, it was not a difficult matter to induce the proprietors to recognize Johnny's claims.

Johnny's senses were sharpened by the discovery he had made, and with this suddenly acquired knowledge was born the fear that the slightest failure on his part meant the loss of the advance in wages his mother now builded on. The new machine began to assume the shape of an exacting monster. Even while the foreman was speaking the belt tightened; the monster jaws glistened ravenously as Griggs walked away. The tunnel that brought the hot iron seemed to be choking as the boy glanced at it from time to time. If it should clog—if he failed to supply the ravenous jaws, he would lose his place.

His arms were accustomed to constant action, but the old machines sometimes were permitted to grind their jaws minutes without injury to them; the new machine would be in-

jured if it champed its teeth together. This dread—that possibly by some chance the machine might bring its teeth together in the empty air—weighed on Johnny. His face glowed with excitement as time passed. How would he hold out to noon if the hot iron poured down the tunnel at that rate?

There was the assistant superintendent, at last!

He was accompanied by two visitors, who appeared to be greatly interested in the new machine. Johnny had not the courage to ask the assistant if he could be permitted to rest a few minutes. Another hour passed. When the whistle blew, number two twenty-four leaned back and closed his eyes. His arms felt like dead weights. His temples throbbed.

"Hello!"

It was the voice of the assistant foreman.

"Tired? How are you coming on, Johnny?"

Then Saunders sat down on a bench beside him and looked at the box of iron the machine had swallowed that morning. There was a basket beside the box. It held Johnny's dinner, untouched. Saunders glanced down at Johnny sharply.

"Not too tired to eat I hope?"

"Mr. Saunders," he replied, slowly, "would you please tell me how I can stop the machine if I want to? And if it can be stopped without hurting anything?"

"I thought—didn't Griggs tell you—didn't he show you how to throw it off and on?"

Johnny shook his head.

"You don't mean to say Griggs was so"—whatever he thought he kept it to himself. Johnny heard a muttered sentence or two that sounded like swearing. "Here, see this. You throw it off just like any other machine. It won't hurt it a mite when you want to stop a minute or two. You can pull the lever over that way for that matter. It might work on wind all day so and not hurt it. Didn't Griggs give you any instructions?"

Johnny shook his head.

Mr. Saunders made some more remarks that would not look well in print; he was full of wrath and disgust; disgust that any man occupying the responsible position he occupied, should wreak his miserable petty spite upon a poor little boy.

"You have not stopped the machine this morning?"

"No sir." The answer came quick enough now.

Saunders had the satisfaction of seeing the edibles in Johnny's basket disappearing before he left the boy. Saunders was a tower of strength and Johnny surmised it. When he resumed work in the afternoon, it was strange how much stronger he felt. Along about three in the afternoon, Saunders passed that way again. Johnny smiled at him as he observed the assistant foreman examining the blanks tossed out of the new machine's jaws.

"She's a hummer Johnny, just as she is. We'll just let her go at that gait—it'll surprise Mr. Boggs."

And just then Mr. Boggs the elder came along. Mr. Boggs was very proud of his establishment; proud of his machinery; proud of his system. To do him justice it was a model in many respects. Several visitors accompanied Mr. Boggs. Among them was a beautiful child, a grandchild of Mr. Boggs' oldest friend.

The visitors observed the marvelous transformations of the raw metal into sheets and bars of iron; marveled more at the sputtering molten metal wrenched from fiery furnaces, and stood dumb before the rolls where enormous plates of red hot iron and rods of coppery hues twisted themselves up until the workmen struck

them straight with their great tongs.

"By the way," said Mr. Boggs as he stood before the new machine, "this is the invention I was talking about."

The elderly lady beside Mr. Boggs, who held her grandchild by the hand, smiled as she said, "Really I think the boy is more wonderful than the machine. A boy like that ought to be at school, I think."

"Work is a matter of necessity, I dare say," interjected her husband. "Anyhow he is much better here than on the streets."

Then the visitors drifted away through the big side door and into another department. A little later Johnny heard a child's voice beside him.

"Where's my grandma?"

Looking across the tunnel that brought the hot metal to the new machine, number two twenty-four beheld a picture that was photographed in his brain. It was not the golden curls, nor the elegant dress, the white feathers and blue ribbons; it was the perfect trust in the blue eyes that appealed to him. Johnny understood: this was one of the visitor's children; she had strayed away from her caretakers in some unaccountable way. Resolving on the instant to stop the machine and take her into the office, he extended his hand to the lever, and at the same moment his eye caught a glimpse of a snow white skirt between the great cogs.

How he did it he never knew. In the same instant the lever was jerked and Johnny leaped from his seat. He fell on his face but he grasped her in his fall: her cries resounded throughout the factory.

Then a monster hand grasped Johnny's leg, a monster hand that tore and crushed; that wrenched him bodily from the floor to toss him down in a senseless heap beside the child he had rescued from death.

When he opened his eyes again Mr. Boggs was there, his face stern and set. The grandparents of the child he had saved were there also. Johnny's eyes took in at a glance a tub of water, a huge sponge and a case of instruments.

"He's all right now. He'll come around all right." The doctor spoke confidently. "You can send him home now, Mr. Boggs. I'll drop in on him early tomorrow."

The gray haired gentleman who stood beside the little girl bent over Johnny. He lifted one of his hands and stroked it tenderly.

"They tell me your name is John Lord. You can tell your mother when you go home that I will call soon; my wife and I will visit you tomorrow. In the meantime," he bent low until his lips almost touched Johnny's cheek, "you can say to your mother that we will send you to school. It is the least we can do."

Meantime Adam Boggs, junior, was saying to his father in a matter of fact manner: "I told Griggs he ought to have a guard on that new machine. It's dollars and cents to us to see that guards are put on every new machine we set up."

"I agree with you, quite. And that reminds me. I wanted to talk to you two or three times about Griggs. He has got unbearable of late. He seems to think he is indispensable to us."

"O! You have observed it too." The junior member's tone was raspy now. "Well in my opinion Saunders is worth two of him. Saunders does not quarrel with the men; he has tact. The quality of agreeableness ought to count for something, father."

"Unquestionably."

So Johnny Lord's mishap really, in the eyes of the workmen at least, was a means of improving the superb system that governed the great Boggs' establishment.

INCONSISTENCY.

BY TERESA B. O'HARE.

As when the tide glides outward to the sea
  Never again returning,
So have I watched the spirit pass from me
  With wordless, tearless mourning.

Ceased with the throbbing of thy heart all joys.
  Out on life's sea I'm drifting,
Whither you went I dare not raise my eyes
  Who prayed for thy uplifting.

Whither the tide goes out I dare not look
  Through blinding tears of sorrow.
Cruel, relentless, stormy it departs.
  Peaceful returns tomorrow.

Vague dream that my poor love could ever fill
  Thy desolated thought
But vaguer still to lift my soul to thine
  Unbidden and unsought.

And still I watched thy lonely life go on
  In dumb persistent pain
And asked of God to sooth thy broken heart
  As the tide comes again.

And I am all alone, my selfish soul
  Regretting even prayer
Whisper to God, "Why all this peace for me
  And she so lonely there?"

Nay whisper not. He knows I asked for thee
  Out of my love—thy life.
He sees my empty arms. He hears my cries
  He knows my all human strife.

He knows our every thought, our every hope.
  He giveth and can take,
Can soothe the raging tempest in our souls
  And pardon for love's sake.

WHY ENGLAND FAVORS AMERICAN EXPANSION.

BY JOEL MORTON.

Comparing England's present and past policy toward the United States, the question naturally arises, has Great Britain any secret reason for favoring territorial expansion by this government?

She has seemed ever ready to encourage any movement that would tend toward the weakening of the United States. Her haste in recognizing the Southern Confederacy as a belligerent power before it had fought a single battle or floated a single ship, called forth unmeasured condemnation from Secretary Seward, and finally justified the board of arbitration of the Geneva Conference in awarding Uncle Sam a snug sum for damages.

A reference to a few facts within the memory of many living today, and some excerpts from both Seward's instructions to Adams, and from public speeches made in England at the time, will clearly show her policy in the past and perhaps suggest a motive for her present apparent good will.

After we shall have examined these facts of history we shall be perfectly justified in inquiring what has brought about this change of policy on the part of Great Britain toward the United States. Is it that she has seen her error in the past and wishes to atone for it? Or has she some ulterior motive in view?

Let us see.

What would England gain by our extra-continental expansion?

Should we assume sovereignty over the Philippine Islands it would necessitate the keeping of a large naval and land force there for at least many years to come. If we add Cuba and Porto Rico to the Philippines, we see at once how our water front increases without giving us any equivalent land strength. To guard these possessions against a naval power such as Great Britain is would mean a navy many times as large as we now maintain, and should England keep on increasing hers, it would be absolutely impossible for us to overtake her. We could never preserve or defend these isolated possessions by any land force, no matter how strong.

Does this strengthen or weaken our position? How does it affect Great Britain? Let us suppose, for example, that some day the mysterious course of events should bring it about that Canada, either by choice or necessity, should become indispensable to the United States. That Uncle Sam could have Canada for the taking is evident. But what of our newly acquired territory in the East? Would not England find therein a fighting-ground where the struggle for possession of Canada or its equivalent could be fought with the odds very greatly on England's side? 'Tis but yesterday since the war between the United States and Spain was practically fought and won in Manila Bay.

On the Continent we have no reason to fear her, even though she destroy our navy. We would sweep from the face of the land any army she might send against us; and the stricter the blockade she could establish, the more quickly would she starve herself into submission. But in our insular possessions the case would be different. There she would hold the mastery.

May not there be, then, some hidden motive back of England's present policy? May she not be preparing an equivalent for a territory she must in-

evitably lose? We have no way of forecasting the future except by the past. Let us see from historical records what the past tells us of England's policy toward the United States in the war of the Rebellion.

On November 8, 1861, the "Trent Affair" occurred. By order of the President the representatives of the Southern States to Europe were at once released. Lord Palmerston, without waiting to seek explanations from the United States, ordered troops to Canada and took measures to strengthen the British fleet in American waters.

The following refers to the Trent Affair, as to how the news was received in England:

"The excitement in England was intense, and was fanned into animosity by the press. Although without information as to the purpose of the government of the United States, peremptory instructions were immediately forwarded to Lord Lyons to demand the release of the four gentlemen, and to leave Washington with all the members of the legation if the demand was not complied with in seven days.

"In anticipation of the refusal, vessels of war were hurriedly fitted out at the naval stations, and troops were pressed forward to Canada. In the midst of this preparation, Lord Russell received from Mr. Adams official information that the act had not been authorized by the government of the United States; but this intelligence was suppressed, and public opinion was encouraged to drift into a state of hostility toward the United States. The arming continued with ostentatious publicity; the warlike preparations went on, and the peremptory instructions to Lord Lyons were neither revoked nor in any sense modified."

In the early year of the war a few Southern vessels ran the blockade and began the destruction of Northern commerce. The most famous of the Confederate cruisers, however, never entered a Southern port. This was the "Alabama," built in England, on the Mersey, and permitted to go to sea by the British government, notwithstanding the expostulations of the American minister at London, Charles Francis Adams.

The Confederates also contracted for the construction of two powerful iron-clad rams in England. The British government showed no desire to seize them before completion, and informed Adams that it could not interfere. The American minister thereupon wrote Earl Russell, the British foreign minister, "It would be superfluous for me to point out that this is war."

The last of the Confederate cruisers to keep the seas was the Shenandoah. Coaling at Melbourne, she sailed for the Northern Pacific and there destroyed the American whaling fleet after the surrender of Lee and Johnston. The inaction of the British government on all these occasions awakened intense resentment in the United States.

Although American commerce suffered severely by this violation of international law, the Americans could not make it a pretext for declaring war against their maritime rivals at a juncture when they had so great an interest in concentrating all their forces for the purpose of crushing the Confederacy. But the Washington Cabinet determined at least to emphasize its protest by formally declaring that it would hold the English government responsible for the depredations of these privateers. England did not understand this reserve, which was dictated by prudence, or perhaps she believed that America would never be in a condition to enforce her demands, of which she then only laid down the principle.

In a letter to Minister Adams, dated April 10, 1861, Secretary Seward said:

"It is much to be deplored that our representatives are to meet abroad agents of disunion, seeking foreign aid to effect what indeed is already seen to be desperate. You need not to be informed that their success in Great Britain would probably render their success easy elsewhere. The President has noticed, as the whole American people have, with much emotion, the expressions of good will and friendship toward the United States, and of concern for their present embarassments which have been made on apt occasions by Her Majesty and

Her ministers. You will make due acknowledgment for these manifestations; but at the same time you will not rely on any mere sympathies or national kindness. You will make no admission of weakness in our Constitution, or of apprehension on the part of the government. You will rather prove, as you easily can by comparing the history of our country with that of other states, that its Constitution and government are really the strongest and surest which have ever been erected for the safety of any people. You will in no case listen to any suggestions of compromise by this government under foreign auspices with its discontented citizens.

"If, as the President does not at all apprehend, you shall unhappily find Her Majesty's Government tolerating the application of the so-called seceding states, or wavering about it, you will not leave them to suppose for a moment that they can grant that application and remain friends of the United States. You may even assure them promptly in that case that if they determine to recognize, they may at the same time prepare to enter into an alliance with the enemies of this Republic. You alone will represent your country at London, and you will represent the whole of it there. When you are asked to divide that duty with others, diplomatic relations between the Government of Great Britain and this Government will be suspended, and will remain so until it shall be seen which of the two is most strongly entrenched in the confidence of their respective nations and of mankind."

On May 21, 1861, before the news of the recognition of the Confederacy by Great Britain had reached the United States, Secretary Seward wrote Mr. Adams as follows:

"Great Britain has but to wait for a few months, and all her present inconveniences will cease, with all our own troubles. If she take a different course, she will calculate for herself the ultimate as well as the immediate consequences, and will consider what position she will hold when she shall have forever lost the sympathies and affections of the only nation on whose sympathies and affections she has a natural claim."

In a public speech at Newcastle on October 14, 1861, Earl Russell, a member of the British Cabinet, specially charged with the expression of views and feelings of Her Majesty's government, said:

"We now see the two different parties (in the United States) contending together, not upon the question of slavery, though that I believe was probably the original cause of the quarrel; not contending with respect to free trade and protection, but contending, as so many states in the old world have contended, the one side for empire and the other for independence. (Cheers.)

"Far be it from us to set ourselves up as judges in such a contest. But I cannot help asking myself frequently, as I trace the progress of the contest, to what good end can it attain? (Hear! Hear!) Supposing the contest to end in the reunion of the different states; supposing that the South should agree to enter again the Federal union, with all the rights guaranteed to her by the Constitution; should we not then have debated over again the fatal question of slavery, again provoking discord between North and South? . . . . .

"But, on the other hand, supposing that the Federal government completely conquer and subdue the Southern States; supposing that be the result of a long military conflict and some years of civil war; would not the national prosperity of that country to a great degree be destroyed? . . . . If such are the unhappy results which alone can be looked forward to from the reunion of these different parts of the North American States, is it not then our duty, though our voice, and indeed, the voice of any one in this country may be little listened to,—is it not the duty of men who were so lately fellow-citizens—is it not the duty of men who profess a regard for the principles of Christianity— is it not the duty of men who wish to preserve in perpetuity the sacred inheritance of liberty, to endeavor to see whether this sanguinary conflict cannot be put an end to?"

Mr. Gladstone said at Newcastle October 7, 1862:

"We may have our own opinions about slavery; we may be for or against the South; but there is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army;—they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made what is more than either, they have made a NATION. (Loud cheers.) . . . .

"We may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States so far as regards their separation from the North. (Hear! Hear!) I cannot but believe that that event is as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be." (Hear! Hear!)

And again, on the 30th of June, 1863, Mr. Gladstone, in the course of a long speech, said:

"Why, sir, we must desire the cessation of this war. No man is justified in wishing for the continuance of a war unless that war has a just, an adequate, and an attainable object; for no object is adequate, no object is just unless it also be attainable. We do not believe that the restoration of the American Union by force is attainable. I believe that the public opinion of this country is unanimous upon that subject. (No.) Well, almost unanimous. I may be right or I may be wrong—I do not pretend to interpret exactly the public opinion of the country—I express in regard to it only my private sentiments. But I will go one step further, and say I believe the public opinion of this country bears very strongly on another matter upon which we have heard much—namely, whether the emancipation of the negro race is an object that can be legitimately pursued by means of coercion and bloodshed. I do not believe that a more fatal error was ever committed than when men—of high intelligence I grant, and of the sincerity of whose philanthropy I for one shall not venture to whisper the smallest doubt— came to the conclusion that the emancipation of the negro race was to be sought, although they could only travel to it by a sea of blood. I do not think there is any real serious ground for doubt as to the issue of this contest."

In the same debate, Lord Palmerston, the recognized head of the Cabinet, with an unusual absence of caution, lifted the veil that concealed his feelings, and said:

"Now, it seems to me that that which is running in the head of the honorable gentleman (Mr. Bright), and which guides and directs the whole of his reasoning, is the feeling, although perhaps disguised to himself, that the Union is still in legal existence; that there are not in America two belligerent parties, but a legitimate government and a rebellion against that government. Now, that places the two parties in a very different position from that in which it is our duty to consider them."

As late as the 9th of June, 1864, Earl Russell said in the House of Lords:

"It is dreadful to think that hundreds of thousands of men are being slaughtered for the purpose of preventing the Southern States from acting on those very principles of independence which in 1776 were asserted by the whole of America against this country. Only a few years ago the Americans were in the habit on the 4th of July of celebrating the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence, and some intimate friends of mine never fail to make eloquent and stirring orations on those occasions. I wish while they keep up a useless ceremony —for the present generation of Englishmen are not responsible for the War of Independence—that they had inculcated upon their own minds that they should not go to war with four millions, five millions, or six millions of their fellow-countrymen who want to put the principles of 1776 into operation as regards themselves."

In a spirited debate in the House of Commons on the 27th of March, 1863, Mr. Laird, the builder of the Alabama and of the rams, which were afterwards seized, arose and attempted to justify his course in a speech which was received with satisfaction and prolonged cheering by a large portion of the House. Among other things which he then said, and which were received as expressive of the views and sentiments of those who cheered him, are the following:

"I will allude to a remark which was made elsewhere last night—a remark I presume applying to me or to somebody else, which was utterly uncalled for. (Hear!) I have only to say that I would rather be handed down to posterity as the builder of a dozen Alabamas than as the man who applies himself deliberately to set class against class, (Loud cheers) and to cry up the institutions of another country, which, when they come to be tested, are of no value whatever, and which reduced liberty to an utter absurdity." (Cheers.)

Two years later, on the 13th day of March, 1865, the course of this member of the British House of Commons, and this extraordinary scene, were noticed by Mr. Bright, who had favored the Union during the entire war. He said:

"Then I come to the last thing I shall mention—to the question of the ships which have been preying upon the commerce of the United States. I shall confine myself to that one vessel, the Alabama. She was built in this country; all her munitions of war were from this country; almost every man on board her was a subject of Her Majesty. She sailed from one of our chief ports. She is reported to have been built by a firm in which a member of this House was, and I presume, is, interested."

In the year 1871 five Commissioners on the part of Great Britain, and five Commissioners on the part of the

United States, met at Washington in a body, which, when organized, was known as the "Joint High Commission," in order to discuss, and, if possible, to arrange for the adjustment of several causes of difference between the two powers.

The sessions of the Joint High Commission were many in number, and were chiefly devoted to the consideration of the differences referred to in Mr. Fish's letter to Sir Edward Thornton, from which the above-cited quotation is made. The High Commissioners in the protocol of their thirty-sixth conference caused to be recorded a statement of their negotiations on this subject, in the following language:

"At the conference held on the 8th of March the American Commissioners stated that the people and government of the United States felt that they had sustained a great wrong, and that great injuries and losses were inflicted upon their commerce and their material interests by the course and conduct of Great Britain during the recent rebellion in the United States; that what had occurred in Great Britain and her colonies during that period had given rise to feelings in the United States which the people of the United States did not desire to cherish toward Great Britain; that the history of the Alabama and other cruisers which had been fitted out, or armed, or equipped, or which had received augmentation of force in Great Britain or in her colonies, and of the operations of those vessels, showed extensive direct losses in the capture and destruction of a large number of vessels with their cargoes, and in the heavy national expenditures in the pursuit of the cruisers, and in direct injury in the transfer of a large part of the American commercial marine to the British flag, in the enhanced payments of insurance, in the prolongation of the war, and in the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and the suppression of the rebellion; and also showed that Great Britain, by reason of failure in the proper observance of her duties as a neutral, had become justly liable for the acts of those cruisers and of their tenders; that the claims for the loss and destruction of private property which had thus far been presented amounted to about fourteen million of dollars, without interest, which amount was liable to be greatly increased by claims which had not been presented; that the cost to which the government had been put in the pursuit of cruisers could easily be ascertained by certificates of government accounting officers; that in the hope of an amicable settlement, no estimate was made of the indirect losses, without prejudice, however, to the right to indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made."

The American Commissioners further stated that they hoped that the British Commissioners would be able to place upon record an expression of regret by Her Majesty's Government for the depredations committed by the vessels whose acts were *now* under discussion. They also proposed that the Joint High Commission should agree upon a sum which should be paid by Great Britain to the United States in satisfaction of all claims and the interest thereon.

The British Commissioners refused to admit that there had been any violation of existing principles of International Law, and stated that their instructions did not authorize them to accede to the proposal for laying down rules for the guidance of the Arbitrator, but that they would make known to their government the views of the American Commissioners on the subject.

At the respective conferences on March 9th, 10th, 13th and 14th, the Joint High Commission considered the form of the declaration of principles or rules which the American Commissioners desired to see adopted for the consideration of the Arbitrator and laid down for observance by the two governments, in future. At the close of the conference of the 14th of March, the British Commissioners reserved several questions for the consideration of their government.

After a series of negotiations the matter was finally brought to a head, and a Board of Arbitration appointed to meet at Geneva for the purpose of considering the claims of the United States and to fix the amount of indemnity, if any, to be paid by Great Britain.

The following is a list of the Arbi-

trators: Charles Francis Adams, the Arbitrator named by the President of the United States; the Right Honorable Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Arbitrator named by Her Brittanic Majesty; His Excellency Count Sclopis, the Arbitrator named by His Majesty the King of Italy; Mr. Jacques Staempfli, the Arbitrator named by the President of the Swiss Confederation; and His Excellency the Baron d'Itajuba, the Arbitrator named by His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil.

. J. C. Bancroft Davis attended the conference as the agent of the United States, and the Right Honorable Lord Tenterden attended as the agent of Her Brittanic Majesty. Count Scopis presided over the labors of the Tribunal. M. Alexander Favrot was named as secretary.

The first conference was held at Geneva, Switzerland, on December 15th, 1871.

The following decision and award was agreed to by the Tribunal of Arbitration constituted by virtue of the first article of the Treaty concluded at Washington on the 8th of May, 1871, between the United States of America and Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland:

". . . . The Tribunal, having . . . taken into their consideration the Treaty, and also the cases, counter-cases, documents, evidence and arguments, and likewise all other communications made to them by the two parties during the progress of their sittings, and having impartially and carefully examined same,

Has arrived at the decision embodied in the present award:—

Whereas, having referred to the VI and VII articles of the said Treaty, the Arbitrators are bound, under the terms of the said VI article 'in deciding the matters submitted to them to be governed by the three rules therein specified and by such principle of international law not inconsistent therewith as the Arbitrators shall determine to have been applicable to the case.'

And, whereas, the "due diligence" referred to in the first and third of the said rules ought to be exercised by neutral governments in exact proportion to the risks to which either of the belligerents may be exposed from a failure to fulfil the obligations of neutrality on their part;

And whereas, the circumstances, out of which the facts constituting the subject-matter of the present controversy arose, were of a nature to call for the exercise on the part of Her Brittanic Majesty's Government of all possible solicitude for the observance of the rights and the duties involved in the proclamation of neutrality issued by Her Majesty on the 13th day of May, 1861;

And whereas, the effects of a violation of neutrality committed by means of the construction, equipment and armament of a vessel are not done away with by any commission which the government of the belligerent power benefited by the violation of neutrality may afterwards have granted to that vessel; and the ultimate step by which the offense is complete cannot be admissible as a ground for the absolution of the offender, nor can the consummation of his effort become the means of establishing his innocence;

And whereas, the privilege of exterritoriality accorded to vessels of war has been admitted into the law of nations, not as an absolute right, but solely as a proceeding founded on the principle of courtesy and mutual deference between different nations, and therefore can never be appealed to for the protection of acts done in violation of neutrality;

And whereas, the absence of a previous notice cannot be regarded as a failure in any consideration required by the law of nations in those cases in which the vessel carries with it its own condemnation;

And whereas, in order to impart to any supplies of coal a character inconsistent with the second rule prohibiting the use of neutral ports or waters as a base of naval operations for a belligerent, it is necessary that the said supplies should be connected with special circumstances of time, of persons, or of place, which may combine to give them such character;

And whereas, with respect to the vessel called the Alabama, it clearly results from all the facts relative to the construction of the ship at first designated by the number "290" in the port of Liverpool, and its equipment and armament in the vicinity of Terceira through the agency of the vessels called the "Agrippina" and the "Bahama," dispatched from Great Britain to that end, that the British government failed to use due diligence in the performance of its neutral obligations, and especially that it omitted, notwithstanding the warnings and official representations made by the diplomatic agents of the United States during

the construction of the said number "290" to take in due time any effective measures of prevention, and that those orders which it did give at last for the detention of the vessel were issued so late that their execution was not practicable;

And whereas, after the escape of that vessel the measures taken for its pursuit and arrest were so imperfect as to lead to no result, and therefore cannot be considered sufficient to release Great Britain from the responsibility already incurred;

And whereas, in despite of the violations of the neutrality of Great Britain committed by the "290," this same vessel, later known as the Confederate cruiser Alabama, was on several occasions freely admitted into the ports of colonies of Great Britain instead of being proceeded against as it ought to have been in any and every port within British jurisdiction in which it might have been found;

And whereas, the government of Her Brittanic Majesty cannot justify itself for the failure in due diligence on the plea of insufficiency of the legal means of action which it possessed:

Four of the Arbitrators, for the reasons above assigned, and the fifth for reasons separately assigned by him, are of opinion,—

That Great Britain has in this case failed by omission to fulfil the duties prescribed in the first and third of the rules established by the VI article of the Treaty of Washington.

And whereas, with respect to the vessel called the "Florida," it results from all the facts relative to the construction of the "Oreto," in the port of Liverpool and to its issue therefrom, which facts failed to induce the authorities in Great Britain to resort to measures adequate to prevent the violation of the neutrality of that nation notwithstanding the warnings and repeated representations of the agents of the United States, that Her Majesty's government has failed to use due diligence to fulfil the duties of neutrality;

And whereas, it likewise results from all the facts relative to the stay of the Oreto at Nassau to her issue from that port, to her enlistment of men, to her supplies, and to her armament, with the co-operation of the British vessel "Prince Alfred" at Green Cay, that there was negligence on the part of the British colonial authorities;

And whereas, notwithstanding the violation of the neutrality of Great Britain committed by the Oreto, this same vessel, later known as the Confederate cruiser Florida was nevertheless on several occasions freely admitted into the ports of British colonies;

And whereas, it is just and reasonable to allow interest at a reasonable rate;

And whereas, in accordance with the spirit and letter of the Treaty of Washington, it is preferable to adopt the form of adjudication of a sum in gross rather than to refer the subject of compensation for further discussion and deliberation to a Board of Assessors, as provided by article X of the said Treaty;

The Tribunal, making use of the authority conferred upon it by Article VII of the said Treaty, by a majority of four voices to one, awards the United States the sum of $15,500,000 in gold as the indemnity to be paid by Great Britain to the United States for the satisfaction of all the claims referred to the consideration of the Tribunal conformably to the provisions contained in Article VII of the aforesaid Treaty.

And in accordance with the terms of Article XI of the said Treaty, the Tribunal declares that "all the claims referred to in the Treaty as submitted to the Tribunal are hereby fully, perfectly and finally settled."

Furthermore, it is declared that "each and every one of said claims, whether the same may or may not have been presented to the notice of, or made, preferred, or laid before the Tribunal, shall henceforth be considered and treated as finally settled, barred and inadmissible."

In testimony whereof this present decision and award has been made in duplicate and signed by the Arbitrators who have given their assent thereto, the whole being in exact conformity with the provisions of Article VII of the said Treaty of Washington.

Made and concluded at the Hotel de Ville, of Geneva, in Switzerland, the 14th day of the month of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two.

"Charles Francis Adams,
"Frederick Sclopis,
"Stampfli,
"Vicomte d'Itajuba.

The above is a brief summary of the treatment of the United States by England during the War of the Rebellion. It is manifest that she did everything in her power, first of all to strengthen the Confederacy and weaken the North, as well as to unite the other nations of the world in defense of the Rebellion. The only reason that could be back of her conduct was the desire to separate a power which united she feared, and still fears, the most in the world. The long opposition she made to paying the claims, and the bitter spirit the award awakened in England, as manifested in the public press, showed that if she

dared she would oppose the payment of the claim, even by arms.

These facts should cause us to consider well whether England has any secret motive in favoring our extra-continental expansion. She is convinced, no doubt, that it would weaken us while it would tend to strengthen her, and in case any difficulty should ever arise between the two nations, it would give her a vulnerable point on which she could attack us and compensate herself for any losses she might suffer in territory near the United States.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

JAMES B. FITZGERALD.

Give me clean hands, O God,
That I may do a good man's grave no wrong,
What time I kneel to lay a wreath, in song,
Upon the blessed sod.

Give me pure lips I pray,
So may my strain accord with bird and stream,
And reach his ear and mingle in his dream,
With all sweet sounds of day.

Above his patriot heart,
The shamrock and the blue flax-flower I place,
Drenched with warm tears from the dear Mother's face—
They were so long apart.

With them shall interwine,
Like branching shrouds when good ships safely ride,
Or like strong fetters, burst and flung aside,
A harsh Australian vine.

Then roses, white as foam,
And redder than the sunset's flaming crest,
Born in that Land of Light he loved the best,
Where the long-lost found Home.

Last, the bright leaves of bay,
Fit crown for those who nobly, bravely dream,
Their glory shines on distant heights agleam,
In Fame's fair land for aye.

In this dear earth he lies,
Bard, Hero, Friend, at rest from weary fray.
Pause and pass on, richer for the delay!
"The Dreamer never dies."

A GOLDEN HARVEST.

A STORY OF THE TULE LANDS.

BY ELIZABETH VORE.

CHAPTER I.

Miro had worked unceasingly getting his bit of land "made." It was literally made, for it was tule land reclaimed from the swamp.

Three years before he had been as far north as Sacramento. He had seen what wonders the Italian and Holland salmon fishermen had accomplished by dyking and draining the bog lands along the great river of the north. They had been hardy and industrious, and here and there, at irregular intervals, their humble domiciles were scattered along the river, where they had made for themselves substantial ground; and in due time, the tule and cat-tail had given place to vegetables—corn and potatoes. Miro saw all this, with many other things that one sees where all is new and strange, and when he returned to his own part of the state, he thought no more about it; there were many things that interested him more.

But during the last year all things were different to Miro Calleo; now he wished to make for himself an heritage, and he was not blessed with this world's goods. Heretofore he had not cared, but now he thought ruefully of his poverty and wished for money that he might buy at least a few acres of the vast tracts of land about him. It was then that he remembered the tule lands of the Sacramento reclaimed and made fertile, and fell to wondering if he could not do likewise—if the marshes of the San Joaquin river valley could not be made to yield a livelihood, at any rate he decided to try the experiment.

So little is known of the tule lands of California, that a brief description may be pardoned.

These lands are extensive bogs or marshes between the Sacramento and San Joaquin river valleys, and extend over an area of several thousand miles. As the development of the natural resources of the country advanced much of this land, particularly in the valley of the Sacramento, has been reclaimed by a system of dyking and drainage, and has proved exceedingly fertile and productive. Thirty years ago, however, all this vast section of country was accessible only by an arduous stage-journey. The tule lands at that time were but a wild waste of swamp, given over to a prodigal growth of cat-tail and tule.

The tule lands in their picturesqueness impress one as does nothing else. They present a wonderful panorama, a symphony in color, making a reproduction in black and white nearly impossible. Here are myriad islands, their vivid green blending into softer hues, and deepening again under the changing lights; the blue expanse of shifting waters that turn to emerald as they wind—a shimmering sheen—along the willow-fringed banks; the soft radiance of early skies of morning; and ravishing sunsets when the water reflects the gorgeous hues of the sky.

With Miro Calleo to decide was to act. He secured the land, only a small piece at first, and energy and industry accomplished the rest. He had decided to plant it all with potatoes, and when he had his crop in he was a proud man. No one could say that Miro

Calleo was penniless now, he owned his land and had his crop in. The potatoes would soon grow into money. Miro knew why he wanted money; why he must have it. He smiled to himself as he viewed his newly acquired possessions; a smile that in its effect was a revelation; it illumined his swarthy face like sunshine, and caused his dark eyes, that could look so fierce, to grow as soft as a woman's.

Now he would build his house; who would ever have supposed that he, the wildest, most reckless fellow in the country, would ever have cared for a house of his own? It was to be of adobe, only two rooms, but it would be new and clean, and neatness itself, and then—Ardilla!

The tenderness of Miro's face, the softness and radiance of it, was a thing to remember. In a face like his such a change was little short of a miracle. He had the hot, passionate nature of the Castillian, a bold, fearless young fellow—not lawless—but fearing neither man nor devil. It was indeed a miracle that could so soften and glorify his face—the miracle of love.

Ardilla! was there ever another like her? She had been at school in Los Angeles when he first met her. Miro was a wanderer; he had been as far south as San Diego, and on his return last year he stopped in the "City of Angels." It was then that he met Ardilla. All the world was changed to him since; he thought of her day and night, and now, after an impetuous wooing, he was going to marry her. Even now she was at the house of Leondardo Ortiz, his friend, and Miro had in his pocket at that moment a letter from her, brought down that morning by Ortiz himself.

It was a long distance to the ranch of Ortiz, but none knew better than Miro how quickly he could cover the miles, upon Carlos' back, unless it was Carlos himself.

At last the little house was done, the potatoes were harvested, and Miro brought his bride home. Father Quevada had come by stage to marry them. At the house of Leondardo Ortiz, Miro was very silent, and on the way home he scarcely spoke. He only looked at Ardilla, who, under his eloquent eyes grew strangely shy. When they arrived at the little house that was to be Ardilla's kingdom, Miro lifted her down, as one in a dream, and making the pony secure, led his bride into the house, saying gently "God make me worthy of thee, my little wife."

He still held her hand, but he did not speak to her, his eyes were upon her face. A strange fear of him possessed her—how strong he was—his grasp hurt her. She made a little motion of pain. Miro uttered a cry of remorseful love, and bending over, rained kisses upon the little hand. Then he dropped it. He would not take his bride by force, but he opened his arms.

"*Adorado Mia!* Come to me!" he said tenderly, gently, his voice almost a whisper.

"God make me worthy of thee, my little wife."

CHAPTER II.

Two years had passed since Miro brought his bride to her home in the tule lands of the San Joaquin valley. Again it was time for the planting of the potato crop. Ardilla sat upon the door step and watched Miro cut the potatoes and get them ready. She held her baby on her knee. Little Emillio was a miniature Miro; every day his young mother pointed out the proofs of this remarkable fact. Miro laughed at her. He was very proud of his son, but he would never love another, not even his own child, as he loved Ardilla. She so nearly filled his heart that even his boy, although a pleasant addition to his life, did not seem a necessity to him.

Maturity had brought to Ardilla even greater beauty than girlhood had promised. Miro trembled sometimes when he gazed upon her; his happiness

frightened him, and he wondered if it could last. The priest told him his love was idolatry, and Ardilla was Miro's idol, his religion, his God. His wayward heart had never loved, nor sought, divine guidance.

"People have to be taught through suffering, sometimes, Miro," good Father Quevada once said with some solemnity. It was on one of his regular visits, for the Church had for many years had a strong hold among the Indians. It was during this visit that little Emillio had been christened. Ardilla was not so fond of Father Quevado as of her own Padre—Father Garcia, but she had not seen him since leaving school, for he had returned north shortly afterward.

"I have not suffered much yet, Father," Miro had replied almost flippantly in his happiness; yet he was conscious of a vague uneasiness—had he not felt himself that it could not last?

Ardilla sat on the door step, romping with her baby, or listening to the wind that blew in from the river. She had many curious pretty fancies, some of them doubtless were due to her Indian nurse, Nita. She loved to listen to the "wind stories" as she called them; sometimes she told them to Miro, her soft eyes shining like stars. She thought them most beautiful. Miro's eloquent eyes, as the pretty fancies in Ardilla's quaint wording fell from her lips, told what he thought.

Now, she threatened to run away and look after the frijoles for dinner,—although Miro knew they had already received ample attention—because Miro loitered at his work when she was by and the pile of cut potatoes grew but slowly. He looked too often at Ardilla, in her ripe, young beauty, her baby on her breast, her laughing eyes upon its face, or resting upon Miro's stalwart figure.

"Thou wilt always be a foolish boy, Miro! And at this rate the potatoes will never be planted!" Ardilla would protest, but her face would flush rosily, and her smiling eyes were very bright.

Miro was certainly a sad drone; another day had passed and the potatoes were not finished. The sunshine, the balmy air, sweet and fresh from the river, the sunny, smiling blue of the sky, had gotten into his veins—and Ardella was so near. Life, love, happiness—his cup was full to the overflowing. The present was sufficient, and its prodigal blessings made him reckless.

Ardilla would no longer go out and sit on the step beside him.

"No Miro," she said with mock severity. "I shall sit beside thee no more until thou hast finished the potatoes. So lazy thou art I am compelled to punish thee!"

"Not until the potatoes are finished?" laughed Miro in light mockery. "But I may not finish them for a week, Carita. You could not stay away from me so long!" His eyes regarded her mischievously.

"*Adorado,* do you think you could stay away from me, if I bade you come?" he asked exultingly.

"Of course, thou great imbecile!" said Ardilla bravely; but her eyes faltered and fell; she knew what she had said was not the truth.

"I am going to the store for the supplies you need, and I may not return until dark; but when I do, see that you come and sit beside me," said Miro laughingly.

He held her away from him for an instant.

"Thou small rebel!" he said with soft laughter. Then releasing her he was gone before she could speak.

Ardilla caught up her baby and ran to the window to see him depart. Miro was saddling Carlos, but he saw her, and raised his hat with inimitable grace, and still laughing threw her a kiss. Then vaulting into the saddle he started off at an easy swinging pace, turning frequently to get a glimpse of the two faces at the window. Even so far as the first turn in the river, she could see the gleam of his white teeth

under the long, black mustache—he was still laughing.

Ardilla continued to hold her head very high, with a pretty mingling of mock dignity and saucy defiance, so long as he could see her, but as he turned at the bend of the river, which hid him from sight, all the defiant light faded from her face and it grew radiant. She pressed little Emillio in sudden passion to her breast.

"He loves me better than he did the first day he brought me here!" she murmured. "And I—" A flood of crimson stained neck and face. "Mother of God!" she whispered. "Make me not to love him too well!"

CHAPTER III.

In writing the story of any life, there are certain explanations that are necessary; both the writing and the reading of them are apt to prove an annoyance, but they exist—or the conditions that render them necessary do, and they may not be done away with. So closely do our lives touch, that we cannot learn the story of one life without learning much of others.

Ardilla Calleo, like her husband, was of pure Castillian blood. She had never known any mother save old Nita, her mother's nurse and her own. Years ago Nita, a Tulare Indian, had come with a band of her own people to the Pueblo San Jose. After a time most of the band wandered back to the south. But Nita, a young squaw, who had lost her husband and child in the same week, remained in San Jose, with a young Spanish Senora to nurse her baby. This child was Ardilla's mother. When the baby had grown to be a child of twelve years, Nita grew homesick for her own people, and at last, although it was a severe struggle, brought herself to leave her foster child whom she loved with a rare devotion, and returned south.

The little girl had grown to be a woman before her nurse again saw her. When the gold excitement began, the beautiful young senorita, who was now motherless, came with her father, to the mines which he owned in partnership with a young Spanish gentleman, Emillio Castelro.

One day an old Indian woman came to the camp. She was exhausted and footsore; her weary, wrinkled face was stained with much travel, but the senorita knew her at once. It was her old nurse Nita. She had grown heart-sick with longing for her foster child, and had walked all the way from the San Joaquin valley to San Jose to see her. When she arrived there and found that she had come on a vain quest, with the characteristic patience of the Indian, after ascertaining the whereabouts of the senorita and her father, she started out again on the long journey back, for it was in her own mountains not far from the present home of Miro Calleo that the senor's mines were situated.

The faithful old soul had traveled many weeks before her search was rewarded, and her joy when the object of her wanderings was found at last, and her devotion to the young girl were touching to witness.

Nita grew exceedingly jealous of the handsome young Spaniard, Emillio Castelro, who wooed the beautiful daughter of his friend and partner, with as great impetuosity as Miro had since wooed her daughter. When at last he won her love—which was, perhaps, not so difficult a matter as the coquettish little senorita had led him to believe—he bore his prize away from the discomforts of the rude life of a mining camp.

Because it was her old home and birthplace, they went to San Jose to be married by the senorita's beloved confessor, Padre Garcia. Here for several months the perfect happiness of their lives was broken only by the sudden death of the senora's father.

Shortly afterward Emillio Castelro was called to Mexico where he had business interests, and after a hasty visit

to his mines, he was compelled to leave his young wife to the tender care of old Nita and the protection of her beloved Padre.

Emillio Castelro was detained longer than he had intended, and Ardilla was born while he was still away. The first face her eyes looked upon was old Nita's for her young mother gave her own life in the magnificent martyrdom of motherhood, and died with a prayer upon her lips for the far away husband whom she had so loved.

Old Nita's unreasoning jealousy of the Senor Castelro now ripened into something akin to hatred; he had, through his selfish love, robbed her of her child. This was Nita's reasoning.

Good Father Garcia at once wrote the sad news to the absent husband. As he could not endure the thoughts of returning where he had known so much happiness he decided to remain in Mexico, and there his life was changed. While his sorrow was yet keen his child did not appeal to him, indeed he felt nearer resentment than affection for the innocent cause of the mother's death.

At various times in the ensuing years he sent money to Nita, through Father Garcia. After several years had passed, however, the good priest ceased to hear from him, and although he wrote repeatedly, was unable to trace him, and finally gave him up as dead.

There was sufficient money to care for the little Ardilla, and under the guidance of her mother's beloved Padre she grew into a lovely and lovable young girl.

As soon as she was old enough Father Garcia insisted upon placing her in school at the College of Notre Dame in San Jose, which is one of the oldest institutions of its kind in California. When Ardilla was fifteen, Father Garcia was called to Los Angeles to reside for an indefinite time, and as Ardilla had distant relatives there and moreover mourned for her spiritual adviser —who was all the father she had ever known, he consented to her coming to Los Angeles and entering school there.

What would have happened had she not met Miro Calleo, none may know. She did meet him a year later and in less than a year became his wife. Old Nita, now very feeble, and too infirm to travel, still remained in San Jose and had never seen Ardilla's husband nor child.

This is the story of Ardilla's birth and childhood, and it will presently be seen why it was necessary to introduce it into the story of her present life.

It was past noon when Miro reached the "store" for it was a long ride. The only trading-post in that region was called the store. It was really a saloon where supplies were kept and where the stage stopped to leave the occasional letter that found its way into the sparsely-settled country, or some lone traveler, possibly, although both letters and travelers were at that time rare.

Miro had bought his supplies and after making them secure by fastening them to the high Mexican saddle, he returned for a chat with the loungers, all of whom were acquaintances.

"By the way, Miro," said the proprietor, suddenly reminded of his dignity as post-master, "Is not your wife's name Ardilla? Because, if it is, I have a letter for her—'Senora Ardilla Calleo.'"

Miro's face expressed much surprise. Ardilla had never received a letter, since she had been his wife.

In that region it was so unusual a thing for a married Spanish woman to receive a letter, that it caused a ripple of excitement among the loungers, who directed many curious glances at it as it was handed to Miro. One man—an insolent fellow—who stood nearest, stepped up behind him, and looked with bold impudence over his shoulder.

"By the Saints, Miro! it is a man's hand writing!" he cried tauntingly. He had met Ardilla when she first came to the house of Leondardo Ortiz and had been greatly enamored by her

beauty, but had received a severe rebuff when his admiration became obtrusive. "And so the Senora Calleo has the men dangling after her yet! Where is your spirit, Miro, to permit it?"

Miro thrust the letter into his pocket, and turned furiously upon Juan Mateo. He was white to the lips, and his eyes held a dangerous light. He raised his hand—there were those in that part of the country who could have testified to its strength. Mateo stepped back; his mean face went white at the fierce wrath he had provoked. For an instant Miro measured him from head to foot with his flashing eyes—and then the wrath in his face changed to deep contempt,—his hand fell to his side, and walking up to Mateo he deliberately spat upon him—and turning on his heel walked to the door.

"Bravo!" shouted Miro's friends.

"Will you take an insult in meekness, Juan?" cried others. "Come, we will see fair play!"

Juan turned white and red by turns.

"Coward!" shouted the crowd in high scorn.

Mateo was not a coward on most occasions, however, but few men would have cared to meet the wrath of Miro Calleo.

At the door Miro turned. "Which shall it be, Juan, swords or pistols?" he called out jeeringly.

"I—I will not fight with you, Miro; I am not for bloodshed;" replied Mateo.

"Thou wilt always turn tail before an honest man," cried Miro with withering contempt. "Set a watch over thy tongue, lest I kill thee the next time it waggeth too loosely!" He closed the door behind him and hastily mounting Carlos galloped away.

But Miro's heart was hot within him. A savage fire leaped through his veins—a great pain, an indescribable anguish rose and choked him. Juan was right. It was a man's hand writing. What man had dared to write to Ardilla—his wife? Why had he dared? He felt suffocating with the bitter unreasoning rage that swept over him, his brain whirled. With a muttered imprecation, he struck out his hand savagely, cursing under his breath. For jealousy, which is akin to insanity, had taken possession of Miro, and for the moment had made a devil of him. He did not intend to open the letter when he took it from his pocket, but that demon of jealousy that had arisen was too strong for him. "Besides," he told himself, "a husband had a right to his wife's letters." His fingers trembled as he tore open the envelope, and drew the letter out. As he began hastily to read it he looked bewildered.

CHAPTER IV.

"Senora Ardilla Calleo,—

My dear daughter," the letter began. What did it mean?

Miro knew Ardilla had always believed her father to be dead. He turned the letter over hastily to read the signature. It was signed "Antonio Garcia"—good old Father Garcia. A flush of shame crept into Miro's swarthy face; he blushed for himself, as he remembered his dark thoughts and unworthy jealousy. Yes, there had been murder in his heart, for the Spanish blood is hot and too often waits not for God's vengeance.

Nevertheless, Miro was surprised that Ardilla should receive a letter from Father Garcia. He knew it must be something unusual—perhaps important that could cause the old man, now growing feeble, to write such a long letter to Ardilla. It might contain bad news, and in that case it was, after all, well that he had opened it, as it would be better for him to read it first. Miro found this thought a pleasant salve to his conscience.

Although Father Garcia in spite of advanced years wrote a plain, clear hand, Miro found some difficulty in reading it, for he had not been fond of books, and his entire schooling had

embraced but a few months. Hitherto this had not troubled him. What did a man want with book-learning unless he were going to be a priest? To have the strength of a lion, to be a champion in wrestling, to be first at the races—and to have the woman he loved beside him and be able to provide for her comfort—what more could a man want? This had been Miro's reasoning, but now he wished for more knowledge to aid him in deciphering Father Garcia's letter. By degrees he became master of it, the rapid changes of his face—expressing wonder, amazement and elation—showed how greatly its contents excited him.

"I write to tell you," Father Garcia wrote, "of the death of your nurse Nita Concas. She died some time ago, and I have not written before, because I had a duty to perform, which this letter will explain to you.

"I saw Nita but a few times after my return to San Jose, she seemed to avoid me. She was a very old woman and exceedingly infirm—some thought her demented, since for two years before she died she refused to speak to anyone, except on the rarest occasions. Only once did she talk to me about you, and I have many times wondered at her apathetic silence, as I did in the past at her resignation in giving you up entirely to my care and keeping. Now I understand it. Nita believed that it was a part of a just punishment that she should lose you.

"Just before she died she sent for me and made a strange confession of a great wrong which she did to you and yours, years ago. In judging her, my daughter, take into consideration her great love for you and the fact of her ignorant savage nature.

"I have many times told you in your childhood the story of your gentle mother's life; you know how dear she was to me and to your old nurse, who loved her with all the passionate devotion of a childless woman. There is no need to go over the story of your childhood.

"Your father sent money, through me, to Nita at different times for your support. He intended to make ample provision for you to be educated according to your station; this he never did. When you were seven years old the money ceased coming, and I never heard from your father again although I wrote repeatedly. I made inquiries about the mines he had owned in California, which were now rightly your own, and found that he had sold them for a large sum, during the hasty trip he made to the mountains, previous to his departure from California. It was strange that he told neither his wife nor myself of the sale. But although I respected your father highly as an honorable man, he was not a religious man, and looked with indifference upon our holy church. I supposed, naturally, that he took the money with him.

And now comes the strangest part of the story. All these years Nita has known where the fortune, which was your father's, was hidden, but has never dared claim it for you, because by doing so, she would be compelled to disclose her sanction and participation in a great wrong—a crime which has robbed you of a fortune and an inheritance, for which sin she has suffered the full expiation.

"The summer you were seven years old there came to Nita a letter from your father, which although sent in my care, I never saw nor knew of, as at the time of its arrival I was visiting the mission at San Francisco, then but a Pueblo, and the letter was given to a half-breed Indian, a protege of mine, who knew Nita and offered to carry the letter to her. I had taken a great interest in this youth, who was Spanish on his father's side. He was the only Indian that I knew who could read and write Spanish; I had taken not a little pains to teach him, believing that he would prove a valuable assistant. I have

learned after many years with what ingratitude he repaid me.

"Palacha Calavera, the half-breed, read the letter for Nita, who gave it to me before she died. I send it with this. This letter contained the information that he was arranging his affairs as rapidly as possible, with the intention of returning to California. He was weary of his lonely life, and his heart had turned with a great longing toward his little daughter. He enclosed a letter to me, and this my unscrupulous protege also read. In this letter he told me of selling his mines before starting for Mexico, and that as he had expected to return so soon, instead of burdening himself with the money, he had, on the impulse of the moment, buried it among the hills at a place called Paloma Canyon. This letter I also send, as it contains minute instructions for locating the fortune which is rightly yours, and which I feel confident is still there.

"Nita was simply frenzied when, after all these years the man she had never liked, contemplated returning to claim you. It was then that Palacha Calavera, fired with a sudden overwhelming ambition born of covetousness, proposed a sinister plan, to which old Nita's jealous love readily made her a party. Calavera could imitate my handwriting it seems—at any rate he did—and so cleverly that your poor father never suspected the fraud. He wrote a letter telling him that his child was dead, and signed my name to the heartless forgery.

"He planned with Nita's assistance to secure the gold that belonged to Emillio Castelro, and with his child go away beyond the mountains, before my return to San Jose. The night after this wicked letter was sent Palacha Calavera was killed in a fight with another Indian.

"Nita, cowed and terrified at the occurrence, never doubted but that it was the vengeance of God for their wickedness. She hid your father's letters and kept silent, afraid to confess the cruel wrong and from that day until the time of her death no more was heard of your father. Since Nita's death I have written repeatedly to gain information of him, and have learned beyond a doubt that he died in less than six months from the writing of his last letter. It is strange that I could not have learned this years ago.

"And now, my dear daughter, I must say good-bye to you, having done all that I could to retrieve the wrong done you. I had hoped to see you once more, but that is not to be, for I am an old man, and my race is almost run. I have been recalled to Spain, and am now on the eve of my departure; when you receive this letter I shall be on my way. It is a long journey, and one from which I shall return no more. I pray for your prosperity. Obey your husband, rear your child in the true faith, and may the blessings of God be with you. Turn always to our Blessed Virgin, the Holy Mother for help in all affliction and trouble.

"Affectionately Yours,

Antonio Garcia."

It is little wonder that the remarkable disclosures of these letters should have greatly excited Miro. It seemed past believing that they would be beyond all anxiety. Why, they would be rich, doubtless, for Father Garcia had spoken of the buried gold as a fortune.

Miro had been so happy, that he had not realized the fact that he had felt anxiety on account of the future; for there was no mistaking it, the land contained too much alkali to be very profitable, it was not so fertile as the tule land of the Sacramento, and he knew nothing of the methods for flooding the land, and washing out the corrosive salts, that have been resorted to in later years, and have made the great slough of this region to yield abundant harvests. But if Miro did not realize before that he had been anxious, he knew it now by the sudden relief he felt as the burden rolled away.

He decided that he would not tell Ardilla until he had made thorough search for the gold, and then should it not be found she would not be disappointed.

This was the second mistake that Miro had made that day, and yet he went on in blithe unconsciousness that trouble was even then, running to meet him with rapid feet. Had he known, he would have proclaimed the contents of those letters from the house-tops instead of keeping them to himself.

(To be continued).

BOOK REVIEWS.

We should naturally expect a clever book from the author of "The New Antigone," and for this reason the appearance of Dr. Barry's latest novel, "The Two Standards" has been awaited with considerable curiosity. We feel bound to say that the general impression, which a reading of this story has produced upon us, is one of disappointment. We cannot deny that the author shows great power of characterization and draws largely from the abundant stores of a strong and cultured mind, but we feel that he has been most unfortunate in his choice of characters and has expended upon them more time and labor than they deserve. Marian Greystroke, the heroine, is rather a curious type. The daughter of an English parson, she has scarcely any religious sentiment and is impatient of religious teaching. Self-willed and petulant and disrespectful in her bearing towards her mother and elder sister, she is discontented with her home and longs for freedom from the homely restraints of her present position. She has a maddening desire to go out into the great world and to seek her fortune and grasp that indefinable something for which her heart craves. She goes up to London and becomes the guest of a former college chum, who is a woman physician of the great metropolis. There she meets the sister of Mr. Harland, a man of wealth, the promoter of great financial enterprises. Over this woman, who is addicted to mesmerism, she exercises a most extraordinary influence. She sings divinely,—though how she came by her uncommon musical ability we are never told during the whole course of the story,—and soothes and calms this nervous old creature, while over Mr. Harland himself, who opportunely appears upon the scene, she weaves a spell of fascination which is simply irresistible. There could be but one result from such a fortunate combination of circumstances. Marian Greystroke spurns the love of her farmer cousin and marries Mr. Harland or rather Mr. Harland's money. But the honeymoon is hardly over, when her old restlessness returns and discontent takes up its sombre abode in the soul of Marian. The death of her child, the discovery of Harland's former mode of living, the realization that he lives only for money widen the breach between them and bring about complete estrangement. Meanwhile, Gerard Elven, a musical composer, appears upon the scene. She becomes interested in him from the first. The love of art gradually ripens into a love for the composer. She is present at the production of his opera, and the prima donna being taken ill at the end of the first act, she come to the rescue and by her passionate singing and dramatic action she makes the opera a pronounced success. She has left Mr. Harland. She and Gerard Elven determine to fly to America. But just as the train is about to move out from Euston station Gerard's brother a Father Rudolph appears. He occupies the same compartment and during the course of the journey persuades them to abandon their mad project. Marian sets out alone for America and Gerard goes with his brother to a monastery in Wales, where he makes a retreat under a Jesuit, and becomes a chastened and wiser man. He will write an opera glorifying Christian and pure love to atone for the deification of passionate love in his former work. The success of Marian in America is astounding. In company with La Farfalla, whom she meets on the steamer, and who was an intimate of Harland's in former days, she travels from city to city, being everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. How this girl, without any apparent musical training was able to assume the most difficult roles in opera and be so successful, we are at a loss to understand. In London, during this time, Charles Lattimer, the former lover, whom Marian rejected, has suddenly become a power in the financial

world. He becomes a bitter rival to Harland, being incensed against him for marrying Marian. A piece of information given him by Marian enables him to take advantage of Harland and he finally accomplishes his ruin. Harland becomes demented and is sent to an asylum. When Marian hears of Harland's illness, she hurries back from America and nurses her afflicted husband. Before he dies, Harland has a short period of mental awakening. He begs pardon for the past, places Marian's hand in Elven's, and bids them be happy. Such, in brief, is the story revealed in the pages of this cleverly written book. Dr. Barry writes with power and strength. His descriptions are graphic and many intensely dramatic passages are to be found in the course of the story. But his characters are unlovable. The only really sweet character among the chief personages is little Rosie, the sister of Marian. His delineation of the Reverend Edward Johnathan, the fanatical preacher, who makes people tremble by his Calvinistic fatalism, is an admirable piece of work. In fact, no one, we imagine, who reads this book will for a moment doubt the author's great literary power, which is so manifest on almost every page, and this makes us regret the more that he did not choose more lovable types for the principal characters of his story. Why expend so much thought and care on the type of woman, such as Marian Greystroke? She, certainly does not deserve such consideration. It is true that she repents of the wrong, she was about to commit, but we have been so wearied of her folly, that her subsequent amendment fails to impress us. We are afraid that the author has made the mistake of keeping his readers too long in contact with the vanity and sinfulness of the world to be able afterwards to impress upon their minds with compelling force the higher ideals of life. The situations, too, are sometimes sudden and unaccountable, and the suspicion is unconsciously generated that we have been led into a somewhat unreal world. Still, despite the many unpleasant characters we are forced to meet during the progress of the story, this novel is a powerfully written book and proves, if further evidence were needed, that the author has a splendid literary endowment in which great dramatic power and vivid portrayal and delineation of character are admirably combined.—New York: Century Co.

Another of those delightful little books, which we are accustomed to expect from the pen of Katherine E. Conway, is at hand. It is the fourth of the Family Sitting Room Series and has for its suggestive title, "Bettering Ourselves." Miss Conway is a wise counsellor, who gives a new force to old truths by the striking and original way in which she presents her ideas. There is an elevation of thought and refinement of sentiment discernible in these little essays, and a wonderfully persuasive power, which acts upon the mind and inclines it readily to accept the suggestions which are embodied in their texture. It is quite apparent that she thoroughly understands girl character and with subtle tact enforces her ideas in such a way as to make them welcome as well as useful. If this little book could find its way into the hands of all young women, we are sure that life would bear for them a more cheerful aspect by appearing richer and more fruitful and laden with greater opportunities for true advancement.

Boston: The Pilot Publishing Co. 50 cents.

A volume of graceful and tender verses, in which beautiful thoughts come to us as sounds of sweetest music is Henry Coyle's "The Promise of Morning." He sings sweetly of the common joys of life, of the dearest hopes and sublime interests of humanity, of patriotism, the love of nature in her sparkling vesture, and like all true poets, is imbued with the deepest religious feeling. His heart is lifted up by nature's music and his poetic soul gives expression to the deep feeling that stirs his heart:

"The great orchestra softly plays
An overture of joy and praise,
A new day has begun;
The birds in one grand chorus sing;
'A thousand welcomes to the spring,
All hail, life-giving sun!'"

There is a promise in these tender effusions of the poet's soul that makes us expectant of future efforts on his part and makes us feel that they well deserved their name, that they are indeed "The promise of morning." The printing is beautifully done by the Angel Guardian Press, Boston, Mass.

"A Duel of Wits" combines the description of an ocean voyage with the discussion of the origin of man. The writer while leaning on the rail of the vessel is compelled by force of circumstances to become a not unwilling listener to a discussion of this important topic by two fellow-passengers, the one an agnostic, the other an Episcopalian divine. He forms their acquaintance at the end of the first discussion, and with their permission becomes an interested listener to the discussions, as carried on between the contestants day by day during the voyage. The divine seems to have rather the best of its argument. We have been much interested in this little book and consider it a novel and fascinating way of inculcating truth.

New York: F. Tenneyson Neely.

QUESTION BOX.

Subscriber writes that a Protestant friend wants to know if a Catholic who takes his own life can be brought into the Church and buried in consecrated ground.

Suicide has always excited the greatest horror because of its heinousness. And in the Middle Ages, the civil laws were severe to punish the suicide, in some countries, by dishonor shown to his remains, and by the confiscation of his goods. Blackstone cites the English law, whereby punishment, which could not be exercised against the self-murderer, was meted out against his honor and his fortune. And he adds that "the law promised itself that the care of his honor and the love of his family would restrain any man from so desperate an action, and hold back the hand of despair." It should be observed that the Roman law meted out punishment to those only who killed themselves when in full use of their reason, or who sought by death to escape punishment. No sentence of guilt was declared against those who were known to be insane, or subject to aberrations of reason from time to time.

Today it is the Church law with us that one guilty of suicide shall be deprived of Christian burial. How can such a one who deserts the post to which Providence has assigned him, who leaves his family in want perhaps, in disgrace certainly, expect the same honor as the Church accords to one who has borne the heat and burden of a Christian's patient life? Moreover, the suicide by his own deed cuts himself off from the society of Christians, is the author of his own excommunication. But as the provision was made in the civil, so too in the ecclesiastical law. Those only in possession of reason are to be adjudged morally guilty. The insane are not to be punished. And we know that insanity may have only a temporary sway, and that a disordered mind may in a moment upset the trainings of a lifetime. Now, when the priest has to decide regarding the admission into Church, and the burial in consecrated ground, of one who has taken his own life, one of the chief subjects of his inquiry is into the general moral life of the man. If this has been good, if the man has held among his neighbors a good reputation as a practical Catholic, if he has been known to live up to his obligations as a citizen and a Catholic, the priest must naturally conclude that such a man never laid violent hands on himself, unless in a temporary fit of insanity, but to such a one he will give the privileges the Church accords to her faithful subjects. Certainly if the proofs were the other way, the priest would act differently. In doubt, he gives the benefit to the unfortunate man and his family. Again, if in the interval between the attempt at self-destruction and death, the man gives signs of repentance, he will not be denied Christian burial. The general public can scarcely know the details in a particular case, as the priest will know them, and so should feel content to follow his judgment, as based on knowledge and on mercy.

T. writes: A Protestant recently speaking of death, said that he had been greatly agitated about thoughts regarding the justice of God, since he had witnessed the sufferings of his child, aged three years, who after a year's severe sickness died. He could admit divine justice in punishment of himself, but could not see why an innocent babe should suffer. His minister had informed him that God cared little or nothing for the body, and so had little regard for physical sufferings, but this answer was unsatisfactory. I referred to original sin and its consequences, and he said that the transgression of Adam and all its incidents had for him no meaning, as he had always looked upon it all as a mere story. I would like to answer him, as he is an honest sincere man, anxious to learn, and eager to put aside his early prejudices against the Church.

In your answer, much should depend upon the man's disposition and character, and your knowledge thereof. If he is a believer in the Bible to any extent, you will have something to start with, if he is not a believer in the revealed word of God, you will find your task much more difficult. As a Catholic, you should investigate the reasons of your own faith, as the Apostle tells us, in order that you may give account to others of the foundations of that faith. For us, all depends upon the word that God has spoken. The moment we are convinced that a statement has been made by God, we must simply believe. It is not a question of understanding, of knowing the why and wherefore of things. The fact may be clear to us, and its reason remain a mystery. Now, while many reasons may be adduced to justify the existence of evil, to explain why the innocent and the helpless suffer, why the bad often prosper, while the good as often fail of success, at the end of it all, the human understanding will remain far from

satisfied. The mysteriousness and the apparent injustice of human affairs will scarcely be lessened. So a simple statement of your own Catholic view and acceptance of all things will be your strongest argument and your clearest proof. It comes to this: I don't know how to fully explain these questions. But God understands it all, and as David says in the Psalms: "His judgments are self-justifying." If I cannot see that now, I shall see it on the great Judgment Day. Then God shall make all things clear: "Nothing hidden but shall be revealed." Meanwhile I am content to accept His judgments, and to be satisfied with His ways: "Unless ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." My vision is bounded and limited, and while I see only within my present horizon, all that I call past and present and future is clear to the all-seeing eye of God, with whom all things are present. And His Providence extends to everything here and to every person whether here or in eternity. The harmony and the order of events that escape my poor vision are plain before Him. I am but blind and He is not only in the light, but He is the light. So, I shall not place things within the vision of my darkness, and complain because they do not light up for me. Then, I have help towards knowledge, so far as is good for me to know, in the teachings of God concerning Adam and his sin, with its direful effects on the human race. I don't understand sin, and so I am overwhelmed with the thought that even the helpless babe suffers, though himself incapable of sin. But I know the little one was conceived in sin. I know that sin has infected the whole human race, (Mary excepted,) and I bow down before the judgment of God, as stern, but righteous. I don't understand sin, but, I reflect that in God's sight, its heinousness is enormous, since its punishments and consequences in man are so great and so universal, and since God's own Divine Son was alone able to make atonement for it.

The doctrine of original sin explains many an otherwise inexplicable fact in this wretched world of ours. Adam was on trial not merely as an individual whose responsibility began and ended with himself, but as the father of the human race. And good or evil was to come, by his obedience or disobedience, to men of all times and of all places. "By the disobedience of one man, many were made sinners." Read the whole of the fifth chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Hebrews, to conceive something of the universal evil operated by the disobedience of Adam, and of the universal good operated by the obedience of the Second Adam, our Divine Redeemer, Christ.

It is in being made witnesses of the distress and anguish of many hearts that we realize the unspeakable blessing of our faith that teaches a perfect dependence upon God and His sacred teaching. It is in knowing the pathetic yearning for knowledge and comfort outside the Church, with none to satisfy it, that we learn thankfulness to God, who has given us the Catholic Church as a teacher incapable of leading us astray in the matters of salvation, as a consoler that brings even Divine help to our needs, the word of God that she guards and explains, and the Living Word of God, who dwells on the altar, awaiting our coming in a tenderness and a love that will not crush the broken reed, nor extinguish the smoking flax, because He has taken upon Himself our burdens, and has made Himself for us, for our comfort and salvation, the Man of Sorrows.

The view presented by the Protestant minister that God has little or no care regarding the human body must not be passed over. Some way this doctrine sounds crude and cruel, and would signify an indifference on the part of God to physical suffering. The doctrine rings like an echo of Calvin. Think of such an opinion, and then think of the Lord Jesus Christ healing the sick, and having compassion on the multitude who were hungry. Think of the word of Holy Writ that our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, think of how the body of Jesus was formed in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary by the power of the Holy Ghost, of how that body after suffering was glorified in the Resurrection, in the Ascension, and is ever glorified in heaven at the right hand of the Father. Think of that Sacred Body being received by us to become our food, and how body and soul are sanctified by the Holy Presence, of how our very bodies are being cleansed, and purified, and ennobled, even that they may rise in glory and may live with the immortal souls in the undying life of heaven. God is not indifferent to our sufferings, physical or mental. He is our Father, we are His children. The dross and the guilt of sin must be worn away, and in heaven for which the pain and sorrow of earth are preparing us, we shall know that through all that sickness and death have brought, the mercy of God has been supreme.

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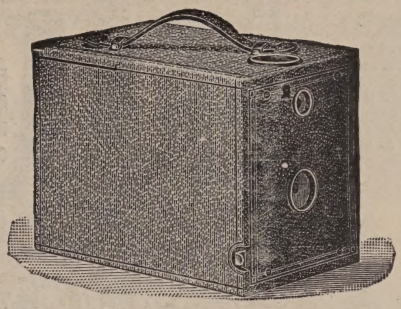

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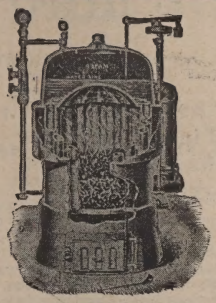

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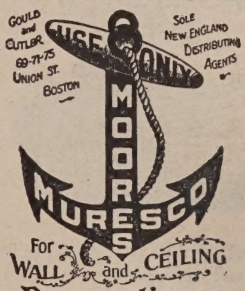

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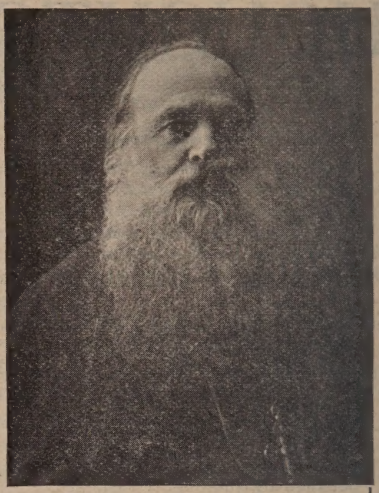

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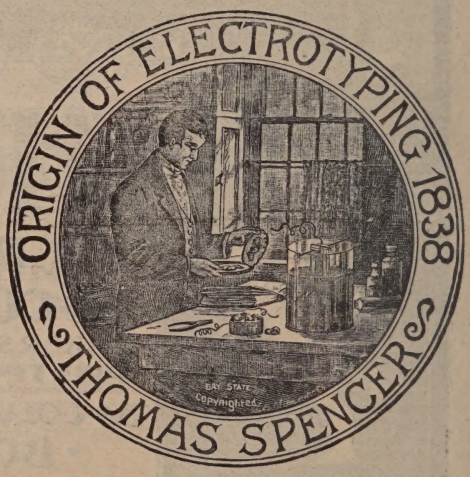

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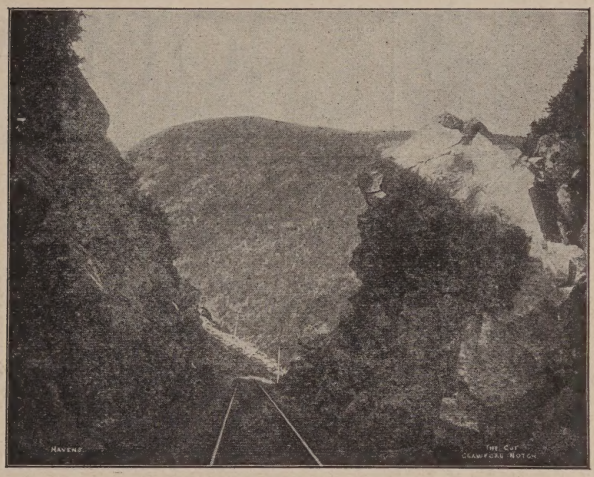

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